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POST
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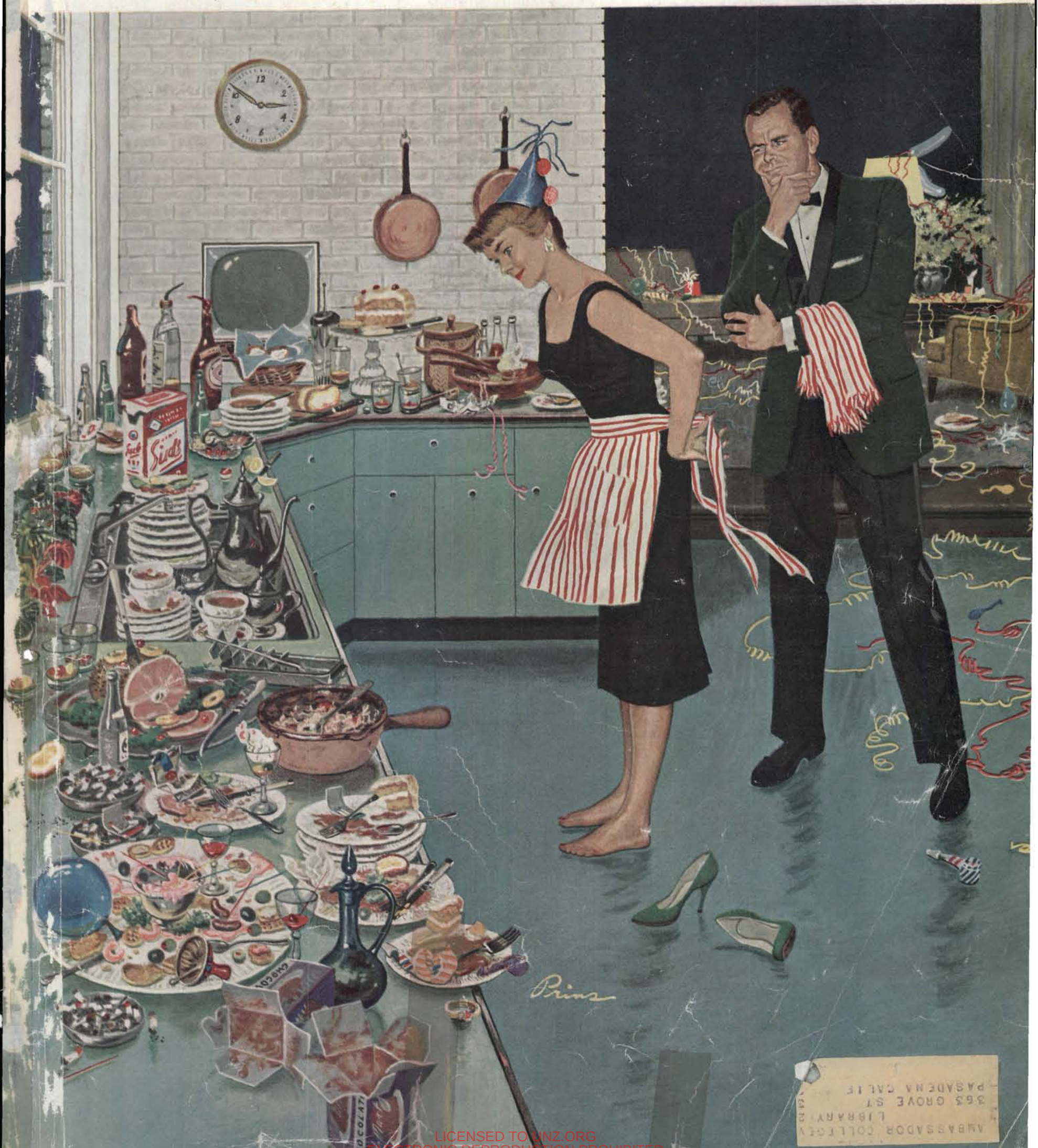

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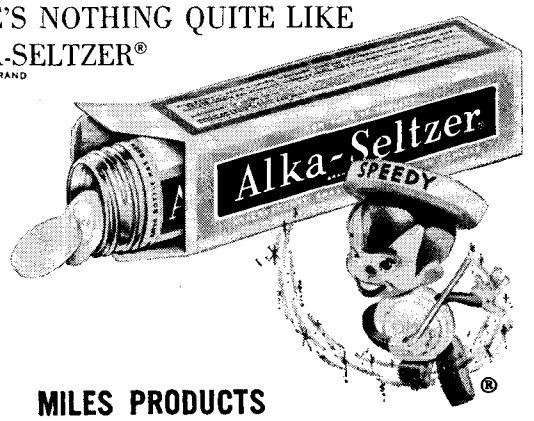

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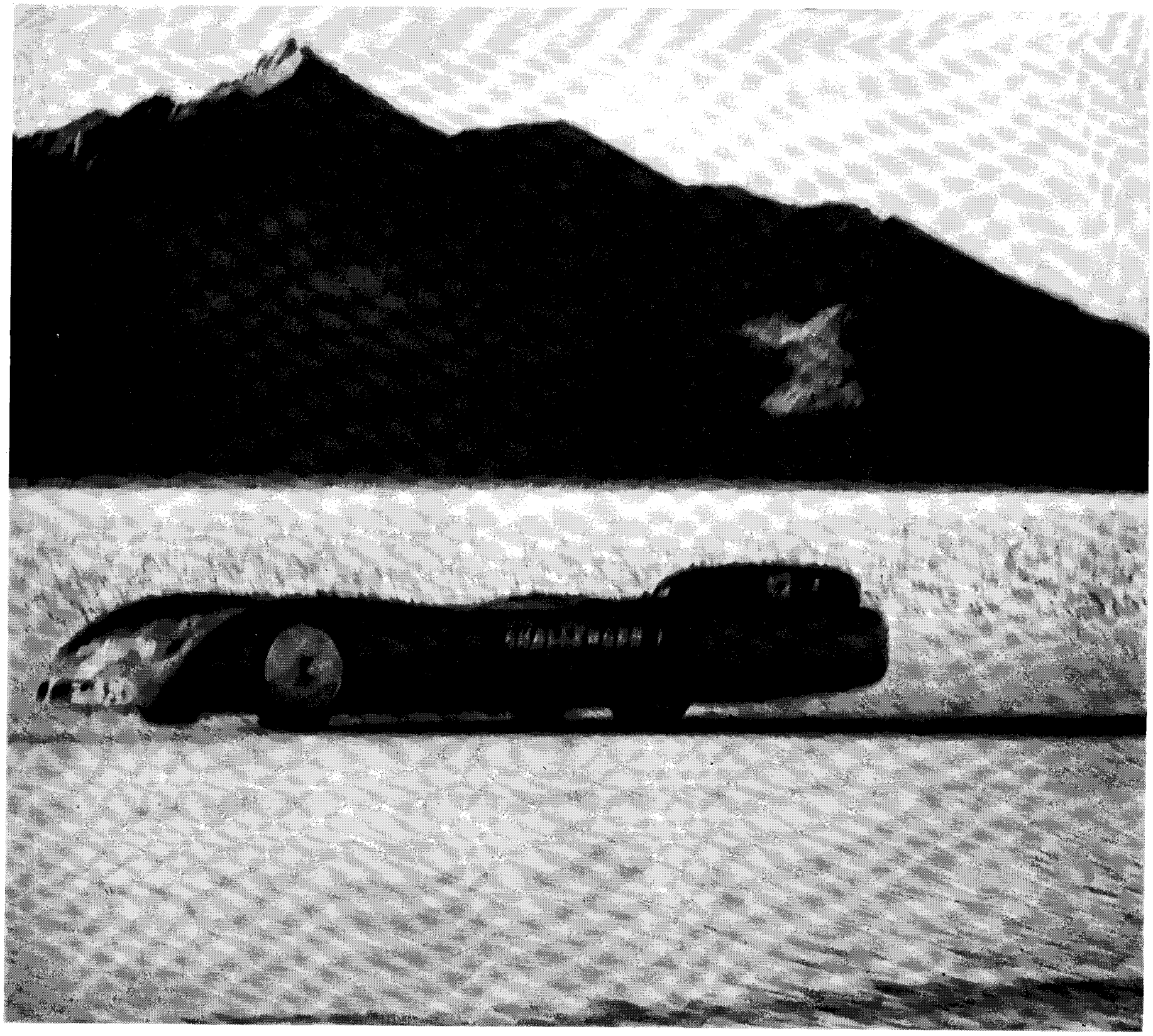

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THE COVER

After the ball is over someone must wash the dishes, and everyone who has performed this rite will agree that there's no shambles like a New Year's Eve shambles. It was Julius Caesar who proclaimed January first to be New Year's Day; and for all we know, Mrs. Caesar may have put Julius to work polishing wine goblets when the celebrators departed. Our Caesars of the suburbs, as painted by Ben Prins, are attacking the chore with notably diverse outlooks—she's still savoring the evening's merriment, and he's wondering, *Couldn't we postpone this until, say, 1970?* The credit for this week's mess really goes to artist Prins' wife. She was required to prepare all the eats, then stir them into an untidy display which her husband tasted and photographed, but did not tidy.

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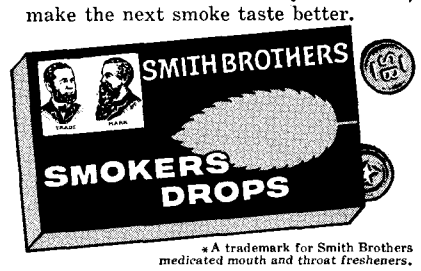

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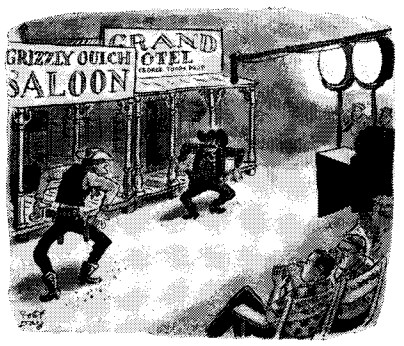
Letters

"Cut!"

Dear Sirs:

Robert Day's cartoon of the two Western killers (November 21) gave me one of my best laughs in years.

But two inaccuracies are apparent to any movie man. First, the assistant director has time to sit down. And



"This is their last chance. If they get the giggles this time, they're through."

second, the director is sitting in his own chair, which in practice would be occupied by an electrician playing pinochle.

CHARLES PALMER
Parthenon Pictures
Hollywood, Calif.

The Uneducated

Dear Sirs:

Corrupt labor union officials, rising juvenile delinquency, the breakdown of the American family, lowering of moral values, and collaboration with the enemy by Americans in North Korean prison camps—all pose the question: What's happening to the quality of Americans?

Now this lion among sheep, Vice Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, in a short, to-the-point article in *The Post*, answers so magnificently—training for mediocrity has replaced education [THE WORLD OF THE UNEDUCATED, Nov. 28].

What a man! Let's run him for President.

RICHARD J. MUNROE
Great Falls, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

His article cuts through the educational pseudo philosophy of the last twenty-five years like the sharp prow of a cruiser through soap suds.

C. E. BASTON
Lake Park, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The pap that passes for learning in our country will not supply the sinews we need to survive in this present struggle. Our children need the meat ot solid, challenging subjects with sound intellectual content. We are betraying them when we give them less. . . .

Surely there would not be so many of us heartsick and anxious over the present situation if there weren't *something* wrong.

VIRGINIA PITTINGER
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

My daughter can dance, cook, socialize, but she knows very little literature, only the barest smattering of mathematics, regards science as a tiresome chore . . . and has been taught, in eight years of schooling, no respect for learning for its own sake. And this, not because she is unable to learn, but because the school requires so very little from children. How can I, a working parent, demand more study, more work, more real education, when the teachers give a child the firm impression that she's getting by satisfactorily?

MRS. LILY SMITH
Lily's Beauty Salon
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Amen!

Let's get on with the job of reversing a progressively digressive system of education.

J. INGRAHAM
Glastonbury, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Any time *The Post* wants me to write an article on nuclear submarines, I am available.

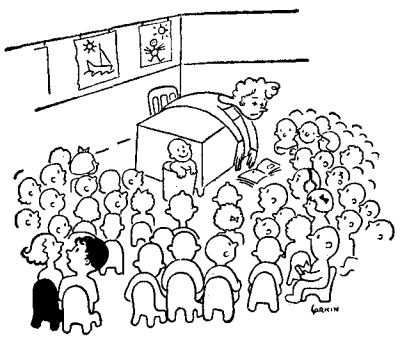
As a former professor of English, I have a background that is about as fitting for such an article as Admiral Rickover's is for THE WORLD OF THE UNEDUCATED.

RICHARD W. SCHMELZER, *General Secretary*
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Troy, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I could not resist drawing the enclosure [below]. Forgive me!

MARIE L. LARKIN, *Ed. D.*
St. Louis, Mo.



"Do you think it would help if she had a short cruise on a submarine, and Vice Admiral Rickover took over the third grade for a while?"

Dear Sirs:

Would that the vice admiral had abided by his own statement: "Even persons who are competent in a particular field, but otherwise deficient educationally, show the same tendency to overvalue their capacity and to interject themselves into areas where they lack competence."

J. VEY MERRILL, *Director of Training*
State Teachers College
Westfield, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I can't count the times I've heard some such question as "What right does *he* have to sound off about it? He's no expert in education."

There are only two reasons for discounting the expressed opinions of anyone: ignorance of essentially relevant facts on his part, or evidence of illogical thinking. The essential relevant facts in this subject have nothing to do with training in pedagogy and are accessible to any thoughtful and perceptive person. They do involve some judgments about the essential nature and needs of man. Persons who disagree with those judgments find it easier to shout "tyro" than to face the insight on its own ground. As to illogic, no one who is himself willing to think clearly could accuse the author of it.

This objection is rooted in the uneducated person's need to pass the buck whenever he is on strange ground, imputing incompetence to those who irritate him.

WILLIAM N. SIMONDS JR.
Providence, R. I.

Dear Sirs:

A masterpiece of searching analysis and elucidation. It is a most convincing paper and should do much to dispel confusion as to what education really is.

VICE ADM. M. L. DEYO, USN (Ret.)
Kittery Point, Me.

Dear Sirs:

Estupendo!

CONCHITA DE RIVERA BRANES
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Dear Sirs:

The uneducated will say, "I didn't read it."

The semieducated will say, "Humf," and pass by on the other side.

The paraeducated will say, "Thought provoking, but you always have men saying things like that."

The isoeducated will say, "Something should be done."

The educated will say, "Brilliant, a great lamp to help salvage what we can and illume our next step."

MAURICE H. SHAFER
Norristown, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I've only one thing to say—do something about it.

RITA ARONOW, *age 15*
New Haven, Conn.

Proud Nation

Dear Sirs:

In reference to an article by Greta Van Dyke Turska (THE POLAND I SAW) which appeared in your issue of Nov. 14. . . . The Poles are a proud nation and neither German terror nor Communist government were ever able to reduce the Poles to human rags, as Mrs. Turska would like your readers to believe.

MARK L. RACZYNSKI
Washington, D. C.

P.S. I am a former member of the Polish Underground Army (non-Communist) and an ex-NCO of the 2nd Polish Corps, British 8th Army, Italy.

Dear Sirs:

I did not visit Gdynia, but it is difficult to understand Mrs. Turska's clandestine visit to a Catholic church located in a cellar so dark that "If there was a real service, I could not see it." I attended Sunday Mass in Warsaw at the beautiful Church of the Visitation in the block next to the hotel. Several services are held there, not only on Sundays but on weekdays. In Kraków [I photographed] the feast of Corpus Christi which is also a state legal holiday. . . .

Kraków, 1958.

In leaving Warsaw on a flight to Amsterdam, I . . . passed quickly through customs without my bags being opened. No one inquired if I was taking any zlotys from the country, nor did I have to pay a departure tax as was required in leaving Sweden, Denmark, France, etc. I returned with several worth-while souvenirs that were obtained in hotel shops at moderate prices, and with an overall impression of the friendliness and warmth of the Polish people.

WILLIAM H. QUIRK, *Editor*
Contractors and Engineers
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I traveled to Poland [in 1958] with the Experiment in International Living, an independent organization which has been sending young Americans to live in homes abroad. . . .

We lived with Polish families, none of which were Communist, and were left free to see and do whatever we wished. Much of what we saw almost directly contradicts Mrs. Turska.

Although the government still kept the Catholic Church's administration under pressure, churches held services regularly and openly. No one was afraid to attend, and only those interested in a career with the party minded being seen in church. . . .

ROBERT D. GAMBLE
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

● *"I wrote what I saw with my own eyes," says Mrs. Turska. "I did not see any open churches in Gdynia or in my husband's village." As for the furtive religious service: "I cannot say definitely that it was a church service, as such, but there was an altar, and people around me were praying."* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Having been to Gdynia, Poland, at approximately the same time as the author . . . I was pleased to see such an accurate description of the conditions that existed there at that time.

ROBERT MOORE
Bucknell University
Lewisburg, Pa.

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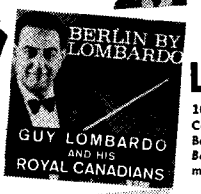

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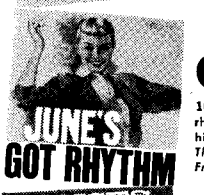

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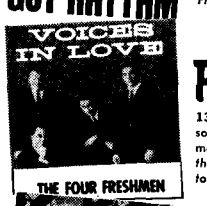

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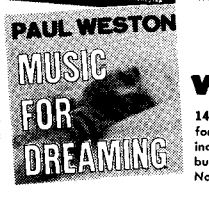

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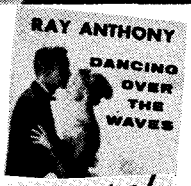

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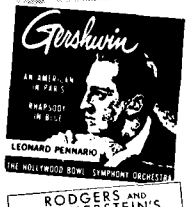

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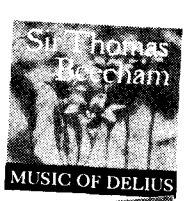

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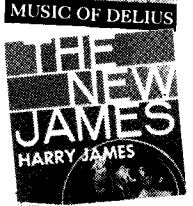

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118. Hear Frederic Chopin's greatest music...sparkling polonaises, waltzes, etudes in superb orchestral performances. $4.98

Keely Smith

116. Keely's smoky sound and special twinkle enhance these 12 tender tunes. *S'posin', All the Way, Cocktails for Two,* etc. $3.98

Gaite Parisienne

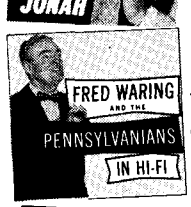
110. Offenbach's exuberant ballet music brilliantly performed by Felix Slatkin and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. $4.98

FELIX SLATKIN

119. Slatkin conducts America's favorite band music ...*The Stars and Stripes Forever, Anchors Aweigh,* 11 other marches. $4.98

JONAH JONES

103. The famous Jones combo in a swingin' new set of tunes: *Just A Gigolo, Night Train,* ten other favorites. $3.98



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99. Fred directs the Pennsylvanians in 12 favorites: *You'll Never Walk Alone, Ol' Man River, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes,* others. $4.98

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6. The greatest in "progressive jazz"—*Lover, Peanut Vendor, Painted Rhythm,* many others in Capitol's Big Sound. $4.98

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SEND NO MONEY—RISK NOTHING! If not delighted, return the four albums within 7 days and your membership and all charges will be cancelled without further obligation. Mail coupon to: Capitol Record Club, Dept. 5071, Scranton 5, Pennsylvania.

CAPITOL RECORD CLUB Dept. 5071, Scranton 5, Pennsylvania

Please accept my application for trial membership in the Capitol Record Club. Send me at once the 4 ALBUMS which I have indicated below. The first 3 are Free. All you will bill me is 97¢ plus a small charge for postage, packing and mailing.

During the next 12 months I agree to buy 6 additional records from about 200 to be offered, at the usual retail price of $3.98 or $4.98 (plus a small charge for postage, packing and mailing). I will purchase at least one record every two months and will send you payment 7 days after receipt of each record. I may cancel my membership after buying 6 additional records. Or, if I then remain a member I will select a FREE BONUS album each time I purchase two records.

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Editorials

Bang-Jensen Suicide Poses Some Questions For the U.N. Bureaucracy

When the wife of Povl Bang-Jensen learned that her husband was dead, presumably by his own hand, she said, "He was the victim of an old-fashioned code of honesty." In a note to his wife, Bang-Jensen himself had written, "I have been honest and wanted to do good, but I underestimated the forces I was up against."

Povl Bang-Jensen was the Danish diplomat attached to the United Nations who was fired in December, 1957, because he refused to break his word. As one of a United Nations team of investigators, he had interviewed Hungarian refugees in Vienna and promised not to reveal their names lest reprisals be taken against their relatives.

However, four months after Bang-Jensen's return from his mission, an assistant to Secretary General Hammarskjold demanded that he turn in the names of the Hungarian witnesses. There followed a long hassle during which Hammarskjold declared that Bang-Jensen had not been authorized to protect the refugees' identity. He also insisted that the names would be perfectly safe in the U.N. files, despite the previous success of a Ceylonese bureaucrat in giving important information from the U.N. files to Russian espionage agents. Actually the United Nations bureaucracy employs many Soviet citizens and, as the report of the International League for the Rights of Man expressed it, "as between loyalty to the international civil service and the Soviet Union, the Soviet citizen is under extreme pressure to conform to the wishes of his government."

At any rate, Bang-Jensen, recognizing something of what he was up against, steadfastly refused to hand over the list. As a reward for his "old-fashioned honesty," he was promptly fired for insubordination and escorted to the front gate of the U.N. building by two guards. A drumhead investigation of his conduct resulted in a report which contained a hint that Bang-Jensen was mentally unstable, a smear which has been sedulously circulated ever since.

Such frustrations could break the strongest man, and Bang-Jensen was a strong man, a key man in the Danish decision to resist the Nazi invaders. But humiliation, personal anxiety and perhaps the growing fear that the West was just too inept to triumph over the Communists broke him.

Bang-Jensen could have done very well as the hero of foes of the United Nations. A syndicated series on "How I Stalked the Reds in the U.N." could have given him enough money to retire on. But Bang-Jensen believed in the United Nations and always insisted that his treatment was engineered by a small coterie in the bureaucracy.

American organizations which boost the United Nations owe it to their clients to dig deep into this affair. What explains the ability of Communists to use U.N. procedures to destroy the career and eventually the life of a man whose sense of duty thwarted their vengeful purposes? Such a question demands an answer if the United Nations is to overcome the suspicion that its bureaucracy is subservient to the Communist apparatus.

The Juvenile Crime Rise Could Bring Hysterical Remedies

Nowadays people are so baffled by the continuing rise in youthful crime that they urge remedies so drastic that nobody a few years ago would have dared to suggest them.

Two startling examples are on hand from opposite ends of the country. New York City has adopted a local law to prohibit most persons under twenty-one from carrying any kind of knife, even an ordinary pocketknife, unless he needs it in his occupation. And the attorney general of California wishes to prevent anybody under twenty-one from leaving the country unless papa or mamma or a guardian goes along.

Ever since pocketknives were made, they have been in boys' pockets. Any active boy engaged in normal enterprises may find many needs for a knife. Is a boy to be required to cut a rope or sharpen a pencil with his teeth? Of course, a knife is especially necessary in camping or hunting or fishing. But even on an ordinary day in a city, a boy may need a knife for some completely nonviolent purpose.

True, New York and some other cities have a terrifying problem in the increased number of stabbings. But the cure should be to bring the rebellious boys back into civilized society, not to deprive all boys of something which Huckleberry Finn would have considered more essential than a pocket handkerchief.

Yet New York City's new law forbids anybody under twenty-one to possess a knife "in any public place, street, or park" unless he uses it in his occupation, or can prove he is going to or returning from hunting or fishing, or is a member of the Boy Scouts or a similar organization, or—and this is a very flexible exception—unless "circumstances . . . tend to establish that its possession is for a lawful purpose, not, however, to include self-defense or amusement."

In other words, the magistrate is given a world of leeway. The probable upshot is that a lad who is shy, awkward or sullen and comes from the wrong side of the tracks will go to jail for thirty days, while a smooth talker will get off.

Meanwhile the attorney general of California, Stanley Mosk, has his own remedy for another kind of youthful misbehavior. When a United States Senate subcommittee held hearings in San Francisco on "juvenile delinquency"—that is, crime—Mr. Mosk testified that "jalopyloads of seventeen-year-olds" cross the Mexican border "for a night of revelry and debauchery" in Tijuana and other places.

"I urge Congress," said Mr. Mosk, who was young once himself, "to instruct the immigration authorities to prevent anyone under the age of twenty-one from leaving the United States, unless accompanied by a parent or guardian."

This is to treat young men and women of twenty like children. If they live in the Southwest and have normal curiosity, they want to see what Mexico looks like. College students sometimes make short trips to Mexico for reasons connected with their studies. Mr. Mosk's proposal would forbid a Detroiter under twenty-one from crossing over to Windsor, Ontario. No minor could go to Canada or Bermuda or the Bahamas, or get a job on a ship bound for Europe or Latin America.

Is it possible that one reason for the world-wide jump in youthful violence is the visible fact that adult violence often pays off? Mass murderers now rule some of the biggest countries in the world. They are treated with vast respect as great statesmen. Are youths supposed to be too blind to notice this?

Brazil's New Capital Promises to Be an Architect's Dream

Brazil is about to say adieu to her old capital city, Rio de Janeiro, for a new seat of government, the city of Brasília. Brasília, which represents an architectural "breakthrough," is to be built for the automobile. Its planners proceed on the principle that there will be one automobile for every two inhabitants. There will be no overhead wires in Brasília. All are underground. Roads are on three levels, with clever cloverleafs at main intersections. Broad speedways are carefully separated from highways for slow-moving traffic.

As a protection against future congestion, a ravine within the city is being transformed into an eight-mile-long crescent-shaped lake. Three rivers have been dammed to create the lake which will serve also as Brasília's water supply.

Brasília is planned to take care of 500,000 people. Carefully planned satellite communities will accommodate future expansion. President Kubitschek has promised to move Brazil's administrative offices to Brasília by April. Already completed: four administrative structures, the presidential mansion, a hospital, three churches, two schools—and ten apartment buildings each accommodating 1000.

It took imagination to locate the new capital in Brazil's back country, in the state of Goiás, "back of beyond," a spot which was approached by no passable roads. However, Washington was carved out of the wilds. So was Australia's capital. Modernistic Brasília might be said to have revived an old tradition.

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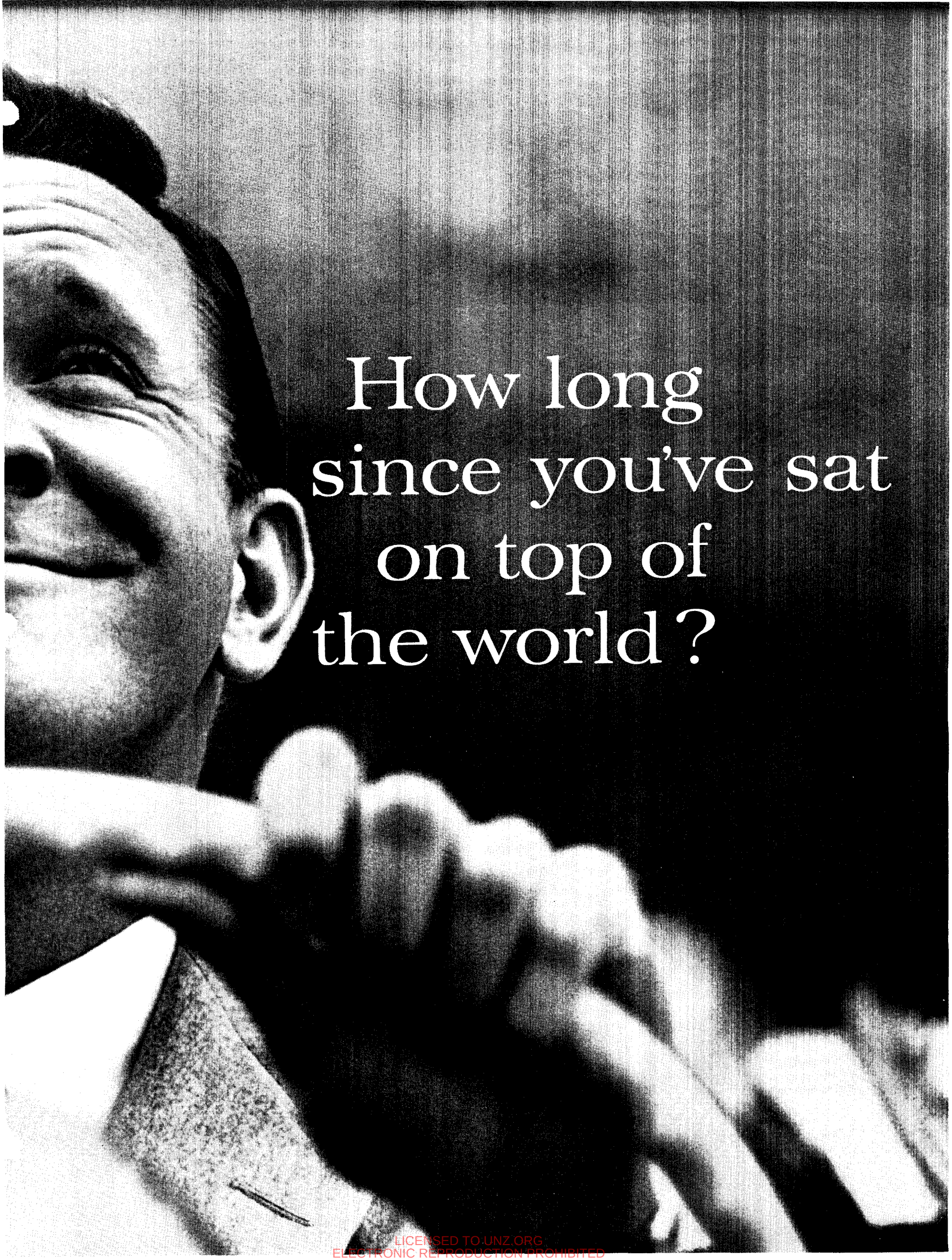

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It's hard to act casual with your heart beating fast and the pride welling up inside. You slide behind the wheel. You ease her into the traffic. Make way, friends, for the gleaming new chariot of the Mightiest Man in Town!

You see a head turn, out of the corner of your eye, as you drive up the street. At the stoplight, a boy in the car alongside yells to his dad to look.

You swing into the driveway, and the family tumbles out of the house. A neighbor waves. The air is filled with excited sounds. The sun's shining a little bit brighter than it ever did before. What a car! What a day!

There's another most happy fellow in town today, too—your franchised new-car dealer . . . not because he made a sale, but because he made a customer. That's what his business depends on. Your dealer is a businessman—but, first

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and foremost, he is a member of your community. He helps keep it rolling. Doc makes his calls in a car your dealer sold him. Your milk is delivered in one of his trucks. Your company parking lot is filled with cars bearing his identifying emblem. Your dealer makes it possible for almost everyone in town to own an automobile, with just the right plan for financing, not only the car, but the insurance as well.

Your dealer works after hours, too. Organizing charity drives. Serving on the Chamber of Commerce. Sponsoring driver-training programs and safe-driving promotions. He's a good citizen . . . a good neighbor . . . and a good man to do business with . . . whether you're buying your very first car or have just joined the other 7,500,000 two-car families in America.

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...Mom's sitting pretty, too!

Congratulations! You're a two-car family. And look at mom. She's floating on a fleece-lined cloud. Remember the earful she gave you on the subject of a second car? Mighty convincing, too. Like: getting the kids to school, doing the marketing, getting to the den meeting, taking sis to dancing school, visiting grandma, calling on a sick friend, picking up your suit at the cleaner's, and half a dozen other good reasons. Seems two cars are no longer a luxury in America... they're downright necessary.

Now mom's got a buggy of her own. You and your gal are the smilingest twosome in town.

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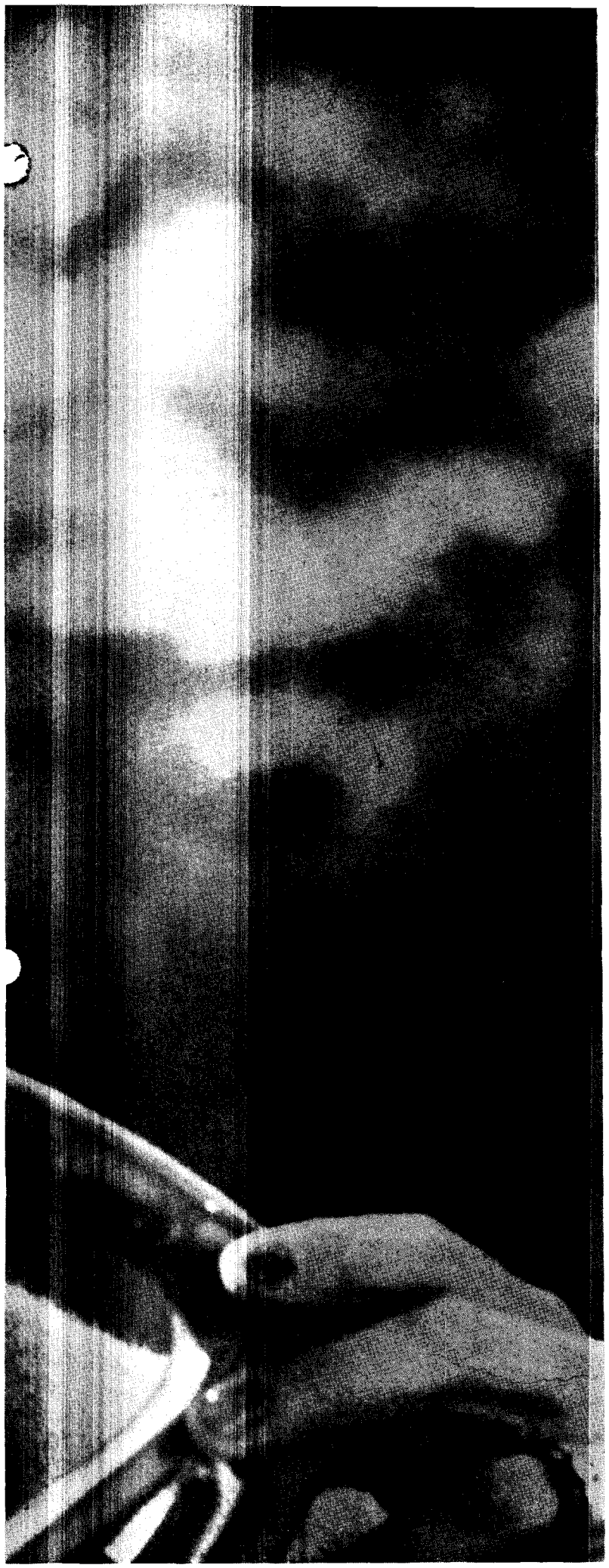

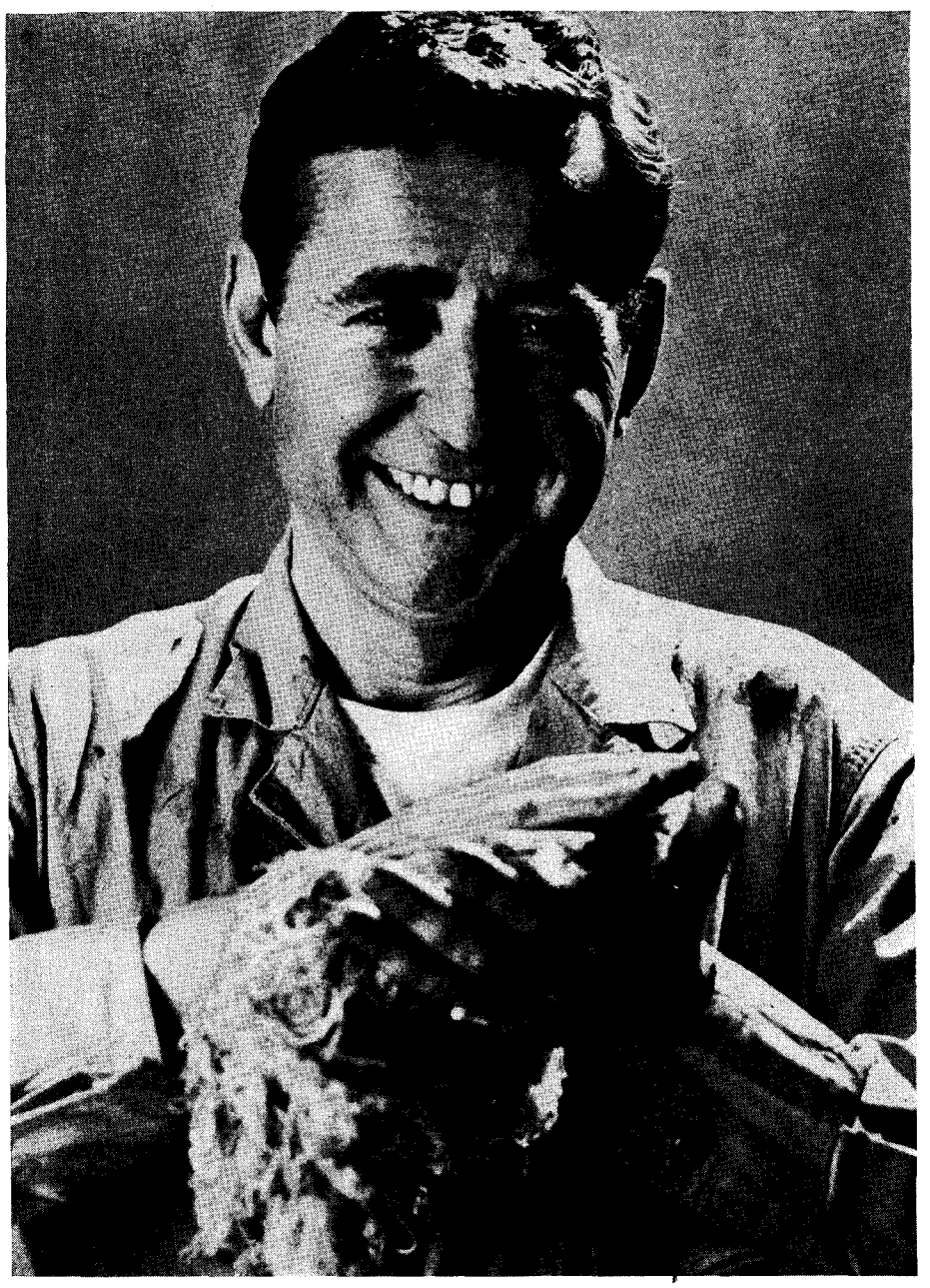

See the new 1960 models that are featured in this issue of The Saturday Evening Post, the nation's greatest year-round new-car show place. Then see your dealer pronto. Climb into a shiny, new 1960 car. Feel again what it's like to sit right smack on top of the world!

Keep your car happy

There are plenty of reliable people in town who are always at your beck and call with friendly service, skilled mechanics and fine replacement parts to keep your car — and mom's — humming like a top. They know every part of your car as well as your doctor knows you. Their years of training and experience are constantly supplemented by new information and developments supplied them by manufacturers of automobiles and parts. They're on duty all hours of the day or night to be of service to you — whether for a minor adjustment or coming to your rescue if you're ever stranded in the middle of nowhere.

To see that you get every last ounce of enjoyment out of your car that the manufacturer built in, reputable service men use only top replacement parts . . . made by companies with a proven record for quality . . . brands you see advertised regularly in the pages of The Saturday Evening Post.

The Saturday Evening Post

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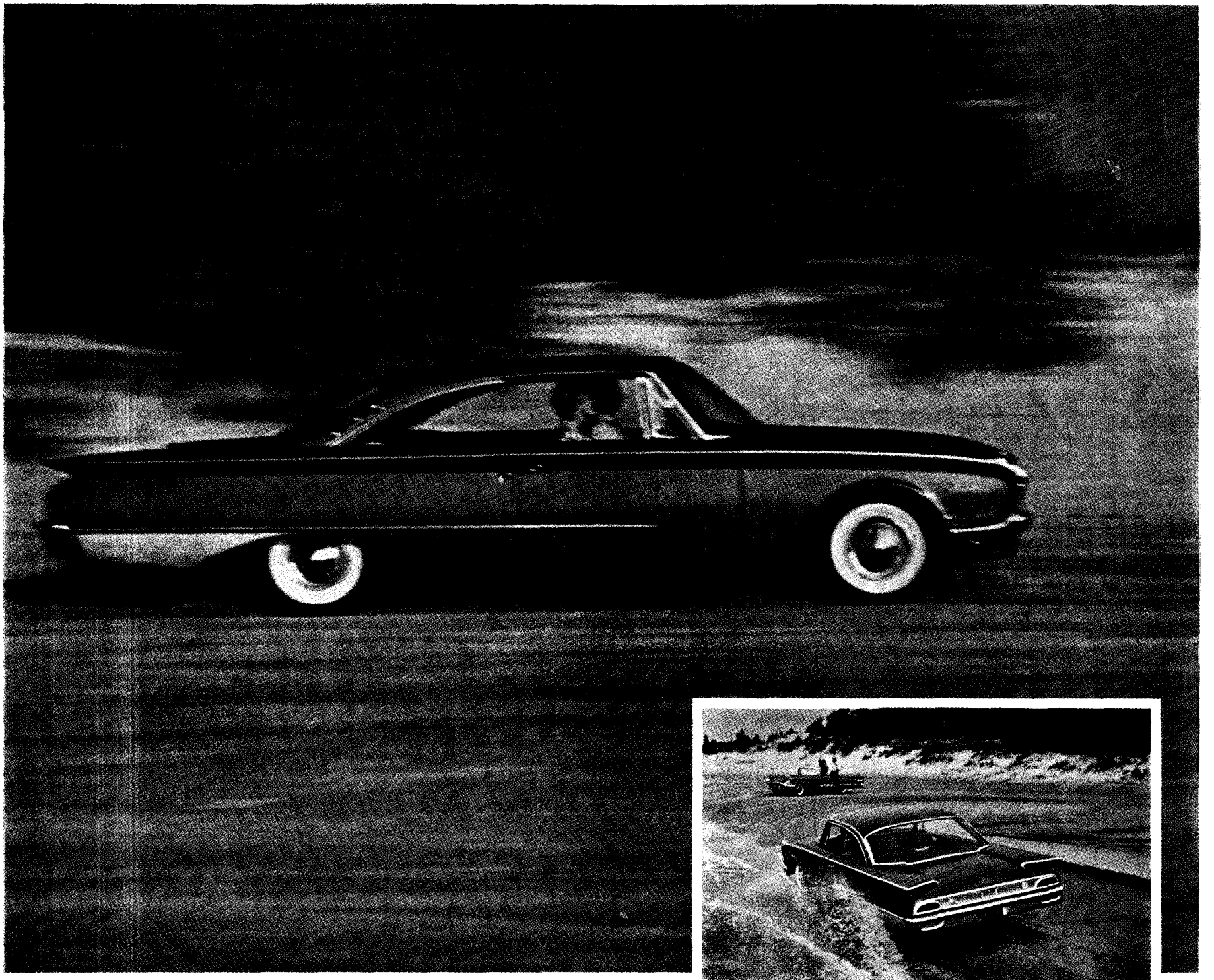

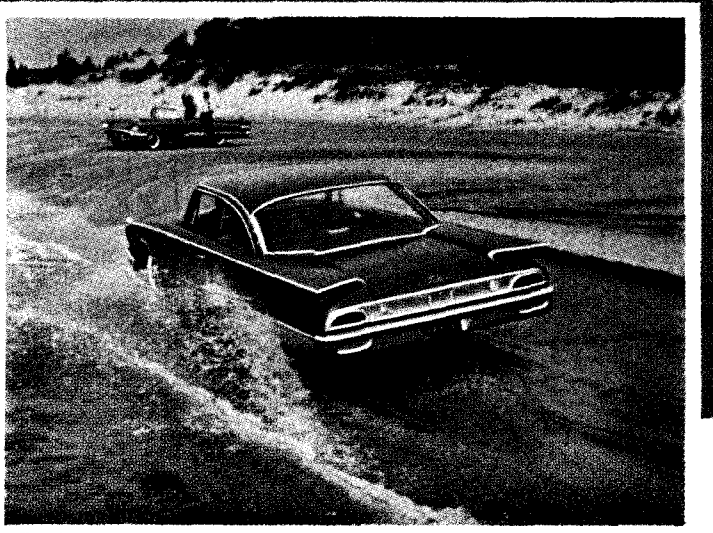

The Finest Fords of a Lifetime include the dazzling new Starliner (foreground) and the Thunderbird, the world's most wanted car

The Finest Fords of a Lifetime bring you the Thunderbird's own

SPIRITED PERFORMANCE

→ The 1960 Fords are the cars you've always hoped would happen.

They *ride* like the Thunderbird, *corner* like the Thunderbird, *move* like the Thunderbird—at low Ford prices. This is possible because each Ford has a new Wide-Tread Design that provides a *5-foot tread* like the Thunderbird. They have new rear suspension with special leaf springs that are a full *5 feet long*. And they have more positive anti-dive *and* anti-squat control. With this levelized suspension, bumps are damped out before they reach you. You enjoy a luxuriously comfortable ride . . . a new sports-car-kind of handling on any road.

For power, you can have one of the Thunderbird's own great engines in any 1960 Ford. The Thunderbird 292 and 352 V-8, like the famous Mileage Maker Six, give superior performance on *regular* fuel. For exceptional performance, choose the mighty new Thunderbird 352 *Special* V-8 with 4-barrel carburetion: two for normal driving plus two in reserve for that *safety surge* of extra power.

Try one of these Finest Fords of a Lifetime for a *new* driving experience. Discover how sure and smooth a car can move. FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

OUR URBAN REVOLUTION

PART ONE

Are We Building a City 600 Miles Long?

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

A report on the biggest migration in our nation's history—the great outpouring from the cities into the suburbs—and the profound social, economic and political problems that we face as a result.

The airline pilots saw it when it first began a dozen years ago. Flying by night out of Boston, northward toward Portland, Maine, and south to Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, they watched the dark land between the cities come alive with the lights of homes and shops and factories. The face of America was changing. Out of the angers and dissatisfactions of millions of people, out of their hopes and dreams and aspirations, Megalopolis—the "Great City"—was being born.

It started slowly in the first years, for cars were hard to come by just after the war, and this was a mass migration that could only be supported by the automobile. First the cities began to send out thin fingers of light along the radial highways, poking deeper and deeper into the empty hinterland.

Soon, though, this pattern changed. As Detroit performed its miracle of production, starfish clusters of light began to form along all the rural roads that ran between the great arterial highways. And then these clusters grew and ran together and multiplied and spread, until the overflow from one central city began to blend and merge with that of another many miles away.

The cities, somebody said, were like huge bonfires, sending out sparks that fell at random to light new fires in the surrounding dark. Somebody else, less poetic, saw the whole Northeastern Seaboard as a giant panful of fried eggs whose whites spread until they touched. The lights of Boston flowed north and west toward Lowell and Lawrence. Springfield and Hartford reached out groping fingers for each other. New York, hemmed in by its rivers, sent a tide flowing up the valley of the Hudson. Philadelphia spread north toward Trenton and south toward Wilmington. Baltimore and Washington began to blend into one great urban region, and Washington's population spilled southward over the Potomac, deep into the once rural counties of Virginia.

A few thousand real-estate men knew what was happening, and a few hundred builders, and all the bulldozer drivers who were scraping down the green hills and filling in the ravines to form the raw, red, flat places where the huge subdivisions, the shopping centers and the factories were to stand. For a long time, though, the sociologists and the geographers, the economists and the demographers, the political scientists and the ecologists who study the human animal in relation to his environment, paid little attention to the great change that was going on under their noses.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

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Photograph by Aero Service

This aerial photograph, taken from an altitude of 36,000 feet, shows a 270-square-mile section of New Jersey (lower half of picture) and Pennsylvania and their common border, the Delaware River. At extreme right is Trenton, N. J. At center is Levittown, Pa., a development of 65,000 which was farmland ten years ago.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13 For the past two years, however, they have paid little attention to anything else. A special census taken in 1957 gave statistical confirmation to what was already known by every airline passenger who had taken the trouble to look out of the window of his plane. Americans were no longer living where they used to live, nor working where they used to work. Great human tides, made up of white middle-income Americans, were flowing out of the cities into the rural hinterlands. Into the cities, to take their place, dark tides were running—of Puerto Ricans and Negroes from the South. A population that had always been restless and mobile had suddenly become as fluid as quicksilver.

Today dozens of brilliant and learned men who are concerned with human behavior in all its cultural, social, economic and political aspects, are studying Megalopolis with the concentration of a physicist probing the heart of an atom, trying to find out what triggered the great explosion and what, if anything, can be done to guide, direct and control it. Wilfred Owen of Brookings Institution; Paul Ylvisaker of the Ford Foundation; Harvey Perloff of Resources for the Future; William Wheaton of the University of Pennsylvania; Ray Vernon of Harvard; and Jean Gottman of Princeton Institute for Advanced Study—the brilliant French geographer who gave Megalopolis its name—to name only a few, are writing books, lecturing and haranguing one another endlessly in seminars, trying to explain what is happening and what it will mean to America in years to come.

They all agree that the great shift in population is not confined to the Northeastern Seaboard alone, though there it may be seen in its most dramatic form. Wherever America touches blue water, and in some inland areas, the same thing is taking place. From Chicago eastward to Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo, along the shores of the Great Lakes an urban region is spreading that before the century is out may meet the westward-running tide that is flowing up the Hudson and Mohawk valleys. Another is forming from Cleveland to east of Pittsburgh, another along the Gulf Coast; and on the Pacific the open space between San Francisco and San Diego is swiftly filling in. As our great inland resources of iron and oil and lead and timber begin to dwindle, there is a drift toward the deep-water harbors where future foreign imports will come in.

They know now what is happening. They do not yet comprehend all its implications. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 74*

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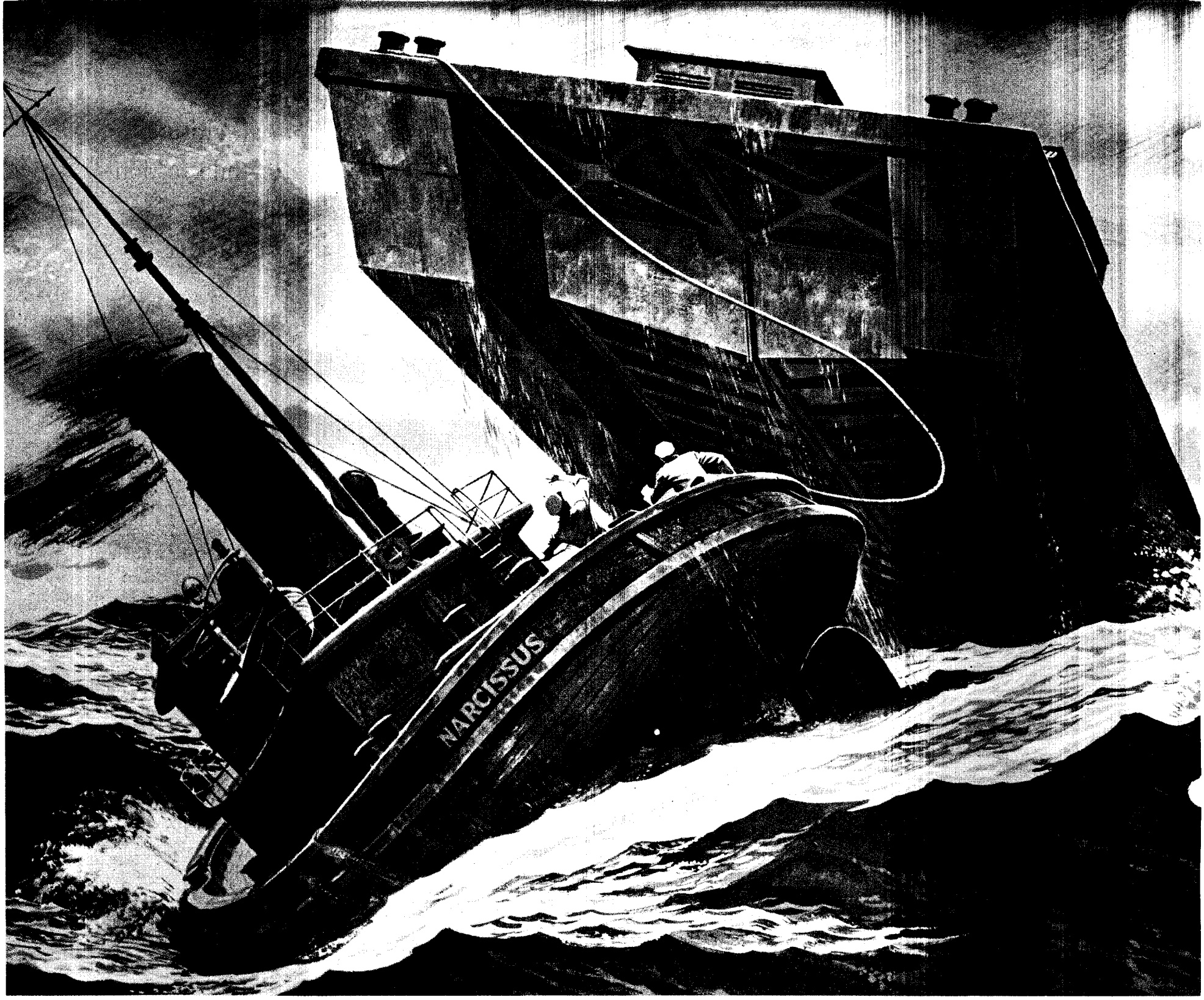

For one terrifying moment the barge soared high above the *Narcissus*' rail with its cargo of potential death.

The barge was drifting out of control, and it was loaded with explosive radioactive material.

TUGBOAT ANNIE'S HOT CARGO

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

Under a full Pacific moon the little Inland Passage harbor of Port Chilkat was a scene of tranquil beauty, disturbed only by the splash of a fish, a chugging purse seiner, the faint nostalgic wail and beat of a shore dance band and the raucous hawking of Capt. Horatio Bullwinkle, master and owner of the big salvage tug *Salamander*, as he leaned over the fantail rail and spat in the eye of an inquisitive crab.

"Sore?" he rasped angrily as he stared again into the flabby, impassive face of Jake, the vessel's paunchy mate. "Why wouldn't I be sore? Look!"—and he pointed to another powerful deep-water tug alongside the fuel-oil wharf across the slip. "There's the *Narcissus*, all fueled up and ready to sail when that fat old witch of a Tugboat Annie gets through stompin' holes in the dance-hall floor!"

"So what?" said Jake sardonically. "Just because she's got a towin' job ya wish you had, ya're poppin' yer skull?"

"That one job ain't the point, stupid! It's who it's for—that new Williwaw Island Atomic Power Plant! Look at the installation the

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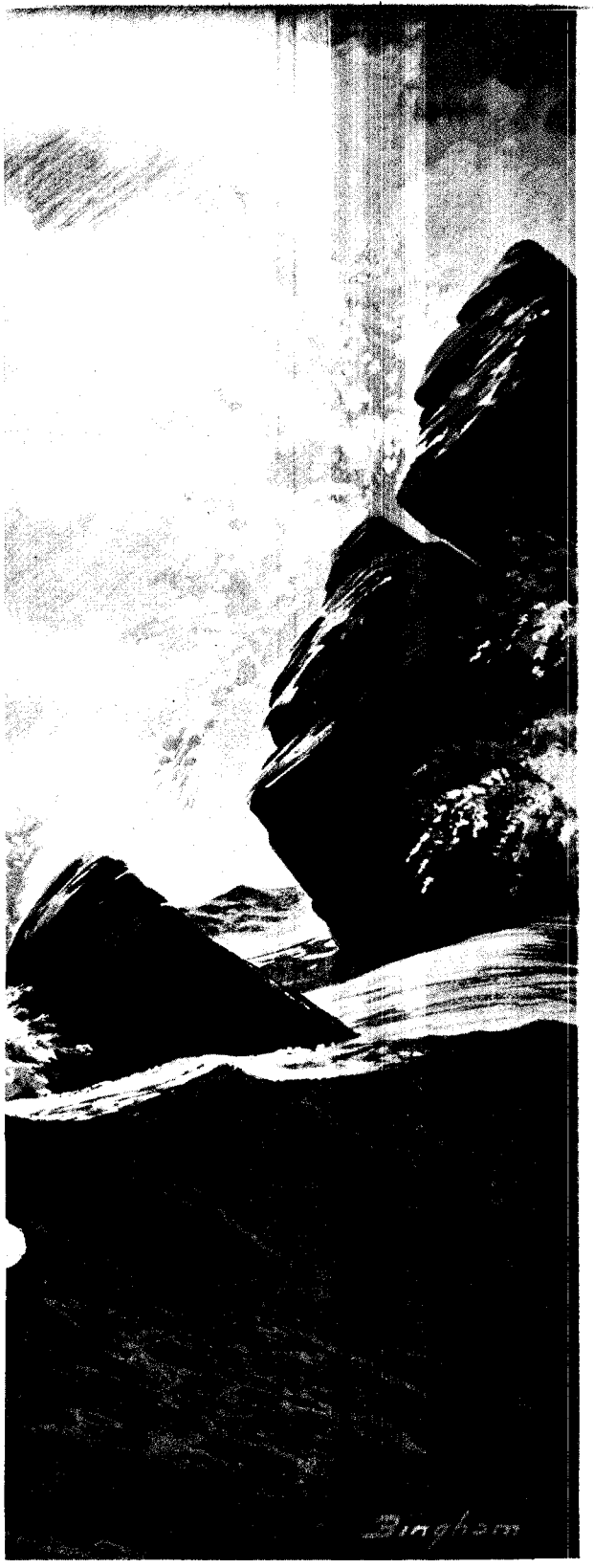


Illustrated by James R. Bingham

Government's puttin' in there! Heavy-construction stuff! That means big-time towin'. There's only two tugs up here big enough to handle it—us and the *Narcissus*. And Annie tears up here from Secoma with her tail afire and grabs it—right out from under me nose!"

"How long a nose you got?" asked Jake. "When ya first heard o' this deal she was already halfway up here. So relax!"

"Yeah—relax. I'll relax when I figger a way to skunk ——" He stopped suddenly, then leaned forward. "Look, Jake, if Annie fouled up this first job, them atomic-plant boys might get mad and start lookin' for somebody else to do their towin'. Right?"

"Meanin' us, o' course. But how the devil could she foul it up?" Jake said derisively. "Way I heard it, all she's gotta do is hook onto a loaded barge alongside their dock, tow it across the passage an' out through Totem-pole Pass, then dump it off soundings. Where's the trick in that?"

"I ain't sure, yet." Thoughtfully Mr. Bullwinkle scratched his ginger-bristled skull. "All I know is, when them oil-dock boys finished fillin' the *Narcissus*' tanks this evenin', I heard old Fatso Annie say she had to pick up her Williwaw Island tow in time to hit the start o' the ebb tide at Totem-pole Pass, an' ride it through. That means she'd reach the pass about two A.M."

"If you're plannin' to snatch that tow tonight," Jake said, "forget it! It's quite a trip out the pass an' back. That's why Annie filled her tanks. But we just got in from Secoma—remember? We ain't got oil enough left even to take us to Williwaw, an' no way to get any till mornin'. So what would ya run the *Salamander* on—beer an' belches?"

"I'll figger it," said Mr. Bullwinkle confidently. "An' when ——"

He broke off, suddenly tense and watchful, as the *Narcissus*' messroom door opened and Shiftless, a deck hand, stepped out and stood by the rail, head uptilted, while draining a pint flask. Then he faced townward, listening as the faint dance music swelled and waned, flung the empty bottle violently, rebelliously overside and lurched back into the messroom.

"Get that, Jake?" Mr. Bullwinkle asked softly. "Shiftless is sizzlin' because he has to mind ship while the others are up at that dance. It ain't right! It ain't fair!"

Jake said nothing; and for a time there was silence, over which, on a vagrant breeze, the lilting brass of the band carried a message of fun ashore. Then, "I feel sorry fer him," Mr. Bullwinkle said.

"Sorry fer who?" Jake asked, nonplused.

"Fer pore ol' Shiftless, ya silly jerk! Gettin' stinkin' over there all alone!" said Mr. Bullwinkle, nobly indignant. "So we're gonna visit him an' cheer him up. Go get that fifth o' bait I seen ya sneak under yer bunk when I walked in on ya today."

"Wha-at?" yelped Jake.

"Go get it," said Mr. Bullwinkle severely, "afore I fetch ya a kick in the rudder!"

In sharp contrast to the peaceful water front was the jiving cacophony of the Port Chilkat Cannery Workers' Monthly Ball, for the building shook, and dust puffs arose from under the pounding feet and cavorting limbs of the swirling, merrymaking crowd. And second to none in energetic enjoyment was Tugboat Annie Brennan, master of the *Narcissus* and senior skipper of Secoma's Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company fleet, with blowzy hair flying wild, face shining with sweat and bliss, blue eyes sparkling, and massive frame bounding and prancing in the resentful grip of a giant Dutch Harbor whaling captain.

"Wow-e-e-e!" she chortled as she manhandled her dizzy partner into carefree collision with a crowd of jolly neighbors. "Ain't nothin' like bein' swang in the arms o' Twerpsichord! Sa-ay, Cap'n—yer nose is bleedin'! Don't ye feel good?"

"Ya butted me that last round, ya gallopin' hippo!" snarled her gallant partner. "An' climb down offa me left foot. It's toted ya round this floor five times now!"

"Pooh!" said Annie complacently. "I ain't even began hoofin' yet. Hey—there's Peter! I gotta talk wid him!" And inexorably she cantered him through the thickest of the crowd toward the doorway, from which Peter, the *Narcissus*' mate, urgently had been beckoning her.

"Come on, Annie. It's near eleven o'clock," he told her hurriedly. "We gotta get back to the tug an' under way."

"O.K., O.K.," she said resignedly, and mopped her streaming face. "Scrape the boys together. Them what can't walk we'll carry!" Presently the crew of the *Narcissus* was streaming back to their wharf with Annie, her energy only whetted, waddling happily ahead of the others.

But when she had dropped from the wharf's stringpiece to the deck of the tug she stopped abruptly and stared. "Hey," she said, puzzled, "ain't that Shif'less lyin' under the towin' drum?"

Big Sam, the engineer, investigated. "Sure is!" he reported, and dragged the sleeper forth. "Drunk as a skunk too."

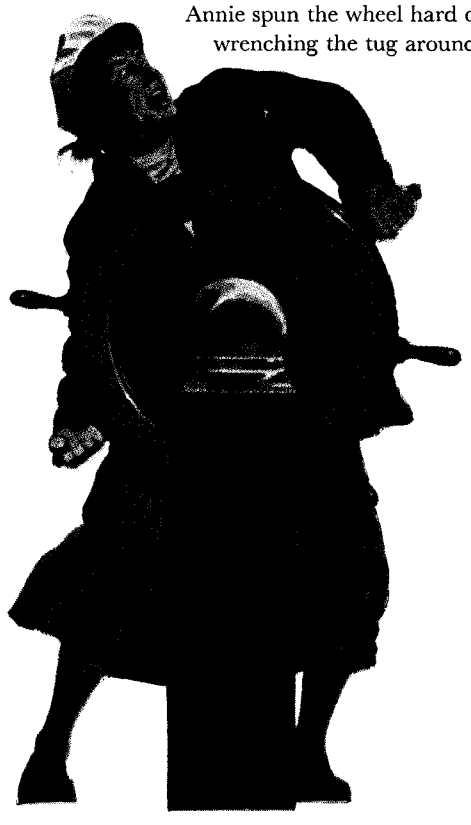
"He can't be!" Annie protested, hastening aft. "I shook him down good afore we left. An' what he had in his bottle wouldn't give him no more glow than a firefly's starn! But by gollies"—she bent over the supine, heavily snoring Shiftless—"ye're right, Sam! He's passed out! An' —— Oh-oh!"

Stooping quickly, she picked up an empty fifth and sniffed it. "H'm'm-mph! 'Ol' Faithful,' Sam!" and instantly her glance shot across the slip to the dark and silent *Salamander*. "They's on'y two bellies I know of what kin hold this stuff widout corrodin' their backbone!"

"Ya mean Bullwinkle gave it to him?" Big Sam shook his head. "I doubt it. He wouldn't give ya the time o' day without collectin' ten seconds interest."

Annie nodded. "Ye're right, Sam. Shif'less prob'ly snuck over there an' stole it. Well, you an' Peter throw him in his bunk, an' we'll git under way."

Minutes later the *Narcissus* surged away, her running lights gleaming like jewels in the clear, starry night; and within the hour, after checking identification with the Navy picket boat that patrolled the restricted waters of Williwaw Island, she (Continued on Page 68)



Annie spun the wheel hard over, wrenching the tug around.

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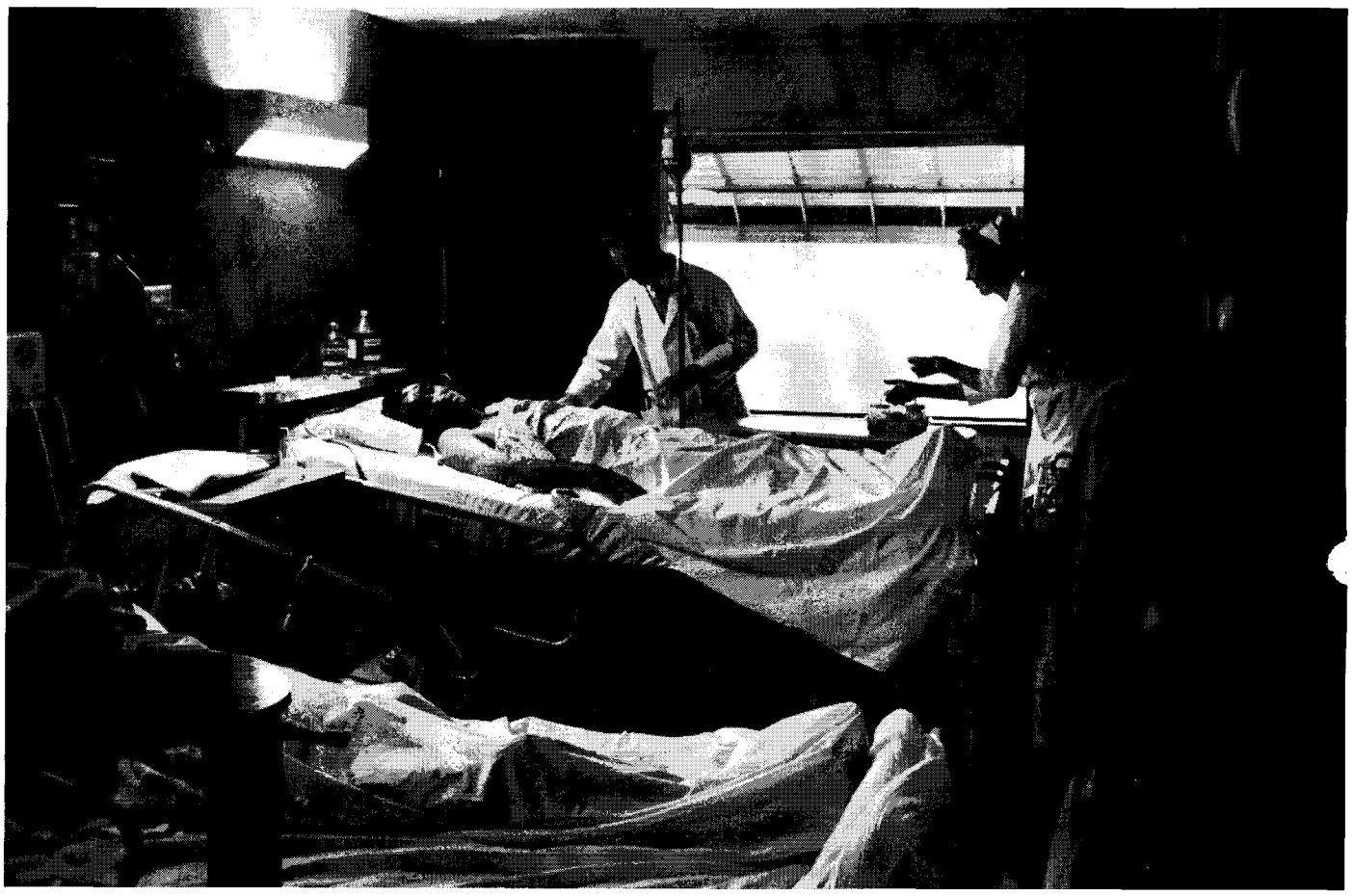
The Patient Gets a Break

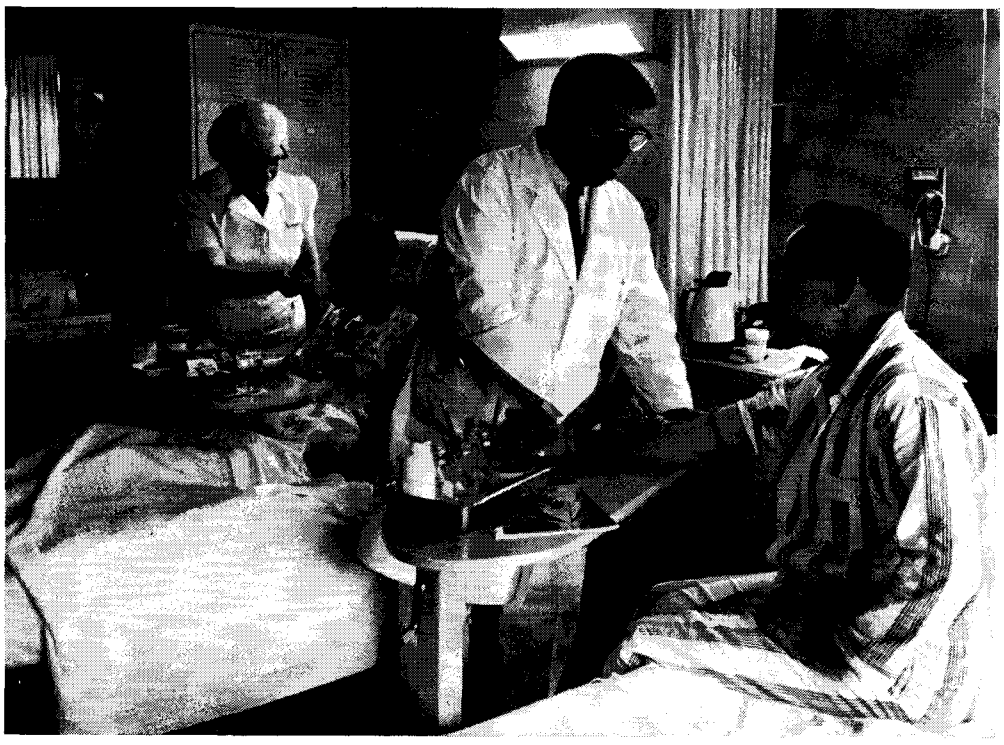
By ALICE LAKE

How a new system of hospital organization called Progressive Patient Care eliminates unnecessary suffering by tailoring medical services to the needs of each individual's illness.

THE FIVE STAGES OF PATIENT CARE AT A PIONEERING HOSPITAL



1. Right: The intensive-care unit at St. Johns Hospital, St. Paul, Minn. Here a small staff can give seriously ill patients the constant attention that would be impossible if they were scattered among separate rooms.



2. The St. Johns general-care unit (above) handles patients not critically ill but still confined to bed. In conventional hospitals almost all patients are consigned to general care.

3. This television lounge is part of the self-care unit for ambulatory patients. "Some convalescents," says a hospital official, "gain confidence by spending a few days on their feet."

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Mrs. Alice Mack, a youthful-looking, gray-haired woman of fifty-one, spent twelve days last spring as a patient in Memorial Hospital in Manchester, Connecticut. "Honestly," she told me a few months later, "I enjoyed it. I really did." I was interested in comparing our experiences because I had been hospitalized in New York City at about the same time. Had I enjoyed myself? Hardly.

No one expects an operation to be fun, but for me the hospital routine increased the unpleasantness. I entered the hospital for tests three days before surgery. During this time I was deprived of the dignity of my clothing and restricted to my room and a small stretch of corridor. Moans of pain from an open door across the hall gave me a cheerless preview of the future. My sleep was fitful, broken abruptly at six A.M. by the inevitable thermometer thrust in the mouth.

I emerged occasionally from the drugged fog which blurred my first postoperative day, fearful because I was alone. As I grew stronger, boredom mounted. I moved to a chair. I shuffled down the corridor. I nodded hopefully to other patients, but no one spoke. Lonesome, I ate my meals from a tray.

Nursing service, I observed, seemed to be unrelated to changing patient needs. We suffered either from a glut or a famine. Three professional nurses were in charge of our corridor throughout the week. On Tuesday, when I was one of a dozen or more patients helpless following surgery, I had to wait half an hour for a sip of water. By Friday, with most of us convalescent, two nurses spent a leisurely fifteen minutes exchanging hospital gossip as they made my bed.

I was disturbed by the high cost of my room. During the first postoperative days, when I needed all the facilities the hospital offered—round-the-clock care, expensive equipment, bedside meals—the charge did not seem unreasonable. Later I required only maid service. I resented being billed for services which I no longer used.

Hospital administrator Edward Thoms of Manchester, Conn. An originator of the plan, he now finds his staff "bursting with fresh ideas to improve patient care."

Carl Ave'Lallemant of St. Johns. Starting with the concept that the needs of his patients came first, he developed the unique five-stage program illustrated below.

Mrs. Mack's experience was quite different. Manchester Memorial Hospital is a pioneer in Progressive Patient Care, a new system of organization which attempts to tailor hospital services to the needs of each patient's illness. She, too, was hospitalized several days in advance of surgery. She spent this period in a self-care unit for ambulant patients. There she wore her own clothes, slept in an ordinary bed and walked to the hospital cafeteria for meals.

Following her operation Mrs. Mack was transferred to an intensive-care unit where seriously ill patients are grouped. A nurse was never more than a whisper away. Drugs and emergency equipment were stock-piled in the unit, instantly available. "When I became conscious," she said, "I wasn't afraid. I felt safe."

Soon she was graduated to an intermediate unit for the moderately ill. "I felt as if I'd been promoted," Mrs. Mack commented. The unit resembled a conventional hospital floor, with several pleasant exceptions. Freed from the constant demands of the seriously ill, the nurses had time to answer a patient's light when it flashed, to explain his treatment and offer emotional support. Convalescents were spared the sights and sounds of a roommate who might be unconscious or thrashing in pain.

Promoted again, Mrs. Mack returned to the self-care unit for her last three days in the hospital. "What a lift to morale!" she recalled. "I put on my own clothes and spruced up with lipstick. Several of us spent hours chatting over coffee in the snack kitchen. We had a lounge for television and card games. It was like a house party."

As she was graduated from one unit to another, the amount of hospital service offered to Mrs. Mack was reduced. In the intensive-care unit she (Continued on Page 44)

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

4. In the rehabilitative-care unit, Mary Ellen Rafferty, who suffers from a congenitally dislocated hip, is shown how to get from her bed onto her crutches. This unit tries to shorten the hospital stay of long-term patients.

5. Daniel Kirievsky, a stroke victim convalescing at home, receiving a visit from the nurse and occupational therapist of the extended-care unit. They follow up rehabilitation he received at St. Johns.

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Beach Harvest

Sanibel Island, a subtropical islet lying a few miles off the western coast of Florida, is one of the few places in the world where the sharp-eyed can get something of value for nothing. Sanibel—from its earlier Spanish name, Santa Isabella—a bow-shaped island fifteen miles long, has the unusual virtue of possessing unobstructed beaches which face south. On these strands tide and current and sometimes stormy winds cast up uncounted

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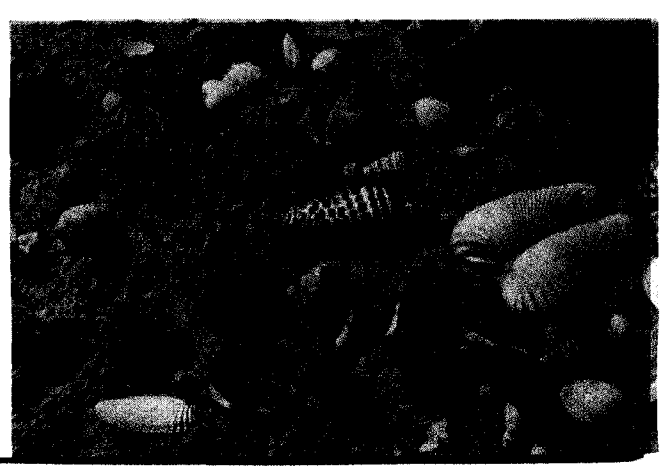
shells from the neighboring shallow waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Island residents—you see some in the picture above—commercial shell gatherers, shell fanciers who ferry from the mainland near Fort Myers, conchologists, malacologists and just plain people who like to pick up shells pace Sanibel's beaches like platoons of preoccupied abbots looking for both rare and pretty examples of nature's exquisite geometry.

To the right you see a grouping of some of Sanibel's rare beauties. The spotted shell in center is a valuable Junonia—before shellers deflated the market, a specimen sold for $2500 at a London auction—above the Junonia is a Lion's Paw and to its right an Angel's Wings. Warning to the amateur shell collector: Be sure your shells are empty before you pack them for the long trip home.

• Photographs by Larry Keighley



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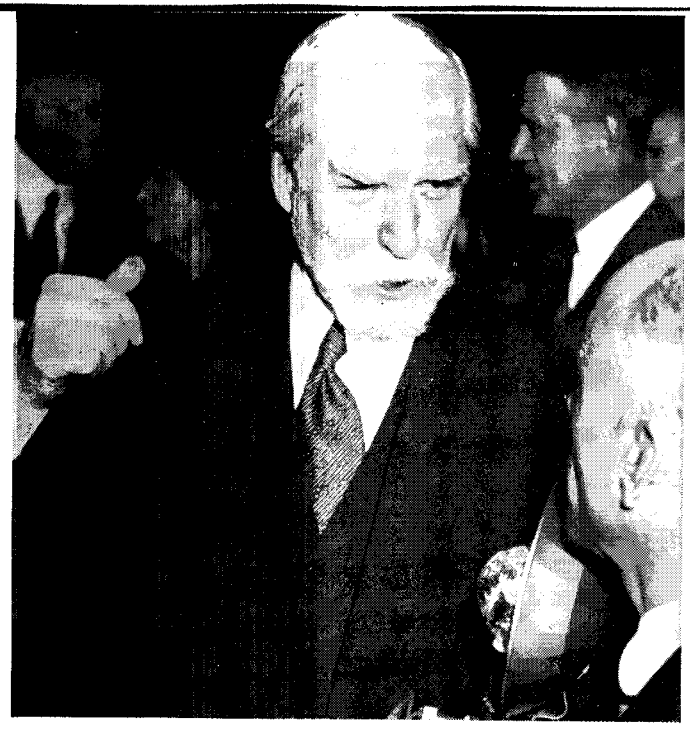
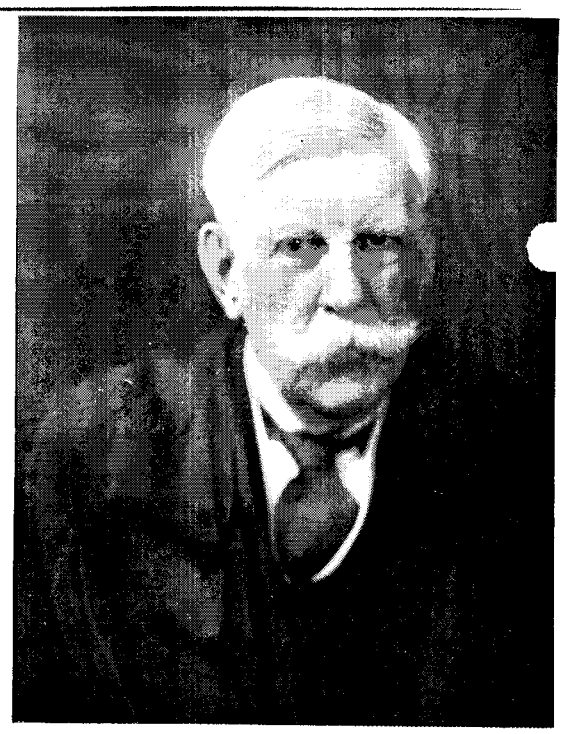
Chief Justice Earl Warren. In the privacy of the Court's chambers, his associate Justices call him "Chief."



The late Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes insisted that his independent-minded colleagues be punctual at all times.



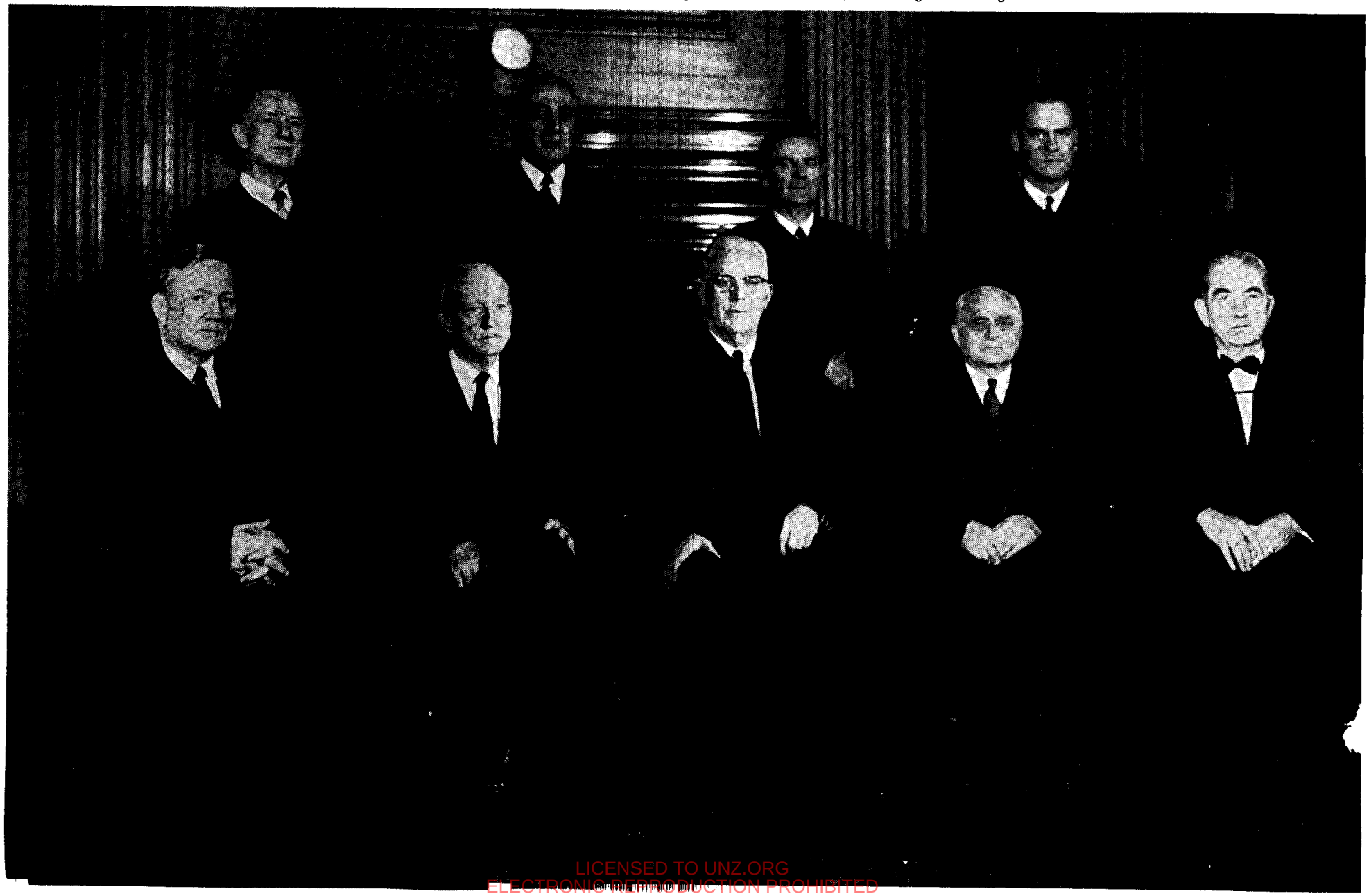
Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes (1841-1935). For relaxation he attended Washington burlesque houses.

Backstage at the Supreme Court

By PAUL F. HEALY

Few Americans are aware of what goes on behind the imposing façade of the nation's highest tribunal, although its decisions often directly affect our lives.

The present court. Seated, from left: William O. Douglas and Hugo L. Black; Chief Justice Warren; Felix Frankfurter and Tom C. Clark. Standing, from left: Charles Evans Whittaker, John Marshall Harlan, William J. Brennan Jr. and Potter Stewart.



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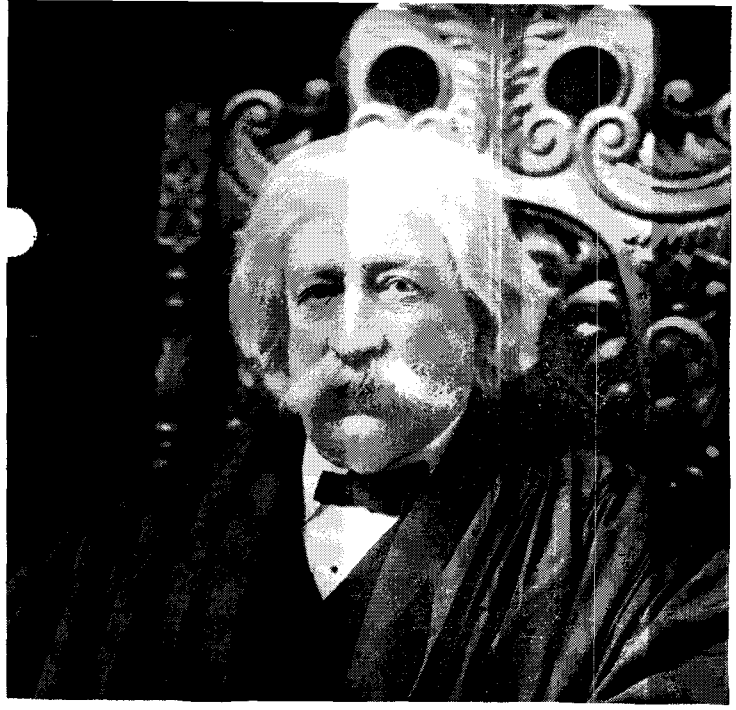


Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller began the preconference ritual of handshaking among the Justices, in the hope that the gesture would help keep them on speaking terms.

Chief Justice John Marshall. He originated the custom, since discontinued, of starting the Court's judicial conferences with a drink.

Samuel Chase, who was impeached in 1804, is the only Justice ever to have such proceedings brought against him. He was not convicted.

A delegation of Latin-American lawyers, having watched the United States Supreme Court in session a few years ago, were dining with Associate Justice Harold H. Burton, now retired. Burton asked what surprised them most about the Court.

"The fact that the Justices smiled," was the first reply.

In the Latin-Americans' experience, the hallmark of the highest courts had been solemnity. There is evidence that citizens of this country, too, generally visualize Supreme Court Justices as cold and bloodless wax figures in an ivory tower. This attitude is understandable, for the Supreme Court is by far the least-known of the three branches of our Government, partly because the Justices themselves almost never tell tales out of school.

Thus, while nearly everyone today has strong opinions about the Court's opinions, relatively few citizens know anything about how the decisions are reached and the rest of the intensely human story behind the marble walls.

Being independent-minded and highly individualistic, the Justices are actually more interesting—and some of the Court's history is more colorful—than one might suppose. More than a century ago, chroniclers of life in the capital wrote that the Justices were regarded as a "jovial set," particularly Justice Joseph Story, who held that "every man should laugh at least an hour every day"—though not, presumably, in Court.

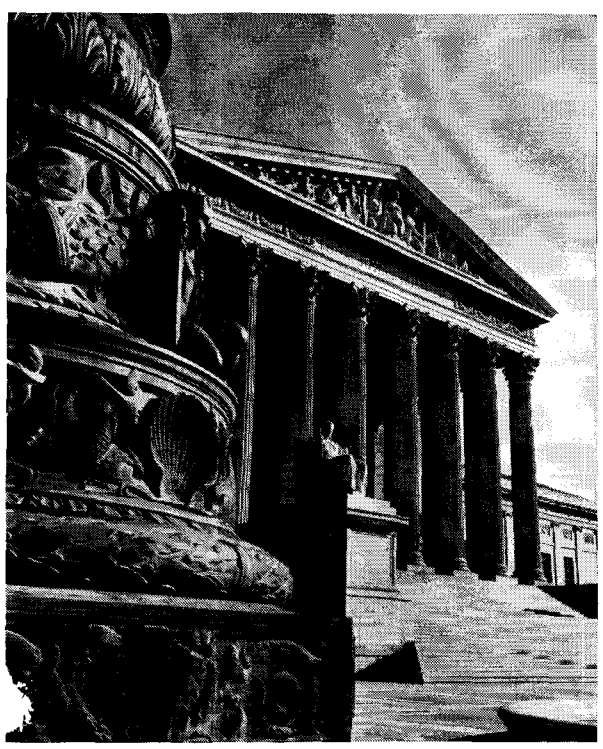
Like most other people, the Justices pride themselves on their sense of humor. Not that the Supreme Court is anything but the ultimate in dignity. There are no instances of practical jokes or horseplay, as there have been in Congress and even in the White House. But what impressed Earl Warren after he became Chief Justice in 1953 was the Court's informality—among the Justices in the weekly conference where they thresh out their decisions, and in the courtroom itself. In private, the Justices call one another by their first names and address the Chief Justice as "Chief," a term of affectionate respect.

Although not many people realize it, the Supreme Court at times offers the most fascinating and occasionally the most entertaining show in town. Approximately a thousand people enter the Supreme Court building every day, but as a rule relatively few are there when the Court is in session and even fewer tarry in the courtroom. Long lines do queue up outside the courtroom when there is promise of a tense, history-making clash between legal titans, as in the school desegregation hearings. Unfortunately only 188 seats are available to the public. One hundred other seats are reserved for the press, the Justices' families, and members of the bar. The scene in the courtroom is awesome in a low-keyed way; the session is bound to seem confusing at first glance.

The high drama always inherent in the high court is enhanced by its setting. The gleaming Supreme Court building—that so-called "marble palace" facing the Capitol across a plaza—is the most majestic in Washington. At its entrance a broad flight of steps leads up to a double row of Corinthian columns three stories high. Across the entrance in large letters are the words: "Equal Justice Under Law." The effect is that of a Greek temple. Within are four fountained courtyards, great marble corridors, and two spiral staircases of marble and bronze that are considered architectural marvels. Except for the courtroom, the lawyers' lounge and two huge conference rooms used for non-Court work, the building is largely restricted from the public. It is as clean and quiet as a cathedral.

The Court has a ceremonial ritual unmatched elsewhere in our Government. Shortly before noon the Justices assemble in a small robing room, where an attendant helps them into their robes in front of oak-paneled lockers bearing their nameplates. As each Justice enters, he shakes hands with every other Justice, a custom started more than half a century ago by Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller in the hope that it would keep the Justices on speaking terms no matter what had happened the day before.

Robed, the Justices file across a private corridor and into an end of the courtroom curtained off with an enormous maroon velours drapery. At the stroke of noon the Chief Justice gives a signal, a buzzer sounds at the marshal's desk (Continued on Page 49)



The Supreme Court building in Washington, D.C., was erected in 1935 at a cost of $10,000,000. Most of it is not open to the public.

The Court's four pages, in their traditional uniform. By custom they are hired five feet one inch, and fired or promoted when they reach five feet six inches.

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"I thought she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen," Betty said.

Each of them was
a victim of the
terrible loneliness
that is bred by an . . .

Unforgotten Love

By N. J. CRISP

John Taylor opened his eyes. He was surprised to find that he had slept at all, that the long dark night was over.

Outside the sun was shining. Through the tiny bedroom window he could see a small patch of blue sky above the gray slates of the adjoining rooftops. Here, in the old fishermen's quarter of St. Ives, the little lopsided houses jostled each other side by side, back to back. Crooked cobbled lanes, little wider than the span of a man's arms, wound erratically, as if seeking a way through the maze, only to become lost and end in surprising courtyards.

John Taylor watched a piece of white cloud sail majestically across his patch of sky and disappear. A cat picked its way daintily across the roof outside, sat on his window sill and began to wash itself, totally ignoring the unending, hoarse squawk of the sea gulls.

He wondered if it was the same cat that had presented itself every morning at the window two years before, and the year before that, and the year before that, and the year before that. It looked the same.

Then they had opened the window. The cat had stalked haughtily in and jumped on the bed. They had fussed over it, and when he went downstairs, made tea and brought it up, he had also brought up a saucer of milk.

The cat finished washing, turned its head and fixed its green eyes on him. Behind the glass its jaws opened in an unheard miaow and it lifted a paw and pushed fruitlessly at the window.

John pushed the covers back and got out of bed. The whole thing was idiocy. He must have been crazy to come here again. He washed, shaved, dressed, went downstairs and made himself some breakfast in the kitchenette. He ate mechanically without noticing any taste to the food.

Perhaps, John thought, he should pack up and go now. Drive away somewhere else. Anywhere else. Had he done now what she wanted? Had she in fact wanted anything? Perhaps it was just that he did not understand. Perhaps to understand he would have to stay. But it was going to hurt.

Down the little street the milkman went whistling, bottles clinking. He (Continued on Page 61)

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The Jerry Giesler Story

My Private Life

By JERRY GIESLER
as told to Pete Martin

The defender of celebrities in trouble presents his own theories about the reasons for murder and explains the role his wife plays in his career.

CONCLUSION

I have a few convictions about criminal trials and cases. I offer them for what they're worth. Rape cases are the hardest to try because the victim can testify. Moreover, since the victim is usually a young girl, she is automatically a witness to whom a jury is sympathetic.

Murder cases are the easiest to try because they are usually based upon circumstances rather than direct testimony. The individual upon whom the crime was committed can't testify. There's seldom an eyewitness to a murder. That very absence sometimes provides a chance for the defendant to plead self-defense. I'll make it even stronger: If you've got a halfway believable case of self-defense, you're almost certain to win. This is true even if your client's case is based upon his having defended someone else.

Having had a fairly wide experience with crime, I have my own ideas about the reasons for murder. Other than gang-war slayings, murder is usually committed by someone who has never committed a crime before and who won't do it again. In my opinion, murder is a product of the moment. It usually happens on impulse and probably would never have occurred at any other time in the life of the person who commits it, if he could have got by that particular moment without violence.

Since I believe so deeply in this theory of momentary (Continued on Page 71)

From left, the adults are: Ruth and Jerry Giesler, their son-in-law James Wright, with his wife Jerry, and the Gieslers' son Michael. The two children in white are the Wrights'. The boy in foreground is Michael's. Not present is Mildred, the author's daughter by his first marriage.

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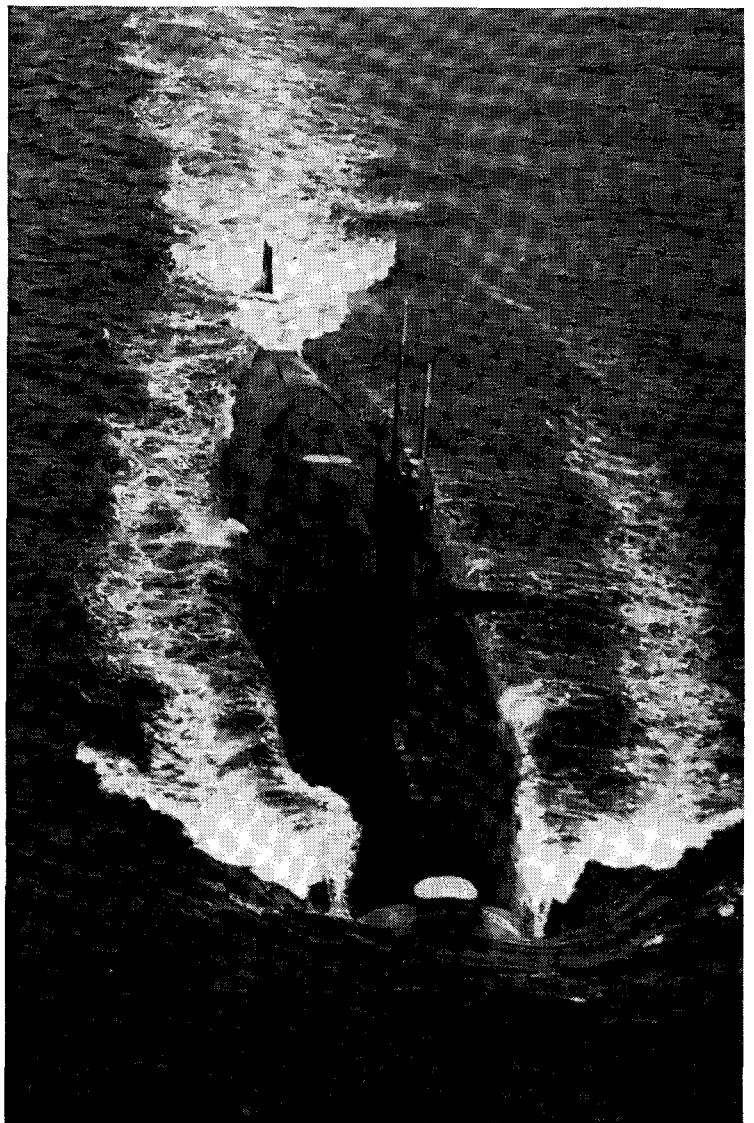
Author Harris at one of the *Skipjack's* two aircraft-type control columns. With him here is main propulsion officer, Lt. R. E. Engle, U.S.N.



The *Skipjack* under way in Long Island Sound. On either side of the twenty-foot-tall conning tower, or "sail," are the submarine's auxiliary diving planes.

I Rode the Killer Sub

A firsthand report on the breath-taking performance of the *Skipjack*, the Navy's new atom-powered sub hunter, which is radically altering the tactics of underwater warfare.

By SHERWOOD HARRIS

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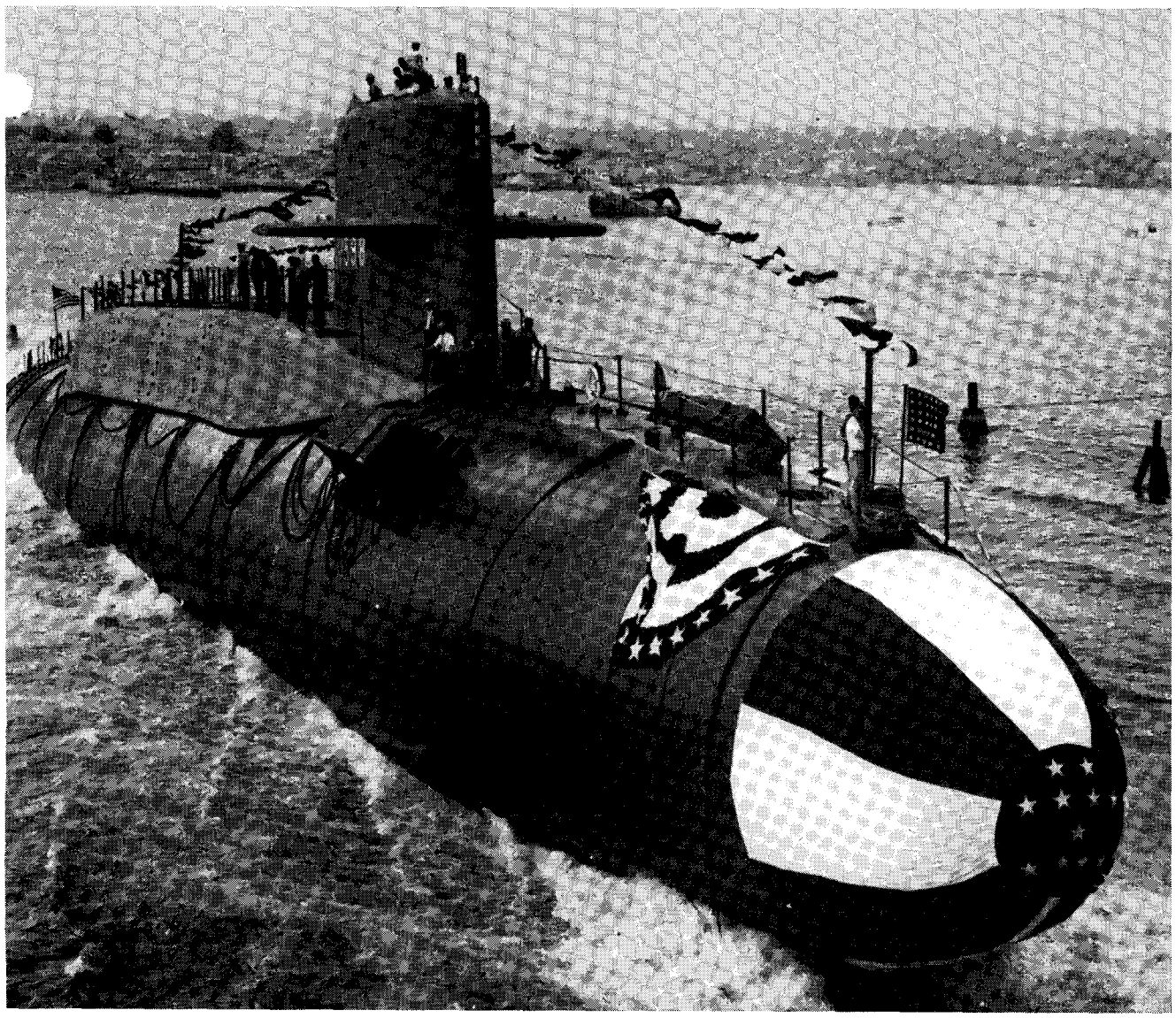

The Polaris-missile sub *George Washington* at its launching last June at Groton, Connecticut. The structure aft of the vessel's sail is equipped with sixteen vertical tubes, each of which is designed to carry a Polaris with a nuclear warhead.

Dockside test of the *George Washington's* missile-firing system. The sub is expected to be commissioned this week.

Behind us lay the fog bank through which we had been running most of the morning. Ahead was our destination—the Atlantic Ocean, 1000 fathoms deep off Montauk Point, Long Island. Above, two Navy S2F antisubmarine planes made practice sweeps on us as we boiled along the surface at a speed so fast for a submarine that it is still secret. An ex-Navy pilot, I had spent many hours in the cockpit of an S2F making similar runs on submarines. *Now*, I thought, *I'll soon find out what it's like down below.*

With her security wraps removed for the first time, the new atomic killer sub *Skipjack* was heading out to sea, and I had been invited along for the day. It turned out to be a heady indoctrination into submarines. Given the mission of stalking and sinking enemy U-boats, the *Skipjack* is a submariner's dream come true. Her nuclear power plant allows her to hunt her prey for weeks without ever coming to the surface. A radical teardrop-shaped hull enables her to perform underwater acrobatics that leave even veteran submariners gasping.

In a sense the *Skipjack* is the symbol of a dynamic revolution sweeping the world of undersea weapons. This revolution, which few Navy men, even submariners, have grasped entirely, began with the nuclear sub *Nautilus*. Performing far beyond all advance billing, the *Nautilus* suddenly gave the submarine force, then in the twilight of its glory, a new lease on life. Before the *Nautilus* had been at sea a year the Navy began building a fleet of atomic "attack submarines" to kill enemy shipping in the classic employment of the submarine. Meanwhile the *Albacore*, an experimental diesel-driven hybrid with a streamlined hull, was setting new submerged speed and depth records.

The *Skipjack* is the first submarine to combine a nuclear power plant and the new shape of the *Albacore*. She, too, has set new speed and depth records which, though still classified, are reported to be in excess of the twenty-knot, 400-foot performance of the older and less refined *Nautilus*. Though the *Skipjack's* mission is to deal with enemy submarines in the dark world beneath the sea, this new sub seemed to me like a step into the future, for the Navy's new ballistic-missile subs will also have *Skipjack*-type hulls and nuclear reactors. This final step in the modern submarine revolution has produced one of the most promising war deterrents of the decade and has at last given the Navy, much to its relief, an undeniably effective, though still controversial, strategic-weapon system.

Cmdr. William W. Behrens Jr., boss of the *Skipjack*. "The antisubmarine weapon I fear the most," he says, "is an enemy nuclear sub."

My first glimpse of the *Skipjack* was startling to someone used to the boatlike lines of a conventional sub. Shrouded in the early-morning fog at her pier in New London, Connecticut, she seemed more submerged than surfaced. She had no deck in the usual sense. Her rounded bow and sides sloped off into the oily harbor water, leaving only a few feet of slippery topside on which the crew could move to work the lines. About one third of the way aft, the *Skipjack's* twenty-foot-tall conning tower, or "sail," rose like a huge shark fin. The two diving planes mounted on either side of the sail resembled stubby, swept-back airplane wings.

Under way on the surface, the entire section of the ship forward of the sail darted ahead under water. Cleats and capstans retracted flush with the deck to make the streamlined hull as hydrodynamically perfect as possible. "We have surprised even our designers with our surface speeds," the *Skipjack's* (Continued on Page 95)

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In front of millions of viewers he suddenly blurted out the truth about his rise to the top.

One hot summer night I was sitting in Oberhorst's Genuine French Restaurant in the heart of the *Vieux Carré* in New Orleans, gnawing daintily at some barbecued shish kebab, and mulling over the cruel jests of fate that had forced me to mind my own business for a change, when suddenly standing at my table was what was perhaps the homeliest man I ever did see.

From shoulders to foot he was dressed in bright blue corduroy, and on top of his head was an enormous, blinding red hat with a brim so huge that you got the impression there would be room for cattle to huddle under it during a storm. He carried a completely black guitar and had a face that even Lincoln would have laughed at.

I wondered how this apparition ever got by Hermann Schultz, the genuine French Restaurant maître d', whose strong arm and arrogant air have intimidated some of the strongest arms and most arrogant airs in the business. All around and about were ladies whose dresses were more gone than gown, and gentlemen adorned to resemble penguins. Old Oberhorst has an unbreakable and inflexible rule which says in effect that no gentleman can be seated in his genuine French Restaurant unless he is properly attired in the latest formal gewgaw.

"My brother-in-law is a cook in the kitchen," said the apparition, explaining away my wonder. "I have entered through the back door. My name is

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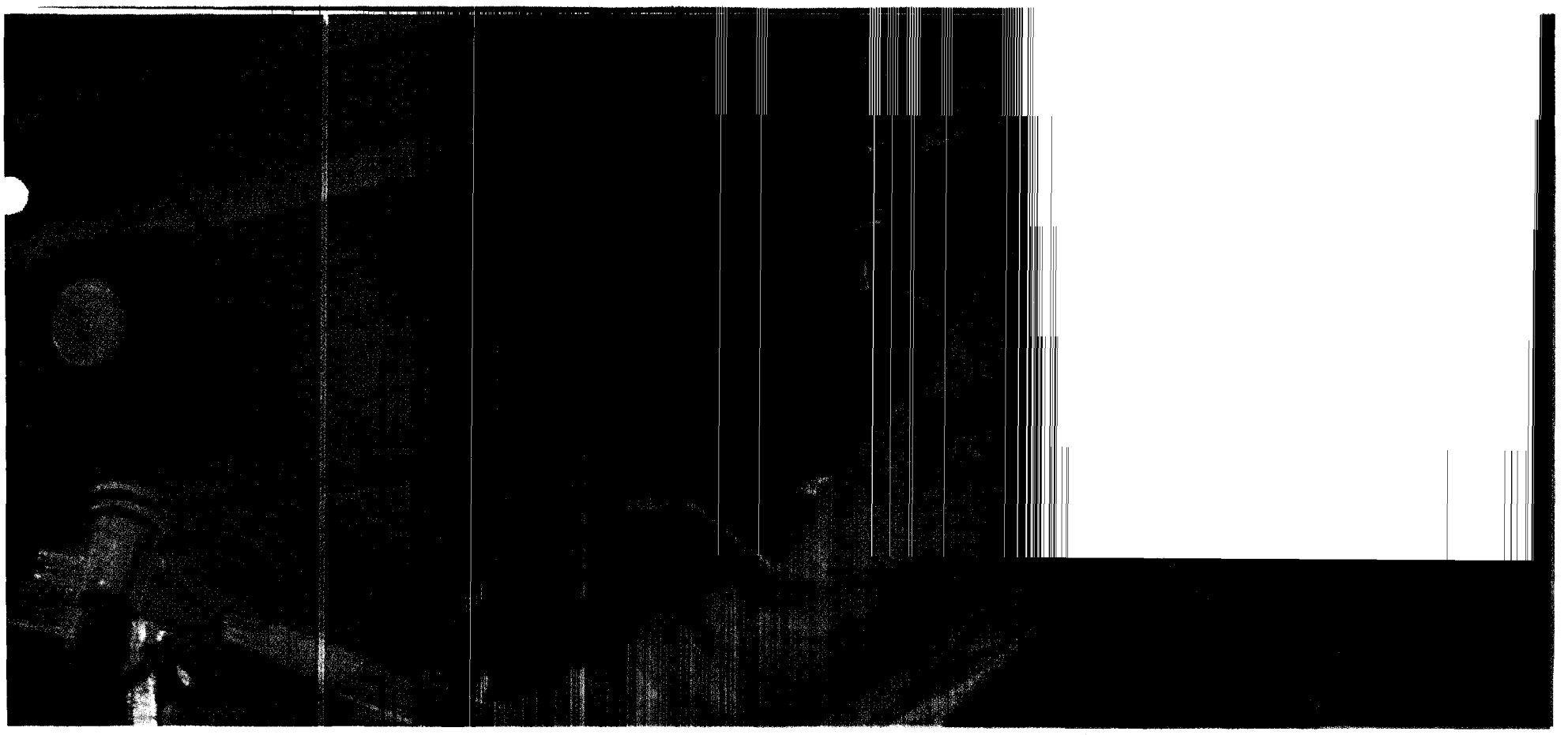

The familiar hush fell over the crowd, and the camera moved in for a close-up of his face.

The Television Idol

By PATRICK CRUMHORN

Cadaver Craig, and I work as a waiter part time at Pierre Jourdan's Genuine German Restaurant on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, where it is possible to get such delicacies as Filet Gumbo and Kartoffel Kloesse. But most of the time I sing."

"For money or fun?" I asked.

"Mostly for fun," he answered, "simply because I haven't found anyone to pay me, and that is why I am here talking to you. I wish you would ask me to sit down because I have been standing all day, and the very thought of a chair is like a dream of heaven."

I motioned him to a seat on the other side of the table. At the same time I moved the remains of my shish kebab a little closer, because this beanstalk in corduroy had extremely long arms, and years of experience in boarding-houses had taught me to guard full plates when sharing the festive boards with lean, hungry-looking men.

"You are Patrick (Gold-Rush) O'Toole, are you not?"

"I am," said I. "What do you want with me?"

"The same O'Toole," he continued, "who helped Zimmerman empty a warehouse full of Government surplus pickaxes by starting the rumor that gold was discovered in Kentucky?"

"At Fort Knox," I agreed. "Go on."

"The same O'Toole who brought fame and fortune to Madam Sherman Hunk, the gifted French artist from Des Moines, by having her gild a lily?"

"I am the one," I murmured humbly.

"The same O'Toole who carried colds to Newcastle and so helped the aspirin manufacturers of Great Britain, and whose book, *The Post-Nasal Drip and I*, caused consternation in the medical profession throughout the world?"

"I am he," I answered. "I am flattered that you know of my promotions, but what has that got to do with your wanting to sing, and what does your wanting to sing have to do with me?"

"I want to get married," said Cadaver Craig.

"You have my permission," I said and, selecting the most succulent looking piece of shish kebab, I returned to the task I was engaged in before this mountain of color had interrupted.

"Mr. O'Toole," the mountain of color was speaking again, "I don't need permission; I need money. But I need someone like you to help me get it. If you will be my manager, perhaps we can both make some. Will you promote me?"

I looked up. Cadaver Craig had removed his blinding red hat and revealed an equally blinding head of the reddest hair ever seen a thousand miles from Miami Beach. His ears resembled the wings of a PBY, the Navy patrol bomber of World War II, and his face was as long and as woebegone as that of a man who has just missed the last streetcar at midnight and who would now have to wait until dawn for the next.

"Promote you?" I looked him over. "Promote you? That might be possible if your talents were in another line besides music. If you know so much about me, you must have found out that I have no ear for music. To me the noise made by the most elegant symphony orchestra is no better than the noise made by the ferryboat as it crosses the Mississippi in a fog. Learn to paint, to roller skate, or to roll cigarettes with two fingers, and I'll make you known in all the worst places—I'll give you a gold star on your report card. But promote a singer? Never!"

"Mr. O'Toole," Cadaver said pleadingly, "I have all the ear for music anyone could want. As a matter of fact, my ears are big enough to hold all the music in the world. I'll take care of the music if you just take care of getting money."

I put down my fork. Mustering up all the stern that I could muster, I said, "Cadaver, you are a freak. You're ten feet tall, you're homely,

(Continued on Page 58)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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This large figure of a cow, at Lascaux, France, may have been painted 30,000 years ago. The cave wasn't discovered until 1940 when Marcel Ravidat, a native of nearby Montignac, and a group of his companions stumbled upon it.

Stags in the Hall of the Bulls at Lascaux. Above some of the paintings the smudges from the prehistoric artists' lamps can still be seen. The pictures are now preserved by climate-control measures which include triple air-lock doors and a limit on visitors.

A pregnant horse fleeing what is believed to be a shower of arrows. Such paintings may represent man's earliest attempts to communicate with God, says the author.

Among the riddles of the cave at Lascaux is this two-horned beast, referred to as "the unicorn." Equally mysterious, says Masters, is that cave men were able to produce works of art unmatched for some twenty-five centuries.

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Mysteries of the Cave Painters

By JOHN MASTERS

A famous author recounts the fascinating story of the world's earliest known art treasures, the subterranean paintings of prehistoric man.

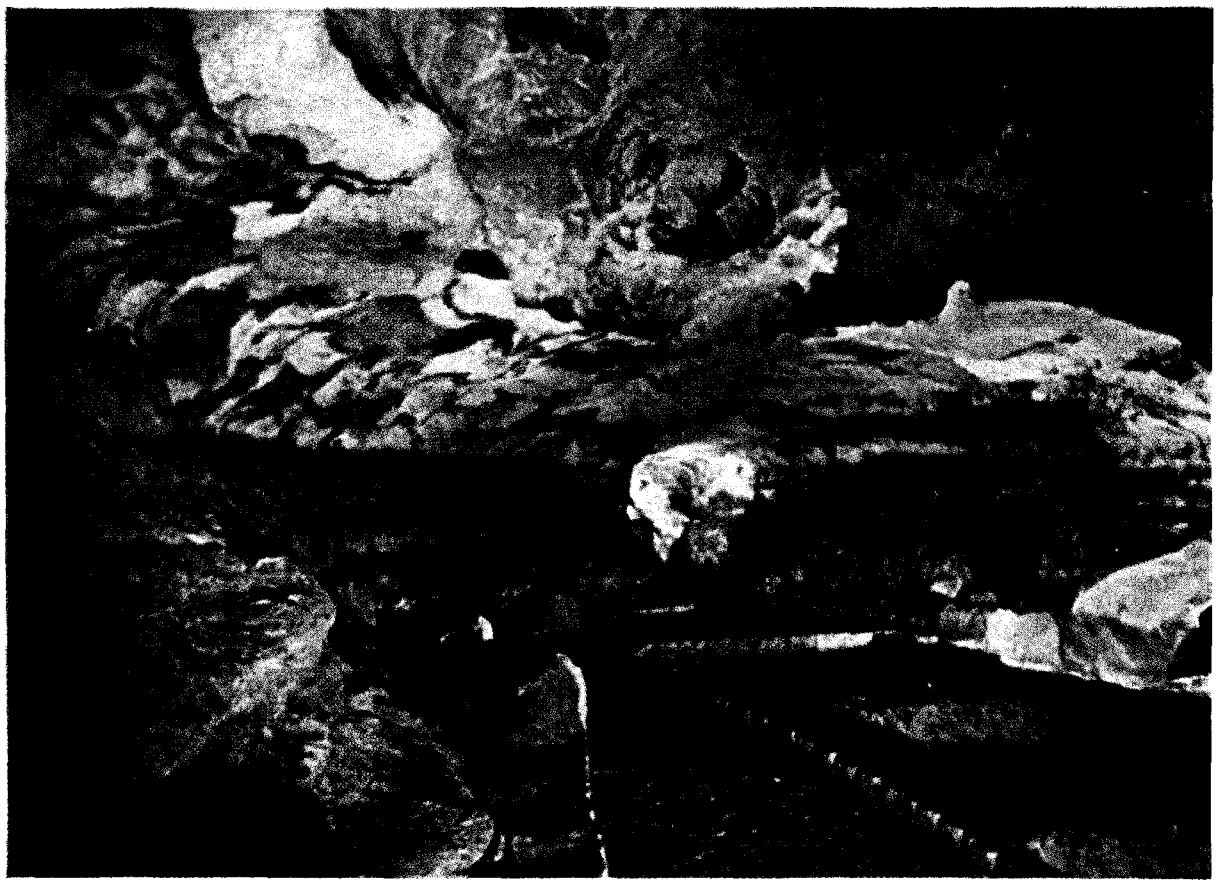
Maria was becoming bored. She had been excited enough when her father at last agreed to let her see his wonderful cave. He said there was nothing in it, only flints and animal bones zillions of years old; but she was twelve and she knew better. There would be bears in the cave, perhaps tigers—not solid, real bears, of course, or she would be frightened, but real the way dreams were real, much more real than her schoolbooks or her supper plate ever could be, though no grownup, not even her wonderful father, seemed to understand that.

But this time father had been right after all. The cave was low, and he was crouched on the rough floor of it, a lamp beside him, scratching carefully at the earth, picking up bits of stone and putting them in a sack. He'd been coming here for four years now, ever since she was a little girl. That was when some men from the village first came to the big house and told him that there was a cave on the hill called Altamira. She had scrambled a little up the side wall of the cave to get out of his way. There was a sort of ledge there, and she lay on her back, staring idly at the ceiling a few inches above her face, eyes half closed. Now the tigers would come if they were going to, sinuous and golden and dangerously beautiful, but safe inside her head.

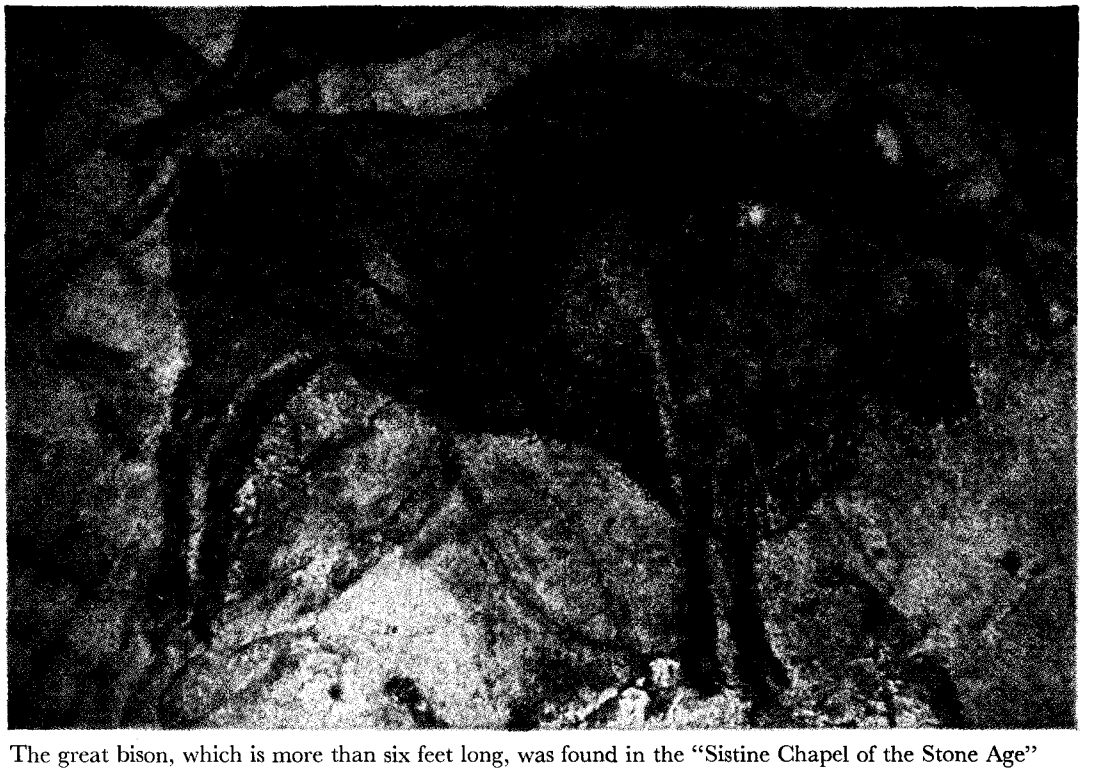
"Bulls," she whispered. In a moment she realized she was not dreaming, nor even thinking a dream. Her eyes widened and moved slowly across the cave roof so close above her.

"Bulls," she said again, in a louder voice. Not tigers or bears, but bulls. There, the soft eye of one, there the curved, powerful neck, the horns, the hunched shoulder knotted with muscle, rising from the solid rock.

"Father, the cave is full of bulls!" Her father straightened with (Continued on Page 94)



The Hall of the Bulls. Some of the Lascaux work is easily accessible on the wall of this large hall (unicorn is at upper left), while the rest is hidden away in small adjoining caves.



The great bison, which is more than six feet long, was found in the "Sistine Chapel of the Stone Age" at Altamira, Spain. This cave was discovered in 1879 by a Spanish amateur archaeologist and his daughter.

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Both Karen and Doug were a few feet from Will Roth's gun, held in his now-steady hand, completely at his mercy.

TROPIC HOLIDAY

Now both their lives depended on their captor's whims.

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

"Two hundred fifty thousand dollars!" Karen said. "No one could pay that much!"

Karen Corey was the prisoner of Will Roth, a confidence man, and his half brother, Mick, in a remote cottage on one of the Virgin Islands. Roth knew who could pay the ransom—his old acquaintance, Hosmer Smith, a breakfast-food tycoon and Karen's guardian. For Smith had been liquidating Karen's inheritance. Roth also knew that Hosmer had appropriated some of the money for his own business. By threatening to disclose this, Roth forced Hosmer to aid in kidnaping Karen.

When Doug Burke, Karen's marine sweetheart, told Hosmer and his friend Lily of

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Karen's disappearance, Hosmer stalled, showing him a ransom note. Ignoring Hosmer's protests, Doug went to police Sergeant Bonito.

Narrowing down the possible hideaways to three dozen unoccupied cottages, Doug and Sergeant Bonito began their search. They knew if they could not find Karen before the ransom arrived, the kidnapers would probably kill her.

III

Lily Lewis-Patterson placed her high-heeled sling pumps daintily on the ancient cobblestone street. She wore a tight-fitting black cotton sun dress which was well suited to her small curving figure. She looked up at an ancient crumbling building. She said for the tenth time in an hour, "This place needs paint. We've got to do something, Hosmer."

Hosmer mopped his face. "I've told you, Lily. For Karen's sake, we can do nothing. We must simply wait. I'm not at all sure we should have left the hotel. There might have been a call from the kidnapers. But since we have left it at your insistence to come over here to the town to look for that skinny marine, we must at least act normal about it—like tourists shopping and sight-seeing. See the lovely Danish-silver necklaces and bracelets and pins in this window. And perfume here is about half what it is in the States. No tax, either. Then there are the Danish figurines, the British liberty lawns—even the liquor. The best rum at eighty cents a bottle!"

"I think Doug was right, Hosmer. I think we should go to the police. Now."

Hosmer said coldly, "I never thought you were the interfering type of woman, Lily."

Lily stamped her small foot. "Never mind what type of woman I am. Do something. Now. Do something to find Karen!"

"Lily, I've sent for the money. That's all they want—the money, not Karen. Don't worry. I'll take care of Karen."

"If you say that once more, I'll scream. They won't hurt her. You'll take care of her. How do you know you can?"

"Why I ——" Hosmer stopped, his big handsome face flushing. "I—just feel I can, that's all."

"Then take care of her! Do something. Rent a car and look for her."

"That would be the equivalent of signing her death warrant!"

"Stop being a stuffed shirt and do something to help your niece!"

"Lily, I've told you ——"

"Oh," said Lily. "I hate you! When I think that I came all the way down here thinking you were a man!"

Hosmer said in genuine astonishment, "You came down here on account of me?"

"Yes, I did. And you aren't a man. You're a stuffed bankbook. A walking Hosmer's Health Hunkies. I met you at that party and you were talking about your trip—oh, at first, it was because of your being rich. But afterward I really thought I'd like to spend the rest of my life with you, money or no money. I never thought you'd stand and complain that your feet are hurting and say look at the pretty silver and you are hot, when somebody might be killing your own niece!"

"My money," said Hosmer dazedly. "But you have plenty of money. You're Mrs. Lewis-Patterson. You told me he was in shipping."

"Mr. Lewis-Patterson was in shipping, all right. Without a hyphen. He was a dock worker—when he worked."

"But you were at that swank penthouse party. You said you lived on the park."

"I have friends," said Lily coldly. "I get invited places. I didn't say I lived on the park. I said I got tired of looking at the snow across it. I do. I work in a store on Fifth Avenue."

"But your clothes and that ruby ring."

Lily shrugged. "I used to be a hoofer. When things got tough, I worked in wardrobe. With a needle I can copy anything. This ruby ring is my disaster insurance. A big Utah cattleman gave it to me once. Wanted to marry me. Lots of men wanted to marry me that year. I was going to marry him. Honest. But when I got out there with all those cows—miles and miles of nothing but cows wherever you looked—I didn't. He told me to keep the ring. When things get tough, I hock it."

"That British accent!"

"I told you. I was a hoofer. Did bit walk-ons sometimes. I always was good at dialects."

Hosmer leaned against a pillar. He started to use his handkerchief again on his forehead, but stopped. "I thought you were quite a lady!"

Lily aimed a kick at his shin. "I am a lady; more of a lady than you are a gentleman!"

Hosmer Smith laughed suddenly, his big charming laugh, "You know, Lily, you may be right at that." He took her arm. "We're not accomplishing anything here. We'd better go back to the hotel in case there is a message."

Lily stood looking at him in amazement. "You're not sore at me? You don't care that I'm not a rich widow?"

"Lily," said Hosmer Smith, "I have the feeling that you will never cease to surprise and delight me. If only I had met you twenty years ago!"

"That was almost before I was born," said Lily coldly. "Well, that's a relief, at least. I didn't mind when I didn't care for you, but lying to someone you really like is terrible. We're not going to the hotel. We're going to the police station."

Hosmer stopped, horrified. He felt wildly for Roth's pulse, but there was none.

There was no stopping her, Hosmer thought, any more than there had been any stopping Doug Burke. Doug had probably been to the police already, anyhow. Even if he had, they couldn't do anything now. It was only a few hours until dark, and the money came in on the midnight plane.

At the police station they found a very sleepy-looking youth. He said, "All the other police, you understand, have gone to the donkey races out in the country. For the festival. There is much traffic at the donkey races, much need for police. It is Sergeant Bonito's day off; he said he was going to take a crazy tourist to look for shells. He is our detective force, Sergeant Bonito, and he must watch the crazy strangers without their knowing it. Assistant Sergeant Carib Sam is also away. He did not say where. I can send a message by the telephone to the assistant assistant sergeant at the donkey races. He could be back in an hour, if your business is that important. Otherwise I can fill out a form."

Hosmer shuddered. "No records. No telephones. I understand they are party lines, and it would be all over the island."

"There is the radio, *señor*. But I have not yet learned to use it. I have only been on the force three days."

Hosmer and Lily turned away. He said in a low voice, "Three days. That cab driver in charge of the force. The telephone. Reports. They couldn't help us. We'd be endangering Karen's life for no purpose."

Lily sighed. "Perhaps you're right. But I still think we ought to do something."

"We must find out if there are any messages at the hotel."

They were rowed across to the little hotel island. At the dock Lily jumped impatiently out of the boat and ran through the mahogany trees toward the hotel.

There were no messages from Will Roth.

They had stopped for the twelfth time to pour water into Juana's warm and leaking radiator.

Bonito sighed. "Poor Juana. Never has she covered so much ground so fast before this. To join the marines at her age with her asthma!"

Doug's face was sunburned, and his shirt was drenched with sweat. He said grimly, "How many more places, Bonito?"

"Eighteen at this western end of the island."

"What about the eastern end?"

"We agreed that it would be too dangerous to add many men, even police, to help us search. People would talk. But I have trusted one man, my sub-sergeant, Sam. Sam is a full-blooded Carib Indian. Sam will find them if they are at the east end of the island. There are fewer cottages there. The public beach, the easternmost point of United States territory—there is a bronze tablet there, *señor*."

"Are you sure we can trust Sam?"

"Absolutely sure, *señor*."

"It will take us until midnight to cover these cottages at this end."

"Longer, *señor*, after dark. Then we will have to advertise our presence with lights. Otherwise we cannot find our way except by walking. The (Continued on Page 64)

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Post Scripts

Song in Second Gear

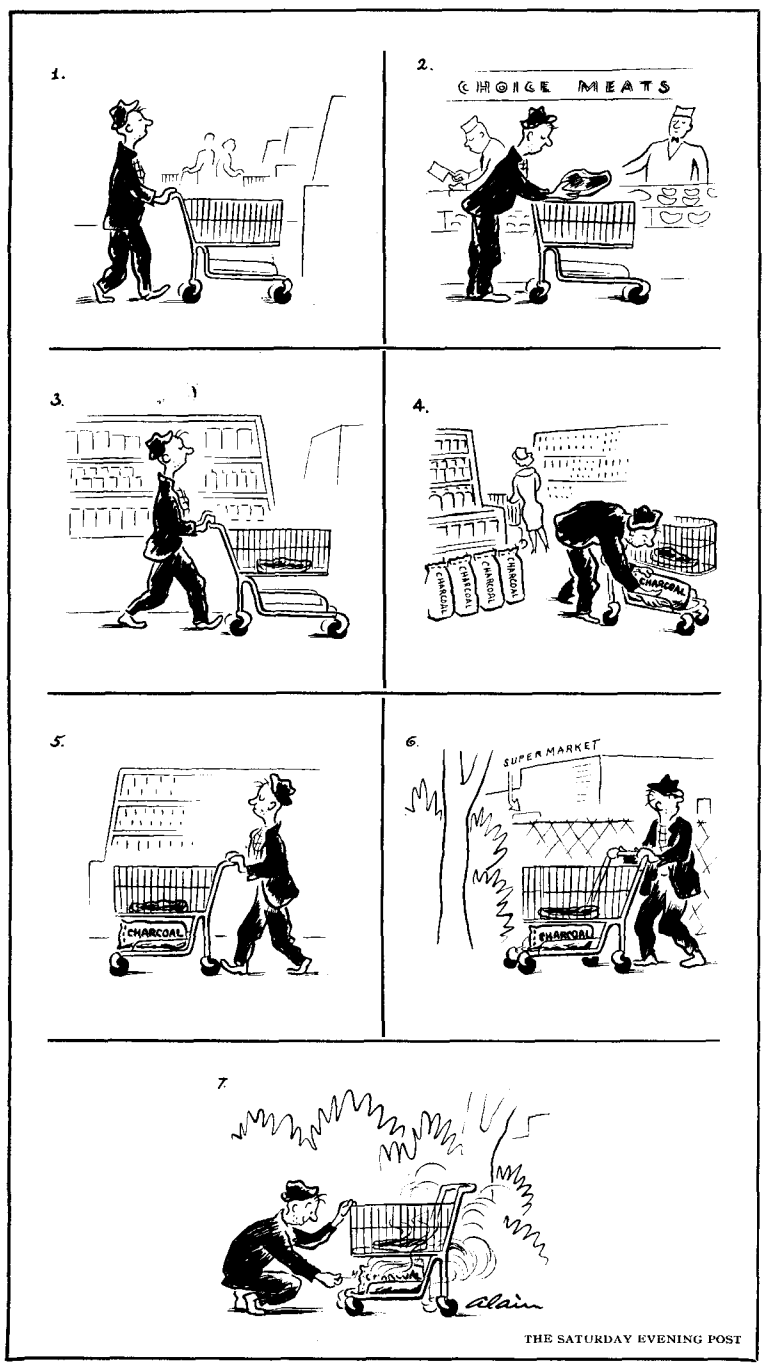
Oh, sing heigh-ho for the open road,
Though it's always closed for repairs when *we* tour,
And those we find are the winding kind
Where even the detours have a detour!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Backslid

After a week of diet endeavor,
Things are munch the same as ever.

SUZANNE DOUGLASS



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Except for an occasional little lovers' spat, our married life has been one long nightmare."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Forgetful Elephant

(Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display.—*News item*)

I found Mrs. Elephant and her son on the bank of an Indian river. "Is it true that an elephant never forgets?" I asked, getting out my pad and pencil.

"Nonsense," she said. "I have a very poor memory. For instance, I get an absolute mental block about names and faces. I'll see another elephant coming down the jungle path—an elephant I know as well as I know my son Her—Herb ——"

"Henry," the little elephant said.

"Henry," she said. "And my mind goes blank. I just can't remember his or her name. It's very embarrassing. And let me be introduced to a new herd, and I get the names and faces so mixed—well, I simply go to pieces."

She seemed quite upset by this intimate revelation, so I changed the subject. "How much does a baby elephant weigh at birth?" I asked.

"Stanley here—I mean Henry—weighed two hundred pounds."

"And how much does a full-grown elephant weigh?"

She arched one eyebrow. "If you think I'm telling you my weight ——"

"Just roughly," I said hastily.

"Well, some girls I know weigh as much as ten thousand pounds. Of course, after the children were born I lost my figure."

"The children!" the little elephant exclaimed. "There was only me, mom."

"Hm'm," his mother said, looking at him closely, "so there was."

The interview was bogging down, so I said, "I understand you can lift a ton with your trunk, or pick up a blade of grass. You can also give yourself a shower with it, drink, smell and feed yourself."

"A trunk's pretty handy," she admitted. "But it's murder if you have postnasal drip."

"Now about this business of mice ——" I started.

The little elephant broke in. "Can I play in the swamp? All the kids are in the swamp wallowing."

"Of course you can wallow, dear," she said. "But first you'll have to ask your mother."

"But, mom, it's me! Henry!"

"Good heavens, it is! I'll simply have to take that memory course. There's a chimpanzee who's got a new method. He was an exchange student in the animal-memory class at Stanford University. . . ."

JACK BROWNELL

Never Heard of It!

Freedom of speech is a right we enjoy—
One which we all dearly love to employ.
Another good freedom that most of us shy at—
And seldom assert—is the right to keep quiet!

S. OMAR BARKER

Disaster News on the Local Scene

One of the worst floods in Maple Street history struck today at 4:18 P.M., leaving in its wake damages estimated at $39.95. Raging waters in the upstairs bathroom were attributed by Flood Control Chief Irma Blinker to unseasonal showers on the part of Alfred Blinker, seventeen.

"Ordinarily," said Chief Blinker, "Alfred doesn't get this way till spring. But this Muriel Hoffenbach moved to town, and ever since November we've had unusually high precipitation in the upstairs bathroom, coupled with a sharp increase in soap consumption."

According to Chief Blinker, at four P.M. Alfred turned on the shower. The phone rang. He dropped his soap, which covered the drain, and hurried to answer.

At 4:18 something told Chief Blinker in the kitchen below that there was trouble. "It was a funny feeling," she says, "like water dripping on the back of my neck."

Chief Blinker raced to the scene and assembled an emergency team. In a desperate effort to stop the rising waters at the bathroom door, the crew hurled everything into the fight. "Including," says Chief Blinker, "before I could stop him, my new pink-wool robe."

By 4:30 the waters were already subsiding. "Mostly," says Chief Blinker, "down through the kitchen ceiling." Declaring the entire house a disaster area, she thus had extraordinary powers to summon units from as far as Blinker Sales, Incorporated, which is downtown.

At 4:45 George Blinker, veteran of many a disaster, such as the historic Birthday Cake Fire of 1954, arrived to take control. He devoted his efforts largely to catching drips and looking up plasterers in the Classified Directory.

BULLETIN: By 6:30 tonight the Maple Street flood was under control. Though young Alfred Blinker, in charge of mopping-up efforts, reported he was temporarily without phone service. "If you see Muriel Hoffenbach," he told reporters, "please tell her I'm all right. I could only say good-by four or five times before I had to hang up, and I don't want her to think I'm mad or anything."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH

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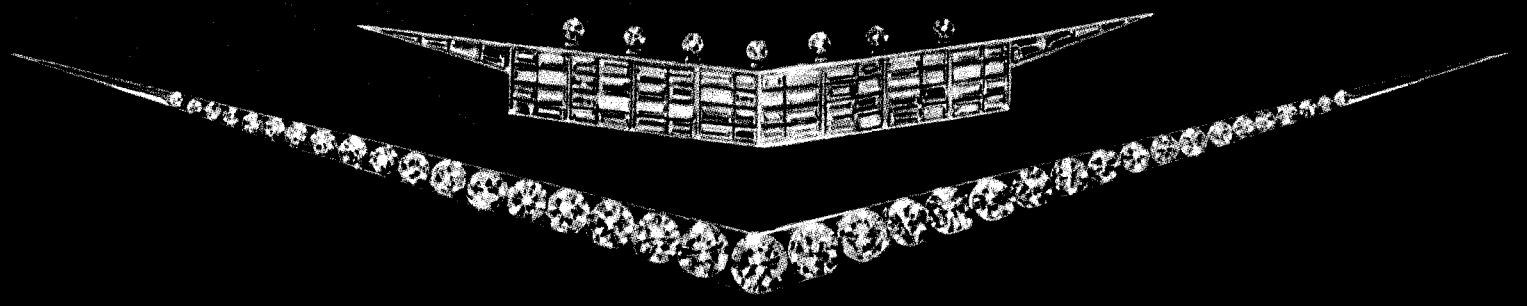
Cadillac



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There are, to be sure, many ways to describe the superlative motor car pictured above. "Beauty", "majesty", "brilliance"—all apply, in their fullest meaning, to this new Cadillac. And yet, from this wonderful vocabulary, we have selected "elegance" as the word that most fully characterizes the Cadillac of 1960. The car's beautiful, clean-lined styling is certainly elegant beyond compare. Its new interior luxury provides a feeling of elegance that can be sensed nowhere else in the world of motor cars. And even its new performance—smooth, quiet and effortless—might be summarized as "elegance in motion". Once you have seen and driven it for yourself, we think you will agree that the word is "elegance"—and that the car is Cadillac!

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"So help me," said Amelia, "I think I can trigger this gun faster than you can get that gun of yours."

Violence on the Plains

She hated bloodshed, but this time he pushed her too far.

By CHARLES O. LOCKE

Hurd will really go to work on us now," lawyer Tom Turner warned Amelia Rankin. "He'll hit us with everything."

The day before, Hurd Patchem's son Willy was murdered by a hired gunman. Willy had been Amelia's close friend; Lester, his brother, loved Amelia's daughter Mary. Despite these ties Amelia knew Hurd would blame her for the death.

Hurd hated Amelia, the other big rancher in the region, for fencing off part of her land for farming. The practice, as he saw it, was a threat to the range, and he and his followers waged a campaign of violence against it. Riding with Hurd's men were rabble led by Johnny Blaine, whose father was killed by Rankin hand Red Johnson. Blaine still smarted over Amelia's refusal to yield up Johnson to his lynch mob.

Now, with Hurd gone wild over Willy's murder, Amelia was forced to agree with Tom Turner and foreman Bill Snow: the worst of the trouble was yet to come.

VII

Tom had to go to Eiler on a lawsuit, but told Amelia he would be in Bradford in two days and after that back at the Rankin place. The question of the funeral was in both their minds, but they both seemed to want to avoid it. It was Mary who came to Amelia later in the day and said that the Patchems had already had trouble getting a minister, with old Mr. Simcox too old and fearful and the young preacher at Bradford gone to New Mexico to be with his sister for a spell.

"Why, of course, tell Lester to make plans with Lambert," said Amelia.

Against all natural instincts from the days when Grace Patchem was alive and the families were friends, she was staying at the Rankin ranch when her neighbor place, the Patchem ranch, called her. She remembered only too vividly her visit to Elizabeth Blaine and her cold reception. She wanted no scene with Hurd.

She was in the kitchen, one-handedly trying to help Etta make bread, and Etta glad to have her be of that small service, with Woos drunk again. She had always been a poor hand with bread anyhow, but she could grease pans with one hand, and chuck a stick in the stove and sift flour, she found.

Lambert came in, with Lester waiting in the buckboard outside, to say he'd stay the night at the Patchems, as they had to bury Willy without fail the following day. He said Lester was still of a mind that Hurd might hell-raise if he knew where Lambert came from, but Lester also was not certain Hurd would know this.

"Do anything for them, Mr. Lambert, anything they want; stay as long as you're minded."

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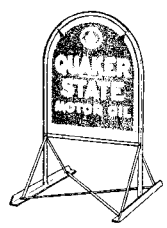

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He took her good hand and shook it and stood there holding it. "I knew you'd say that, Mrs. Rankin—and if there's trouble, I'll just ease away and say nothing. Lester's waitin' for me."

"Just one thing, Mr. Lambert. Tom's not here. I'm a little at sea."

"Of course, ma'am."

"Do you think I should go?" She could hardly say the words.

He stood there looking at her and she saw he was also affected, but deeper and more controlled. He patted the hand he held. "I'd try."

"I want to go with ——"

"All your heart."

"Yes."

"Let's chance it," he said and smiled; he went out, and she watched him climb in with Lester and saw them off down the lane.

The next day was dismal, with a threatening sky from early morning, and she drove alone in the wagon with Snow well ahead of her and a couple of the hands, who were going anyway, trailing behind her. All of them knew her irritable pickiness about visible escort, and they did their best to respect it. So she was not alone. But she would have gone alone anyhow if she'd have been of that mind.

It seemed to her that her brush with Elizabeth had made her more practical about the growing harshness and danger of the land in the last months. Before Elizabeth had shot her she had been afraid—frankly afraid—but determined not to show it. Now she had the broader viewpoint of a man. She accepted the escort without murmur, knowing it was good sense. Yet if she had lacked it, she knew she would never in her life be afraid on the plains alone again.

The sky had lightened a little, but the day was still gray with the sun showing now and then through the heavy overcast. Snow had been told in advance to shun the Patchem ranch house, so they took a wide swing around Hurd's enormous section of sorry-grazed, fenced pasture, where years before he had wintered his *remuda*, and came to the appointed hill. When they passed the cottonwoods, she was startled at the big crowd on the hill. The hilltop was carpeted with punchers from miles around, and she learned from Snow later that five men he knew of had quit their outfits because press of work had caused their foreman to forbid their coming.

Snow waited for her and tied the team. Both of them kept their eyes up toward the hilltop and the crowd there.

She saw Snow studying the crowd. "Quality funeral. Mostly cattlemen. No riffraff like will be riding against our place some night to burn us out."

"Riffraff?"

"Yes," said Snow, "including all them that Henry Rankin ever got the best of."

She was dazed as she stood there, until Snow stood before her with her own held-out carbine.

"You think so?"

"You already been shot," said Snow dryly. "Just to show them. Might keep trouble away."

"All right," she said, drawing a deep breath. "But you're all pistoled up. Suppose I walk alone. Less show."

"I'll not interfere." He said it with no smiling at all.

She took the gun, instantly familiar in feel, slipped her bandaged arm from the sling. Without thinking too much, knowing thought would fret her, she walked up the slope. Nearer, she saw that Mary was the only woman in the crowd, joining it alone, with no Lester in sight. Mary had not seen her. Then she saw several of her own hands who had ridden on ahead. She marveled at how close-packed the crowd was; she could see nothing inside it. She heard a step to the left and, without stopping, glanced that way and saw Hurd coming with a strap-down pistol on his leg. He stood before her at about eight yards, feet spread. She had to stop or else come nearer than was good.

"You got a lotta gall, Melly."

Her voice answered him mechanically. "I want no trouble with you, Hurd. I've come out of respect to your son. He was my friend."

"Your friend."

"Don't laugh; don't laugh, Hurd."

"Melly," the voice grew soft, "get off my ground."

With a savage jerk she shook out the lever with her right hand, which seemed strong now. She kept saying between tears, tears crowding the words, tears making her almost inarticulate, "Hurd, Hurd, haven't you done enough? Haven't you done enough?" Desperation made her breathless and in her effort she screamed, "Hurd, so help me! I think I can trigger this gun faster than you can get yours—so help me, so help me."

He was astounded, she saw, and scared. She heard Snow running behind her and saw the men in the rear of the crowd turn.

They stood frozen there. Hurd seemed to have his mouth still open, either in surprise or to say some word.

Suddenly a magic quiet fell. Snow gently with his enormous bulk nudged Hurd aside. At that moment there was what seemed a spontaneous movement of the crowd. The men turned to stare and automatically left a wedgelike path to the very graveside up to the summit of the hill.

Amelia began walking slowly up this funnel of men—it seemed men by the hundreds, it seemed men like statues staring at her without a sound or a word. She got halfway up, and there was no sound. She looked back to see Hurd and Snow watching her. She looked up again and now saw the grave and the pile of clods. Still there was no sound until almost the minute she got there, as if the words were so long delayed that they were born out of the same magic as the sudden silence.

It was a Texas voice, a resonant bass of some man deep in the crowd, slowlike, like a dirge: "Pie—Rankin's—woman."

She stood almost at the verge of the grave, and the crowd of men seemed gently and carefully to close around behind her. And then she saw the long box with a cheap-John crepe on top and the rough, loose earth again, wet with the mist—and beyond that the saddled, riderless horse she knew so well, a saddled, riderless horse with dangling, spurred, turned-back boots.

The horse put down its head and plucked at the grave grass, then up again and stamped. Up beyond, Lambert became visible, holding a book. It seemed to her that Lambert was holding it high, as if it were something that he wanted them all to observe, but she knew it was just to see better in the dim, wet air that drenched the place. All the hats came off, one man had trouble with his chin latch. Some knelt, and so did she—slowly, steadying herself with the carbine.

The wonderful voice of Lambert came to her to speak to her. He was still holding the book high.

"'I am the resurrection, and the life. . . .'"

She put her head down and listened.

Tuckerman had told Mary and Etta to try to keep Amelia in bed till noon for a few days. But on that particular day, after Etta had brought breakfast and Mary had left the house to see the colt that Lester admired so much, she rebelled in secret and began to dress.

Hours of thinking had cemented her conviction that events were close to a

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showdown; when she had got the news about Willy she began to force herself to think in practical terms to avoid brooding, for the shooting weighed on her mind. Even Tom had been unable to gloss over her belief that Hurd would stop at nothing now. The rumor was that he was drinking even more than he had and that no reasonable man could get near him.

She changed the position of her bandaged right arm. It had begun to throb a little, and she remembered Tuckerman's warning; but she became less and less conscious of it as she went downstairs to her desk and became absorbed in some of the piled-up work she never seemed to catch up with.

She shuffled and reshuffled papers with growing apathy. A sheaf of bills had Snow's big initials on the chit; the Bradford Hardware Company, in billing her for .44 and .45 pistol ammunition and .30-30 charges for carbines, said in a printed attachment they hoped they could serve her with the same promptness and efficiency in the future. She turned the bills face down and considered for a longer time another invoice from Ed Street's general store. From it she judged that Snow had bought all the brooms and shovels Ed had in stock. She could consider this fact without aversion; yet the word "fire," as always, made her heart for a spell throb even more than her arm.

She caught sight of a small group of riders on the high rise beyond the bunkhouse. She was not startled, for she had got used to seeing riders on that profile and knew from Snow that some men borrowed from other crews were keeping steady watch, coming in for three meals a day and cold-camping in the draws at night. But this group had a different look. She saw two men detach themselves from the rest and move slowly down the long slope toward the bunkhouse.

As they came nearer she recognized one of the men as Carney. She had guessed that Turner was in the bunkhouse talking to Snow, and the quick movement that followed proved she was right, for Snow, Turner and McQueen came out fast and stood in an almost perfect line with their backs to her and facing the oncoming horsemen. Right off she had the idea of going out, but she knew she would be slow because of her arm and so she sat and watched, raising the window a trifle. The distance was too great to hear, but she watched every movement. Her men stood with their feet wide apart as if braced, and she suddenly saw they were all armed. McQueen held a carbine, and Snow and Turner dangled pistols in their right hands.

She could tell that Carney was talking rapidly, while the deputy lounged on his horse. Snow moved once to pull his hat down over his eyes. Carney stopped speaking and Turner laughed briefly, and then she judged from the back of his head that he was saying something.

The two visitors turned and joined the group on the hill. After some conversation there, the whole crowd moved out of sight. The tension at once seemed to slacken in the yard. Turner had a few words to say to McQueen, who went to the bunkhouse. Snow started for the barns; seconds later she saw four of her men run in the same direction, join Snow and saddle and ride to the rise. They spread in different directions before they passed out of sight.

She came downstairs just as Tom was coming in. She invited him to sit down at the table, but he said he'd have some coffee in the bunkhouse and go back to be with Snow.

"I think this time Carney was on the level. Nature of a warning. He offered to take Johnson to town. We might go along with that idea, providing you're agreeable. But right now we might as well come down to it, Amelia—we'd like to get you three women out of here. Etta says she won't go ——"

"I could have told you that."

"And Mary won't go unless you do, and, of course, we know where you stand."

"This is my home—where else should I go?"

"All right, all right, but we think you should be ready to go. Snow's determined on that—very. We'll have the wagon ready for you and Etta, and a horse for Mary. You can't tell what these people will do or how far they'll go, and anyhow it's just as well to have mobility at a time like this."

"Let me handle those arrangements, Tom. I will, if you have Albright come up here. I'd rather have the horse and let Mary be ready to drive Etta in the wagon. As owner I ought to have the right to see what's happening in any event."

"How about that arm?"

"I'll manage."

Turner became very quiet. She thought he was angry, but then she saw it was merely his concern. He spoke of a few other details and then said, "All right, Melly."

He turned gravely and she watched him across the yard until he closed the bunkhouse door behind him.

Two nights later Amelia, on her sorrel, swiveled it around the house corner from the garden. This was her third hour of vigil and she thought she heard a sound. From the shade-down, half-open kitchen window she could hear the rattle of pans and Etta and Mary talking. Under the half-rotted magnolia tree there was good shadow where she sat her horse easily in the best of vantage points. The three-hour wait till midnight gave her a full orchestra of plains sounds. She heard distant hoofs now and then, racing near and then fading. Coyotes raised their voices, and once on the distant north ridge she thought she heard a cat scream.

The longer she sat her horse there in the shadows, the more she was puzzled by the complete desertion of the yard. Everything seemed too quiet. It was a planned quiet.

The stamping of a horse from the sheds gave her a clue. She had heard of the strategy before and she wondered if the double, ground-to-roof doors of the horse sheds were hiding men ready and mounted. The corral was clear of horses. She thought of the thick pines behind the bunkhouse and the cottonwoods at the head of the lane, all good cover, and she was almost certain that men and mounts were in those places too.

As it happened, light, not sound, was the first warning. She thought she saw two pinpoints of radiance growing on the west approach to the ranch. At the same time a general, diffused glow lighted up the far sky in the same direction; she thought instantly of the piled hay at the creek fork.

The next events happened so fast she could not keep up. About fifteen men on horses—two of them carrying sticks with tarred rags on their ends that they swung in circles to keep them lighted—rode at high speed to the gate of the west-slanting lane. She heard a board splinter in their hurry to get the gate open. But before they had surged through and down the lane the yard seemed to be jammed with horsemen; some came from the tree cover, while the big doors to the sheds went open and more came from there. The visitors stopped about forty yards from the main horse rail, as if surprised at the force they met. She could pick out Snow in front, because of his bulk and the size of the horse he had. Turner lagged a little behind Snow to the right, and Albright and McQueen kept edging their mounts closer to the new people, as if they were trying to push them back to the lane head.

O'Neill, as before, was prominent among the visitors. The porch lamps picked out his face clearly. She was stunned a little when she saw Johnny Blaine. Sam Clyde was behind him. There was one Catlin she was sure of, and she thought she saw Bill Bates or his son, who resembled his father in general appearance, lagging in the rear. But the rest were strangers. The horses were excited by the torchlight and they moved restlessly, not entirely under control, so that the lines facing each other, which were stark at first, began breaking up almost immediately.

Turner said, "All right, O'Neill, you're the guy with the jaw. Speak your piece and get out."

O'Neill said, "You know we've come for ——"

"Sure."

"Johnson."

"Well, barring the lie, you won't get him. He stays here like the word I sent you."

"Then we'll take him."

"You're welcome to try." Snow spoke, cutting in for the first time.

O'Neill made a speech then. "Ranch is running true to form. Thinks it's so big it can practically ignore territorial law. Well, we're the law, gents, and don't think we ain't organized legally this time. We ain't just the ordinary shoot-and-hang irresponsibles. We got a bench warrant for Johnson drawn up legally. We aim to serve it."

"Got a deputy to make it good?"

"We got more than that—Carney's O.K.'d it."

"That's another lie, because Carney was here not more than eight hours ago. Why ain't he with you?"

"That don't signify."

She saw Snow and Turner talking to each other, and then Turner raised his voice. "All right, it doesn't signify. But where's Hurd? Where's Joyce Bannerman? Are they back there? Let them come out and face us like men."

Before there was any reply something else interrupted the scene. The sky to the south and west had suddenly grown so yellow and bright that it shed some light on the ranch yard. Some of the hands had dismounted and brought lanterns and torches from the sheds, as if they anticipated a long parley, but their light was dimmed by the new glow. Snow had got off his horse. He started, she thought, for O'Neill, but then she saw it was Blaine, who had said nothing up to this time. The minute Snow started to move, at least two dozen Rankin guns covering the visitors—who had not drawn up to this point—clicked into full cock like the rattle of crickets. Snow reached for Blaine and pulled him off his horse. He struck him in the face and hit him again as he tried to rise.

"Your name's Blaine," said Snow, "and I've been itching to do this for a long time. I say you are a low-down yellow dog been hamstringing beef cattle. And I say you gave the order to kill Patchem. Get up and get on that horse of yours and outa here fast. I've seen you working the herd down by the Brazos day before yesterday, you and that damned Bannerman, and let me warn you I could have shot you then and should have; but if I ever catch you again on our acres with a skinning knife in your jeans, so help me I'll do worse than shoot you—and can."

Turner spoke as Blaine rose slowly, backing off while he got the reins of his horse. "Don't move, anybody. Or talk. First man opens his mouth is a dead man, and I mean it. This used to be a friendly ranch; now it's stopped being friendly."

Blaine was hauling himself into the saddle, and his pals were frozen motionless.

There was a burst of fire near the old bunkhouse, directed at it, and then Amelia was surprised at the fury that lashed out from the old building in reply. The dark was mottled with yellow flashes from the half-open doors, back and front, and the suddenly raised windows.

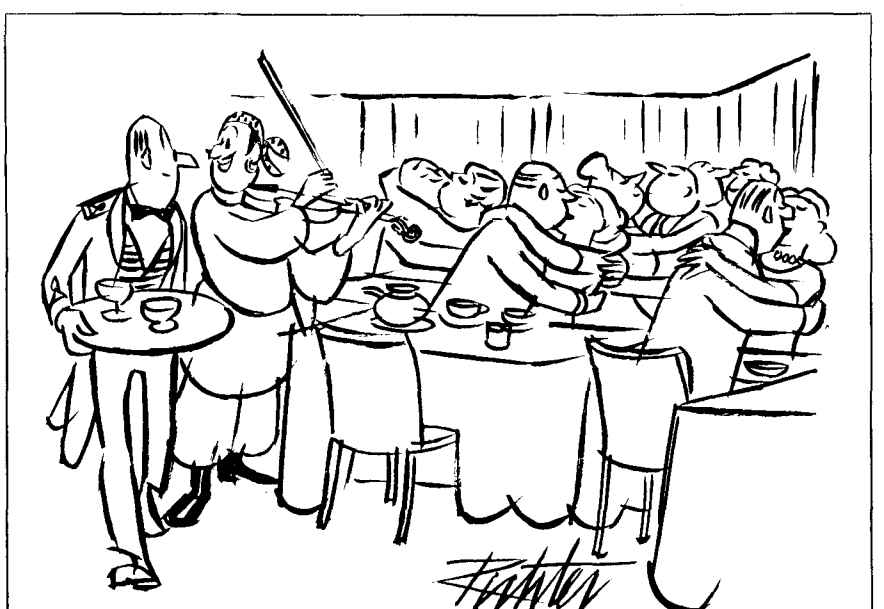
She thought Snow had gone a little crazy. "Get out of here!" he yelled. "Thought we'd leave the bunkhouse free while you kept us busy? We outthunk you. Get out of here! Get out of here!" He had a quirt out and was laying on the backs of horses.

The men in the yard moved, at first in straggling surprise and then in a fast, compact mass. They galloped off down the lane.

There was a lull of fire near the bunkhouse, then a scattering of other shots up the hill, and again came a murderous response.

Then the yard really began to swarm with new riders who clustered around Turner and Snow. Some of them Amelia failed to recognize and some of them were neighbors, who came from as far away as Eiler to the east and Besom Wells to the south. There were both cattlemen and farmers.

She moved her horse toward the forge, where she saw Jess. "Who are these men, Jess? Where did they come from? Who brought them?"



"If I must say so myself, I'm in fine form tonight."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Jess looked astonished. "Get under cover, Mrs. Rankin." He was irritable in a way she had never seen him before. "I don't know some any better than you. Snow and Conklin and McQueen got the situation sewed up. They've been putting out calls. We must have a couple hundred men on the place tonight. You don't know you got friends. Get back, don't foul us up."

She dismounted at the yard door of the house and ran inside. She called, "Etta! Etta!" and started up the stairs, sure that she would find both girls hiding, scared to death, in a room above. She pushed the kitchen door vigorously, and Etta turned from the stove and grabbed a sawed-off shotgun from a shelf in the stove's black hood.

"Oh, glory be! Mrs. Rankin—'scuse me, I thought you was the men."

Amelia stared. Every knife in the kitchen was laid out on the center work table.

Mary opened the door and came in calmly.

"You all right?" asked her mother.

"Of course."

"Certainly," said Etta. "She helpin' me. I'm mixin' up corn bread and I'm gonna cook a lot of it. Wooster ask me for help again this mawnin'. Those men gonna eat like tramps."

"I'm out on a horse. In case anything happens, both of you know where the buckboard is tied."

"Don't worry about us. I got that gun, and Wooster showed me how to use it."

Amelia's laugh was half-hysterical as she mounted and threaded down through the garden. Once through the gate she was in the free country, with no fences to stop her. The sorrel, quivering with excitement as they neared the smoke and glare, wanted to run, but she tight-reined it and forced it to trot over the next rise and the next. Again she heard gunfire over to the west and the shout or two of a man.

She headed for the hay, which was her greatest worry. The hay would cost a sight to replace, and if it was fired there was no telling how far its generated heat would travel over the dry grass that went on and on to the Brazos fork, with no barrier and no bare place to slow it up that she could remember.

As she rode up the highest rise of the last level, which sloped gently to the valley floor, the whole extent of destruction became clear. She could see the haystacks, now shadowy black mounds before the giant flames. Some kind of eddy in the wind was blowing a spear of flame in her direction toward the ranch house. She saw that her men were fighting to divert the menace from the house and ranch buildings.

The fire made great shadows on the land's profile. The wagons with water cans were moving into the middle ground, and against the roar of the flames she could hear the swish of water from the cans and the noise of the dropped empties. Brooms rose and fell at the edge of the creeping carpet of fire. She heard Snow yelling and saw men with shovels run from the wagons and pile up the slope toward the garden to deepen the ditch that only half-protected the house. A half-dozen riders were muffling the fire by dragging split cow carcasses in front of the moving red crescent that spurted flame at its rim and left bright embers and black, smoking stems.

The heat became intense. Flying coals began to rain down from a yellow curtain that was being slowly drawn over the sky from rim to rim. It seemed to her that nothing could stop such flame and such heat. The sorrel tried twice to bolt, and she could feel its fear in the barrel muscles under her knees. It raised its head and yelled in terror. She began to pity it until the horse began to fight the curb, backing rapidly. She slipped her hurt arm out of the sling and found she could use it more than she expected with only a twinge of pain. She held its head down, down and secure.

She realized she was being stubborn and sentimental in wanting to face what her men were facing; the strength of the horse and good sense took over. The minute she turned it, and heat fanned their faces and a new burst of flying sparks fell to crackle among the broom, she knew she could never stop the animal.

It took hillocks as if they were anthills, and when they reached the unfinished tail of the fire ditch it went over in one long jump. It stumbled in the rough ground, half fell on a downslope—while she instinctively drew up her feet—and went faster when they reached the flat. She knew now what she had to do—give the sorrel its head and let it run itself to exhaustion.

The horse slowed down at last and she could see it was really winded, but she felt for the quirt and lashed it so that it spurted again and then walked. The sorrel was quiet now and she judged it was safe. They stood under the pines while its breathing slowly went back to normal; then she up-reined it once to show that she was boss again and dismounted.

Amelia began to walk the sorrel back, wondering how soon she would hear the sounds of the fire again; as she moved on slowly through the dark, the horse slowed. She saw that the sorrel was lame. It had run itself lame. She got down quickly, knew by the twitching of the muscle under her hand that it was the off foreleg and verified this when she moved the horse gently and saw it favor the leg. She began to walk it carefully over the rough ground, glad when the ground smoothed, resting it at intervals. Then she realized that the sky in the east had become bright and that she would not see redness, but only smoke, when she was near enough. Later the light increased, and she saw the black swirl over to the south. She became watchful now, for there was no telling what she might run into. She kept as close to cover as she could, but the plains here to the north of the ranch were level, with little brush.

She saw the man in the gully as she passed it. It took all her will to move near enough to see the smoky, dulled eyes staring straight upward. There was wetness on his chest. At his middle, among the torn rags of his trousers, there was a red, shredded mass that astonished her. She quickly turned back to the horse and moved it a step or two; but she had to stop and look back. She wondered if they could have had Indian help in the raid. The man's nose was badly scarred. She topped the rise and saw the ranch yard and came down the hill slowly. The yard looked as always, except that it was filling slowly with returning men.

She skirted the yard, wanting to come on the house from the other side, thinking she wanted to talk to nobody. She tied the horse. No one saw her, so she gained the tree shelter and went in by a side door to the hall and came upon Etta sleeping with her mouth open in a rocker in the dining room. She moved about soundlessly and decided she would freshen up first, but habit and worry forced her to the door, and when she saw Snow she called to him. He left a group near the forge and came toward her, unrecognizable, hatless, his face blacked nearly the color of Etta's, his eyes with a deep fatigue in them. Just before he gained the steps, she saw the damage—the old bunkhouse, one end of it charred and blackened, the other reduced to the stubs of burnt-off joists and fire-hacked siding. The grove beyond looked strange to her. It had never been visible from the stoop till now. Half the sheds bore some sign of damage, a roof half gone, a wall half eaten by flames. The new bunkhouse appeared intact, and the ranch house was whole. In the south the black cloud was still hanging, and she could hear some distant shouts.

Snow came in and sat in a chair, as if he had neither strength nor feeling in his big frame. Amelia went to the kitchen for the coffee.

Snow took the coffee and she sat down.

"Well, Mrs. Rankin, we got 'em outa here. Lost a sight of grass, all the crick hay. You see the yard damage. We ran back here with some of the men and beat out the traveling fire. Couldn't save the church."

He passed his hand over his face. "They'll keep off after this. They got a warm welcome. Some of the boys was hard to hold down ——" He stopped and drank some coffee.

She told him quickly of the mutilated man she had seen. He nodded. "And it's funny, but I wouldn't know who it was. I think they had some war whoops with them. Looked at him twice. Didn't recognize him. Don't even know which side he was on."

"He had a scarred nose."

"Didn't notice that."

"Any more ——" She stopped.

"No," said Snow slowly. "I think he's the only body got killed. Some of the boys got tore up considerable, but they'll all get along. I don't think we done any real damage to them. Most of them started fighting the fire themselves when they thought they was gonna be caught."

"How is it now?"

"It's burning out slow. It's headed away from us. That sky pilot of yours is all right." He rose and laughed. His shirt was smoke-stained and one sleeve was half torn off. "Strong fella. He used two brooms—not one, two—one in each hand."

"Is Tom around?"

Snow spoke with an effort. "He's down by the crick. When he comes in, I'll tell him you're here. We had a visit—in case you're interested, Mrs. Rankin—from some of Uncle Sam's boys."

"Cavalry?"

"Yes, he's down there now, talking to them. I'm plumb sorry, Mrs. Rankin, but I got to get some rest ——"

"Take all you want—and Bill ——"

He turned wearily.

"Thank you."

"And forgive me ——"

"Fer what?"

"Oh, about the guns and making a nuisance of myself."

"Forget it, Mrs. Rankin. It was according to your lights."

As she watched him go she thought of the lame horse (*Continued on Page 42*)

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Jack and Tom decided to break into Black's Television Shop and steal several TV sets. Jack heaved a brick through the front window and climbed inside. Just as he handed a TV set to Tom, he felt a terrific blow. It was dealt by Black, who had hidden in his store armed with a piece of board. Jack fired two shots at Black, missed, and fled—right into the arms of the police. He was charged with robbery.

"I admit I broke into the store, handed a TV set to my buddy and took a couple of wild shots at Black," Jack told the court, "but that doesn't mean I'm guilty of robbery. Robbery involves taking something from the owner by force or violence. My only violence occurred after, not before, I took the TV set."

"Certainly this is more than a mere burglary," the prosecutor countered. "There was property taken and force used. Both happened so closely together that it doesn't really matter which came first. Either way it amounts to robbery."

If you were the judge, would you convict Jack of robbery?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

It was not robbery, the court ruled. It said robbery "is an offense against the person" which must be committed through "violence or intimidation" before the loot is removed.

Based upon a 1958 Virginia decision.

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(*Continued from Page 40*) tied under the magnolia. She saw Lambert coming down the rise. He looked more beat-up than Snow, his long black hair in his eyes. He was carrying the small wooden cross.

"Don't fret, Mr. Lambert," she said. "Come in and see." He followed her down the hall, saying, "I was going to ask the favor of keeping it here till ——"

She opened the door of the little-used parlor with its ghost chairs in covers. "We'll have the services here till the new church goes up."

"Here!" He stared. "I'd forgot we had the dance here!" He put the cross on the table.

"I might've known you'd rescue that."

"I didn't," he said. "It didn't catch."

They sat and had coffee while Etta snored. She felt she had never needed his presence as she did then.

He got up impulsively and seized her hand and told her to be of good cheer. "The land is still there, Mrs. Rankin. They can't do anything to that beyond what's already been done. What can I do? Tell me."

"From all accounts you've already done more than enough."

He said he hadn't done much of anything. Tom came in and they had a few words together before he went away.

She saw Lambert looking at her bandaged arm, and she was aware that it was throbbing. She had moved it out of the sling and was holding it against her side, stiff with the tension she felt. She dropped the arm naturally and the throbbing eased.

"Is that arm hurting you, Mrs. Rankin?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Way you were holding it."

"Now that I think of it, it does seem to pain me a little."

He got up quickly. "Tuckerman's been here with us all night. I'll get him. I think you ought to have that arm looked at. I get ideas about such things."

She saw him cross the yard and speak to Snow. Then he went to the bunkhouse, and Tuckerman came out just as Turner and a captain of United States Cavalry and a corporal rode into the yard.

Tuckerman pushed the screen with the end of his medicine case. "Hello, Mrs. Rankin. Lambert tells me I ought to take a look at that arm."

"Thank you, doctor."

He sat down beside her and quickly stripped the bandage. A hard, thick scab had formed over the wound, but there were discolorations at the edges, and green and purple streaks up her arm. The arm was swollen almost to her shoulder.

"Mrs. Rankin, I'm going to have to lance that."

At the same moment Turner and the captain mounted the steps and stopped outside the screen door. Turner hesitated, and the captain backed away.

"Oh, no," she said, "come in. Whatever it is, I want to know—now. We're just having a little medical attention here."

From the faces of the two men she was certain there was already hostility between them. Turner was curt as they took chairs. "This is Captain Cleary with a detachment out of Fort Griffin, Amelia."

"You'll excuse me if I don't shake hands."

"Certainly, ma'am." She saw that Cleary was a man in his middle thirties, mustached. She thought him carelessly uniformed in clothes that showed hard riding.

Tuckerman worked right ahead, wordlessly.

Turner bowed his head and looked at his feet; she saw his mouth curve contemptuously. "Captain Cleary was sent up here last night on official orders from Washington through Austin. He and his men rode into our little fracas, and some of his boys stopped some of our lead, I guess. Nothing bad. Dark night, and so on. I've been trying to explain to the captain just what happened"—Turner's voice dropped and again he looked at the floor—"but I find it rather difficult."

"You find it difficult," Cleary broke in, "because these range troubles are getting more frequent. We had to ride into West Texas last month to stop a wave of lynching. Now we're up here. Firing on troops, Mrs. Rankin, is something ——"

Turner broke in impatiently. "I know, I know. Interpreted as a treasonable act. Well, that's stuff and nonsense in this case. It was merely a blunder, and an imaginative person sees it as such."

Cleary stood up. "I'm sorry you think I lack imagination—but the more I see of this situation, the more I'm inclined to look at facts, not theories or conjectures. Is that a gunshot wound being treated?"

Tuckerman turned his head suddenly. "It is."

The captain cleared his throat. "I believe, Mrs. Rankin, you've been keeping a man away from the law here."

Amelia was amazed when Tom said, "That's true no longer. Johnson was moved out of here yesterday. He's in jail in Bradford now."

Cleary turned to Amelia. "Mrs. Rankin, I'm empowered to place you under arrest and take you into Bradford and lodge you in jail. You're the owner of this ranch and responsible."

Amelia slowly turned her eyes to Cleary, and their eyes met and held. "As soon as the doctor fixes my arm, I'll get ready to go."

"Very good," said Cleary.

She heard her voice small and quiet, and she hoped she was showing sufficient determination—that the trembling she felt inside was not showing in her voice.

"Not good at all," said Tuckerman. Cleary whirled on him. "Not good at all," Tuckerman repeated. "Mrs. Rankin is threatened with gangrene poisoning—not threatened—I'd like to change that. She has it. In a little over one third of her arm. If she's not carefully taken care of, she may lose her arm. In fact, she could lose more. If Mrs. Rankin is taken out of here from under my care to a jail, she can become a serious problem to the jailer, and may become very sick—bedfast."

Amelia said, "Captain, I've been a prisoner here, you might say, for weeks and weeks. I've been cooped up because my own hands are afraid somebody might harm me if I rode out over my property alone. I'm willing to go. In fact, I'd like to go. I think if I go it will bring this situation to a head. It'll bring things out in the open that have been hidden too long."

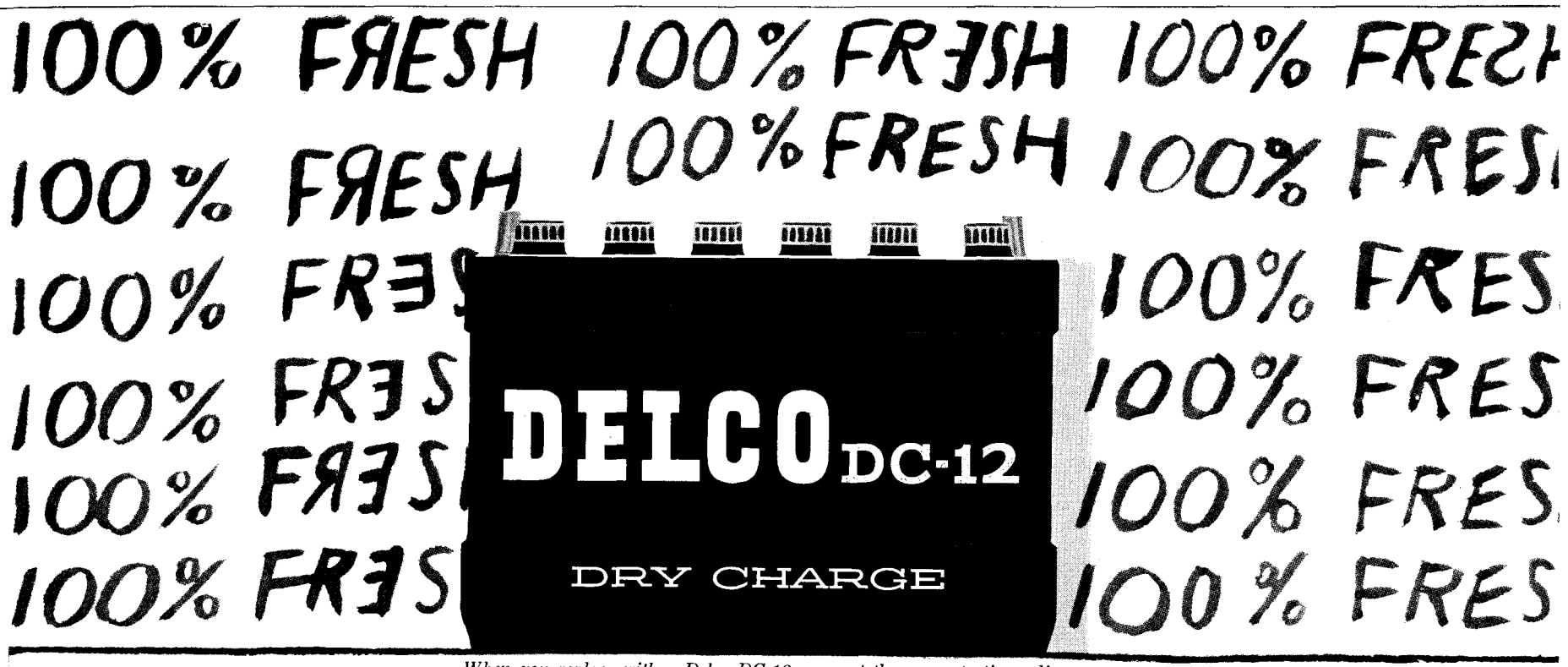
Turner put up his hand. "I won't let you go, Amelia. It's ridiculous."

He walked to Cleary and they stood face to face. "I assume you want no more trouble."

"Naturally."

"Well, this won't need imagination, either on my side or yours. There are over a hundred men out yonder and beyond. They came here to help us last night because they are friends of Mrs. Rankin. In this country the word 'friend' means a hell of a lot. You've got eighteen men, unless I miscount. You and Mrs. Rankin start out of here for the jail in town. I won't say a word and I won't lift a finger. Neither will the doctor. But just start, captain. And you'll run into more trouble than you ever saw in all your born days."

Turner pushed through the screen; the captain hesitated and then followed him. When Tuckerman was putting the final touches on her arm, Turner came back



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and said Cleary had agreed to parole her to his custody as her attorney.

The hearing at Bradford was set for the last of the month. Word came to Amelia through Turner that an Illinois judge was to be sent into the state to hold an investigation into the range warfare.

Turner rode in late one afternoon and remained for several days. "Hurd had nothing to do with it, Melly. He and the people who have been stirring up the trouble don't want any trial or hearing or anything. They're scared to death. Somebody complained to the governor, but I understand Hurd thinks Bates or old man Enright might have done it. He's even accused Purse Bannerman."

Next day Turner approved the idea of Mary's riding on ahead into Bradford to claim the rooms he had reserved for Amelia at the hotel. A hand-carried note from Lester arrived, and Mary started earlier than she had planned. After Mary had gone, Carney and a Federal marshal appeared with a warrant for Amelia's arrest.

"They still have it on their minds," said Tom as he went out to meet them.

Amelia saw Turner and Carney and the marshal go to the bunkhouse, where they stayed until night was near. The conferees appeared again an hour after normal supper time at the ranch, when the men had come in from work and were idling in the yard. Amelia noticed that a number of the men were armed at that moment, though they had appeared unarmed before. The peace officers mounted in a ring of Rankin men. They rode off quietly.

The third day of Tom's visit the marshal came back alone and tried again. The loud talking in the yard woke her. She watched the pantomime from the window and at last saw the marshal ride off.

At breakfast Tom was humorous. "Chances are it was a move of strategy—something they'll use at the trial to show our defiance in the face of warrants. Well, once more we'll take that chance."

"You think they'll try again?" Amelia ate her cakes while Etta stood with a long face at the kitchen door.

"No, not with the hearing set for Monday."

"Seems we're going to make a public holiday of ourselves."

"Don't you fret. You can stay in the hotel and have privacy all the time. But I think, if you can spare me, I'll have to go back tomorrow to plan some. The name of the judge is Mead. He's supposed to be a pretty square fellow. Hurd and his pals have hired a Kansas City lawyer by the name of P. T. Black. He has quite a reputation up there. I'll get into town in the morning."

After Turner's departure, the ranch was quiet, and the few days passed without incident. It seemed to Amelia that her hands were more sympathetic and deferential than they had ever been before.

The night before her trip to Bradford, Snow came in to ask her approval of his plans for running of the ranch during her absence. "Boys wanted me to send word, Mrs. Rankin, the whole ranch is with you. There's a good spirit."

"Tell the boys I thank them, Bill."

She was up early, and at seven o'clock she said good-by to Etta, who was showing wonderful control. The wagon, cleaned and shined, with fresh-oiled harness on the horses, stood in the yard with Jess on the seat, holding the lines. Flanking it was a double row of her hands, dressed in their best, armed, and mounted on their best.

As Amelia crossed the yard to her seat beside Jess, she waved and hats were lifted. She got in and settled herself and looked down the line to Snow, who raised his hand. Left-handedly, with the carved crook under her other elbow, she raised the bottle-green parasol.

Someone had draped an American flag behind the chair to be occupied by Judge Thomas L. Mead in Bradford's courtroom. The seating arrangements were divided by a center aisle. The seats on the right were mostly chairs and benches of half a dozen different designs.

The courtroom began filling up long before nine. A few minutes after eight, Otwell, the bailiff, had removed from the two front rows several small boys and a handful of Bradford's saloon hangers-on. By half past eight the courtroom was full, all but these seats.

The Rankin party were the first to occupy the special seats; Amelia, Turner, Snow and Albright sat down far to the left. Lester and Mary, who came in with them, found seats in the rear. Shortly after that Hurd Patchem came down the aisle, flanked by Joyce and Purse Bannerman and Black, the Kansas City attorney. Both Amelia and Turner were surprised at Hurd's appearance. He had lost weight, and his face showed what he had been through. His bloodshot eyes looked as if he had been drinking all night.

Gradually the reserved rows were taken up by two of the Catlin clan; two cowmen of their hard-bitten outfit; Johnny Blaine, who came in with two farmers from the Elk Basin section; Captain Cleary; a sergeant and a corporal of cavalry. The rest of the space was filled by the wife and aunt of the court stenographer, Mary Stiles, Otwell's wife, and Red Johnson, flanked by two of Carney's deputies. Amelia thought Johnson looked better than when she had seen him last. His well-washed and ironed shirt and trousers looked spruce.

Turner smiled reassuringly at Amelia. His law partner, Barclay, came in with a sheaf of papers and handed them to Turner as he sat beside him. "He's going to ask a stipulation from the bench. Give it to him."

"I'll do better than that," Turner said. "I'll beat him to the gun."

TO BE CONCLUDED

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Winter Woods

By Herbert Merrill

There is no movement here
at all
But only snow and winter
woods,
With never a wing or soft
footfall
Among the trees in silken
hoods.
I lean upon my ax and
wait,
Watching my own
quicksilver breath,
And scarcely dare to violate
A silence so akin to death.
I stand and feel my body
grow
As quiet as a tree until
My boots seem rooted in
the snow,
And it requires an act of will
For me to laugh and choose
an oak
And take the first loud-
ringing stroke.

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The Patient Gets a Break

(Continued from Page 19)

shared a registered nurse with three other patients. In intermediate care she was one of eight assigned to a nurse. A nurse served eleven patients in the self-care unit.

Her hospital bill of $216, an average of eighteen dollars a day, reflected this progress. Intensive care was expensive—fifty-two dollars for her two days in the unit. Its nursing facilities, however, made the heavy expense of private nurses unnecessary for any patient, no matter how sick. The intermediate-care charge was twenty dollars daily for her semiprivate room. Reduced services during Mrs. Mack's six days in self care allowed a steep cut in price, There, for a private room, she paid only fourteen dollars a day.

Progressive Patient Care has been described as the first radical change in hospital procedure in a century. Traditionally the hospital organizes its patient population according to the type of illness from which each person suffers. All surgical cases are sent to one floor, medical to another, orthopedic to a third. The new system groups patients, surgical and medical, according to the severity of their illness. Proponents claim that it pinpoints scarce personnel and expensive equipment where they are most needed, and results in better patient care.

"Under the conventional setup," explains one hospital director, "we put a patient in a walking cast with a fellow in multiple traction, and lump together a hernia with a lung-surgery case. Then we tell a nurse to budget her time between them. What happens? The hernia, who is mildly ill, and the walking cast, who doesn't need a nurse at all, keep her jumping. And the sickest patient gets neglected.

"Even when her time is carefully allotted, she never knows when a heart attack is going to turn up at ten P.M. He needs all the nursing skill and modern equipment we've got. To save his life, a nurse is forced to throw out her entire schedule. One of her patients is going to be uncomfortable waiting for a bedpan. Another, if he's a diabetic who doesn't get his insulin on time, may really suffer."

A few decades ago only the critically ill were sent to a hospital. Now one out of every eight Americans is hospitalized annually for treatment ranging from routine teeth extraction to delicate open-heart surgery. Statistics show that one out of five hospital patients is ambulatory, or could be, if the hospital would let him. Another one out of five is desperately ill, so sick that he needs all of the hospital's human and technical resources to save his life.

"Too often the conventional hospital lacks the flexibility to treat both these groups effectively," says Dr. Aims C. McGuinness, executive secretary for medical education of the New York Academy of Medicine. "We think P.P.C. offers a fresh answer to this problem. It attempts to fit the hospital to the patient instead of squeezing each patient into a rigid hospital mold."

Who started Progressive Patient Care? No one hospital can claim the credit. Alert hospital directors in several parts of the country seem to have hit upon the same idea independently. Four hospitals—St. Johns, St. Luke's and Charles T. Miller in St. Paul, Minnesota, and Memorial in Manchester, Connecticut—were the pioneers in its development.

In 1952 Carl Ave'Lallemant, a young man with an inquiring mind, became administrator of the 170-bed St. Johns Hospital in St. Paul. Ave'Lallemant fervently believed in the simple concept that the needs of his patients came first. With this viewpoint he started looking critically at his hospital.

Saving lives was its major concern, and Ave'Lallemant was not satisfied with the job it was doing. Like more than half of the 7000 hospitals in the country, St. Johns had a recovery room where patients were sent directly after surgery. The recovery room saved lives (see THIS PLACE CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE, *The Saturday Evening Post*, March 30, 1957) by concentrating skilled nurses and valuable equipment where they were needed. But patients remained only until they regained consciousness, and nonsurgical cases were not admitted.

"One afternoon," recalls Ave'Lallemant, "I watched the orderlies wheeling out two stretchers from the recovery room. One held a lung-cancer case, the other a patient who'd just finished a three-hour abdominal operation. These men were being sent back to their own rooms because they were conscious. They weren't much more. They needed constant watching, intravenous feeding and blood transfusions. When I went downstairs, an auto-accident case with a possible skull fracture was being carried in. We just didn't have three nurses to care for these patients in separate rooms. Suddenly I hit on the obvious solution—keep all three together in a unit like the recovery room."

In January, 1956, St. Johns opened an eight-bed intensive-care unit for the seriously ill, staffed round the clock by two nurses and an aide. One of the early patients was a pretty sixteen-year-old, whom we'll call Jean. No one thought she would live.

With virulent staphylococcic pneumonia in both lungs, Jean was unconscious, her fever raging at 105 degrees. She thrashed so wildly in the oxygen tent that a nurse had to hold her down. Her breathing stopped three times, and an emergency incision was made in her chest to drain off the fluid in which she was drowning.

"I'm firmly convinced that the intensive-care unit saved Jean's life," her doctor says. "She required a nurse's constant attention for three weeks. Not just any nurse, but one alert to the slightest change in color or pulse or respiration. We used a hypothermia blanket to bring down Jean's fever. These are comparatively new, and most nurses don't know how they operate. Even if Jean had been in a private room with special nurses round the clock, she might have died while they scurried around for the equipment she needed. The private nurses alone would have cost her parents over a thousand dollars."

The intensive-care unit solved one of St. Johns' problems. The next was solved almost by accident. The hospital was acutely short on bed space, and only one area, a nurses' dormitory that had been abandoned, was available for expansion. Ave'Lallemant called in the St. Paul fire marshal for approval.

"Sorry, I can't pass it," the fire marshal told him. "It's not completely fireproof. I might reconsider if you used it only for patients who were no longer in bed."

"I started to think," Ave'Lallemant recalls, "did we have any ambulant patients? Of course we did. Some came for diagnostic checkups and stayed about three days. Ulcer patients needed rest and diet regulation, but they didn't have to stay in bed. Neither did diabetics, nor patients getting radium for metastatic cancer. Some convalescents, especially cardiacs, would gain confidence by spending a few days on their feet, testing their strength, before going home."

The self-care unit which opened in 1956 didn't look or smell like a hospital. Each room had an easy chair, gay bedspread and curtains. The lounge was equipped with a television set, card tables, books and magazines. An aroma of fresh coffee drifted from the small snack kitchen. Guide lines leading to the various laboratories were painted on corridor floors to help patients find their own way. The unit for twenty patients needed only one registered nurse for each day shift and a practical nurse at night.

"We chose our nurses for their warmth and patience," Ave'Lallemant says. "Often at night a patient sits late over coffee with the nurse, talking out his fears. The nurse and the dietitian help teach him how he should live after he leaves the hospital. We used to hand people printed diet lists the day they were discharged. A slip of paper just doesn't seem to register. Many, particularly ulcer and diabetic cases, were readmitted later because they didn't know how to follow their diets."

Lois, sixteen and a diabetic, was in full rebellion against her illness. Neither her parents nor her doctor could manage her. Lois ate with her crowd—soft drinks, chow mein and pizza pies, usually at odd hours of the day and night. Soon her blood sugar rose to dangerous levels. Under protest she entered the hospital.

In the self-care unit Lois continued to wear the shaggy sweaters which she loved. She carried on a mild flirtation with a teen-age boy, hobbling on a walking cast. At mealtimes the dietitian accompanied her to the cafeteria to help choose her menu. Lois learned by doing. The nurse, not much past the teens herself, treated Lois like a grownup, explaining patiently the problems of diabetics. Slowly Lois' rebellion petered out. Her disease has remained well under control since her hospital discharge.

With seriously ill patients like Jean and ambulants like Lois siphoned off from general care, St. Johns found that the nursing needs of the moderately ill were being better met, with the exception of one small group. These were the long-term cases, elderly patients who had fractured a hip, strokes, arthritics, diabetic amputees. Most patients remained in the hospital a week, but this group stayed a month or longer. Lying helpless in bed or confined to a wheel chair, they demanded constant attention, robbing other patients of a nurse's time.

"Many hospitals hate to admit these cases," says Ave'Lallemant, "because they take up beds which are needed for the acutely ill. I've heard hospital administrators grumble that stroke cases ought to be left to lie in bed at home. We started to wonder whether we couldn't get these people back on their feet and shorten their hospital stay. The result was a twenty-bed rehabilitation unit, accompanied by an expansion of our physical-therapy department and the addition of occupational therapy.

"The rehab nurses have learned to push and prod and jolly these patients along. Ninety per cent of our strokes now walk out of the hospital. We show cardiacs what they're capable of doing. They no longer invalid themselves because they're frightened, or jump into activity which leads to a second heart attack."

Sam, a forty-year-old heart patient, never thought he could return to his job as a milkman. Rehabilitation workers taught him otherwise. They went out one day and studied Sam's delivery route. They counted the number of stairs he had to climb and measured their height. Back at the hospital they built Sam a set of dummy steps, and started him trudging up and down. After a day or two he carried a metal container with six milk bottles as he climbed. Sam's job was waiting when he left the hospital, and he returned to it with confidence.

Unfortunately rehabilitation often stopped at the hospital door. Back in their own homes, patients backslid. Many returned to wheel chairs after they had been walking, or took to their beds after graduating to a wheel chair. Relatives often (*Continued on Page 48*)

"You wouldn't think anything filled with hay could be so hard."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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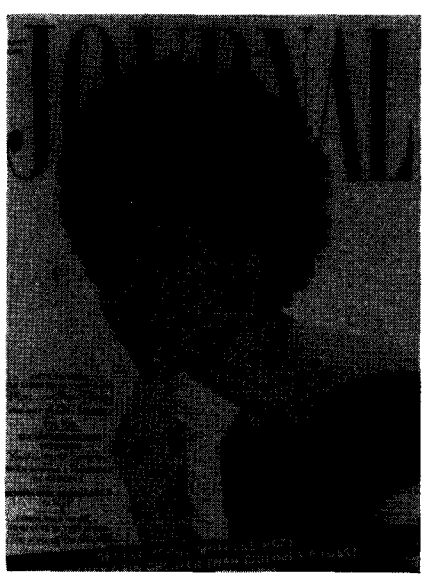

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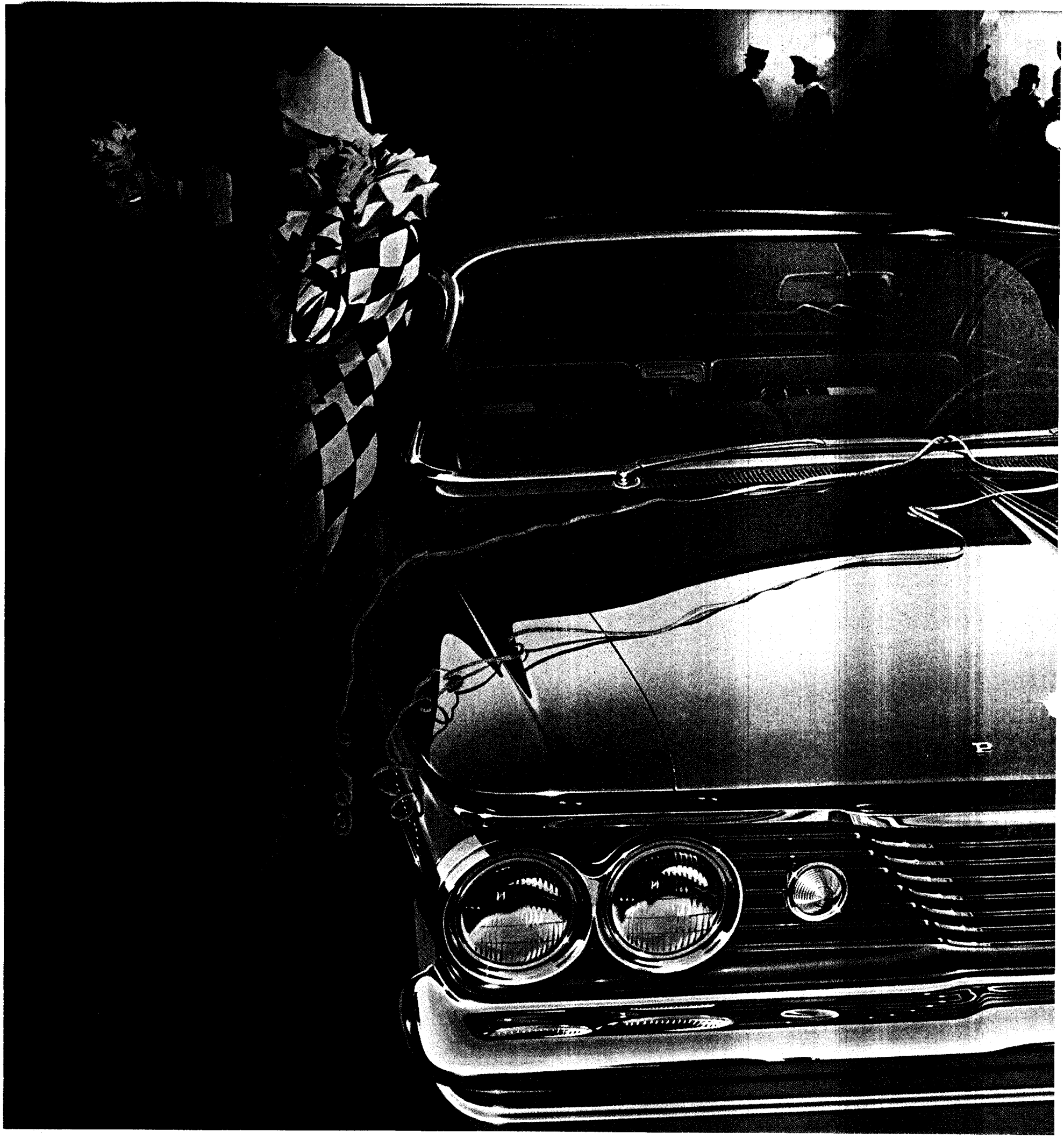

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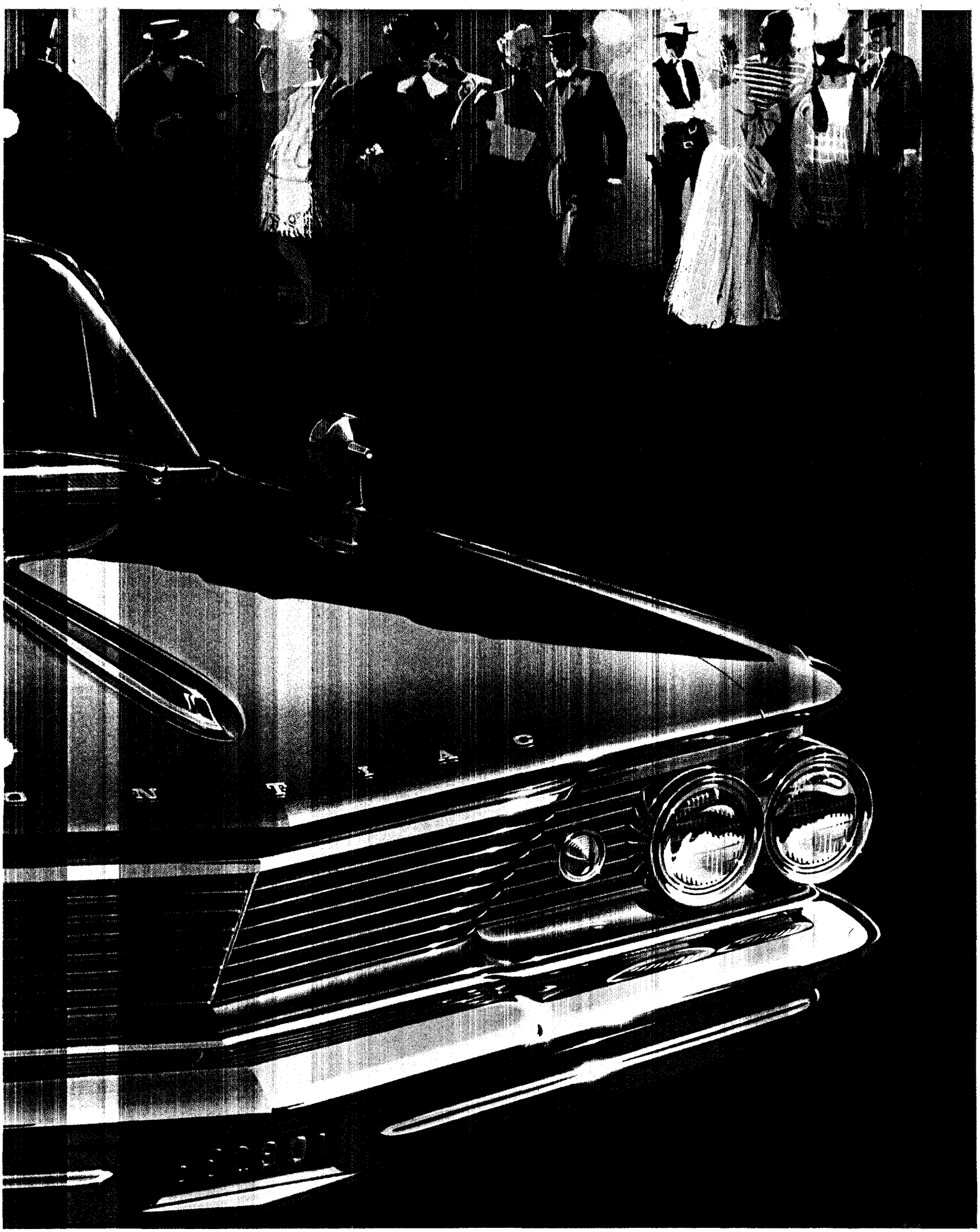

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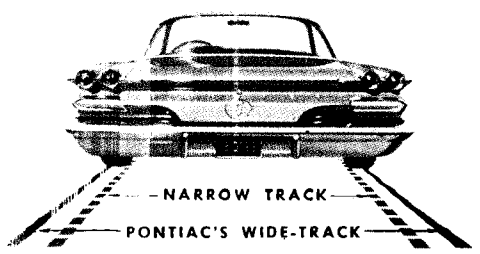

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(*Continued from Page 44*) overindulged them. Unanticipated problems arose which thwarted the patient.

To bridge the gap between hospital and home, St. Johns started a fifth unit, which it called Extended Care. A team which included a nurse and a physical and an occupational therapist was sent on two or three home visits to iron out the bugs, to teach a husband or wife how to help a patient with his exercises, and to refer patients to other community facilities.

A sixty-year-old whom we'll call John Swenson would probably now be confined to his home, a wheel-chair invalid, if the St. Johns home team hadn't investigated. Partially paralyzed in the left arm and leg following a stroke, Swenson learned in the hospital to walk with a cane. Nevertheless, his solicitous family had a wheel chair ready for his return home. When St. Johns workers visited shortly before his discharge, they suggested that the chair be returned. They knew its comfort would mean the end of walking for Swenson.

Surveying the house, they found that the front steps were too steep for Swenson's dragging gait, and that grab rails were needed in the bathroom. Kindly neighbors pitched in, and in two days installed the rails and built a ramp to the front door. In the hospital Swenson was put to work in occupational therapy, making a wooden bench to fit in the bathtub so that he could climb in and out alone. Back home almost a year, Swenson can care for his own personal needs, walk to the corner grocery and sun himself in the back yard.

For the last three years St. Johns has had five Progressive Patient Care units in operation—intensive care for the seriously ill, general care for the moderately ill, self care for the ambulatory, rehabilitation and home care. Its neighbor hospitals, St. Luke's and Charles T. Miller, have had the three basic units—intensive, general and self care—for approximately the same time. Although St. Johns is probably not the first hospital in the country to develop any one single unit, it is currently the only hospital organized under all five.

Edward J. Thoms was unaware of the St. Paul developments when he became administrator in March, 1956, of Memorial Hospital in Manchester, Connecticut. That August Thoms discussed his ideas for a patient-centered approach to hospital organization with Dr. Lane Giddings, hospital pathologist. The two coined the name of Progressive Patient Care to describe the scheme. With Dr. Howard Lockward, an internist, they sold the medical staff, and then the board of trustees—all conservative New Englanders, suspicious of change—on trying the plan. In April, 1957, Memorial opened a unit for the seriously ill and a do-it-yourself unit for the ambulatory. A year later it added a rehabilitation unit.

"Ever since we broke with conventional organization," says Thoms, "our staff has been bursting with fresh ideas to improve patient care. Last year our nurses began to stop waking patients at five in the morning, a custom as old as the hospital. Somewhat to their surprise, they found that they could take temperatures and wash faces at seven without snarling up the schedule.

"Colleagues in other hospitals think they're crazy, but our radiologists work on a Sunday morning when it's necessary. Manchester patients can't afford to miss a day's pay. When they need a diagnostic checkup, they sign into the self-care unit on a Friday night, get their X rays over the weekend, and are ready for work on Monday morning. Recently one of our internists took off for New York for a three-day course on cardiac rehabilitation. Two years ago, before our rehab unit showed us that we could help the convalescent cardiac, he wouldn't have stirred."

Nurses are delighted with the change. "I'm back where I belong, nursing at the bedside," one comments. A recent study bears out her observation. Manchester nurses have doubled the amount of time they spend in patient care.

Even patient complaints are vanishing. The hospitalized person is traditionally a griper. Often his beefs about food and service mask his basic fear and loneliness. A few years ago the American Hospital Association and the United States Public Health Service asked patients in sixty general hospitals what they disliked about their care.

The same gripes turned up regularly. "I pressed my bell, but no one came for the longest time." . . . "My nurse was always in too much of a hurry." . . . "No one explained my treatment."

In 1958 a similar survey was conducted at Manchester. "We found," said Dr. Faye Abdellah of the Public Health Service, "that these typical patient beefs had practically disappeared."

On a recent trip to Manchester I interviewed a half-dozen ex-patients, chosen at random. Skeptical administrators in other hospitals had told me that patients would object to the new setup, particularly the lack of privacy in intensive care and the constant shifts from one unit to another.

"Every time I opened my eyes in the intensive-care unit, a nurse was hovering over me," said Michael Angel, fifty-eight, a cardiac. "Did I mind being in the same room with other very sick people? Brother, when you've had a heart attack, as long as the nurse is near, you don't give a darn who else is around."

Dexter Peterson, a forty-eight-year-old diabetic, spent three weeks in the intermediate and self-care units. "I only had to ring twice for a nurse in all that time," he said. "When I first learned I had diabetes, I was plenty scared, but the nurses taught me right from the beginning how to handle it. Self care was the best. We were always in the pantry having a bite. I kept pretty busy shooting the breeze with other patients. I got the newspaper daily, but I never did seem to find time to read it."

Progressive Patient Care might still be limited to a handful of hospitals if it weren't for the United States Public Health Service. In the summer of 1957 Manchester's enthusiastic trio—Mr. Thoms, Doctor Giddings and Doctor Lockward—visited Public Health Service officials. The three were seeking aid in answering basic questions about their infant plan. How large should each unit be? How many patients per nurse? What charges should be made?

Interested in the new scheme, the Public Health Service agreed to help. Experts in different phases of hospital management have spent weeks at Manchester during the last two years. More than $100,000 has been allotted to research studies. One of the results is a brochure, *Elements of Progressive Patient Care*, which recently rolled off the presses. *Elements* recommends all five P.P.C. units, and gives hospital managers a blueprint for establishing, equipping and staffing them. The brochure looks like a popular number. Months before its publication, almost 2000 hospitals had requested copies.

Interest in P.P.C. has been mounting at a dizzying rate. In 1958, 200 persons attended an American Hospital Association symposium on the subject. Last summer 1000 jammed into a similar A.H.A. meeting. At Manchester Thoms is bombarded with mail and with visitors who want to see P.P.C. in action. Public Health Service officials keep busy hopping planes to visit hospitals which want to set up P.P.C. programs. An informal count made early last summer by the Public Health Service showed that 119 hospitals had started either intensive-care or self-care units or both. More than 400 additional hospitals are now planning P.P.C. units.

Ingenious variants have been developed. Methodist Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota, staffed by Mayo Clinic doctors, has built a twelve-bed experimental round hospital for the seriously ill. Patient rooms with glass doors radiate out like the spokes of a wheel from a central nursing station. Without getting up, the nurse on duty can see into any room. In Gainesville, the University of Florida hospital has an ambulant unit which dispenses entirely with nurses and encourages the husband or wife of a patient to share his room and help with his care.

Large hospitals are now opening P.P.C. units. The 871-bed Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago has had a convalescent unit for almost two years. Last summer Lankenau Hospital in Philadelphia opened a self-care unit of 126 beds, probably the largest in the country.

Ground was broken several months ago in Livingston, New Jersey for a unique structure, the 400-bed St. Barnabas Hospital, moving from its present headquarters in Newark. As a protection from nuclear attack St. Barnabas will place its laboratories, operating room and two of its P.P.C. units—intensive care and rehabilitation—underground.

Dr. George C. Schicks, St. Barnabas director, believes that the P.P.C. organization will reduce a patient's hospital stay by at least a day. "If every patient in New Jersey left the hospital one day sooner," he says, "Blue Cross would save almost five and a half million dollars a year. Extended to the entire country, the saving would be huge—eighty-five millions annually."

Does Progressive Patient Care really save money? This question is being hotly debated in hospital circles. The American Hospital Association is cautiously negative. "Human gains, but added costs" is the way Dr. Edwin L. Crosby, A.H.A. director, describes P.P.C.

Most hospitals with P.P.C. experience believe that the extra expense of an intensive-care unit is likely to balance out the savings of self care. Norman D. Bailey of Chicago's Grant Hospital made careful cost studies before switching to P.P.C. last summer. His figures indicate that P.P.C. neither increases nor decreases a hospital's expenses.

Manchester is more optimistic. Thoms says that the average patient cost for room, board and nursing care in 1958 came to $106 at Memorial, compared with $138 spent by other Connecticut hospitals of comparable size. The Manchester patient profited by leaving the hospital close to one day earlier than patients in comparable institutions.

Even with these figures, Public Health Service officials are cautious. "We don't have enough experience," says Dr. Edward T. Thompson, "to know yet whether a hospital will save money under Progressive Patient Care. We do know that P.P.C. redistributes costs more equitably among the patients. The traditional hospital continues to charge the convalescent for facilities and services which he no longer uses. He shoulders part of the expense of the seriously ill patient. Under Progressive Patient Care each person pays only for what he gets."

No matter what the final answer on costs, hospitals with P.P.C. are discovering important collateral benefits from the new concept. Among them:

Seriously ill patients are suffering fewer complications, such as pneumonia or phlebitis. Their demand for narcotics decreases when they are not fearful or left alone in pain. These factors hasten recovery.

Readmissions are less frequent when a patient is taught before he leaves the hospital what to eat and how to care for himself at home.

Nurses, who once complained over leaving the beds of seriously ill patients to answer the bells of fussy convalescents, feel they're really nursing again. Their morale is higher and staff turnover reduced.

The frantic, time-consuming hunt for private nurses has been almost eliminated. Manchester, which used to need eleven special nurses a day, now uses only one.

Not even the strongest booster believes that P.P.C. will solve all hospital problems. "It may not be the ideal answer," says Dr. Jack C. Haldeman, assistant surgeon general of the Public Health Service, "but we feel P.P.C. is an approach that has exciting possibilities. P.P.C. shows promise of helping hospitals with their two most pressing problems—scarcity of trained personnel and continuing improvement of services without unduly increasing costs." THE END

"Mary Lou tells me you're studying to be a dentist."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Backstage at the Supreme Court

(*Continued from Page 23*)

to the right of the bench, and the crier, smashing down his ancient gavel, loudly intones: "The Honorable, the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the United States!"

As the audience rises, the curtain parts in three places and the Justices enter in threes, by seniority. Warren, big and massively judicial-looking in his robes, steps briskly to the center of the elevated bench and remains standing as his colleagues swiftly flank him on both sides, like a Shakespearean cast taking a bow. Now the crier's voice sounds again: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting! God save the United States and this Honorable Court!"

The courtroom is large and magnificent—forty-four feet high, with twenty-four Ionic columns of Siena marble and carved wall panels depicting both real and symbolic judicial figures. Yet an air of intimacy quickly settles over the concentrated action at the bench. The first business is to admit lawyers to practice before the Court. As each applicant is introduced and vouched for by a friend, Warren calls him by name and welcomes him with gracious warmth.

Unless it is Monday and opinions are to be handed down, Warren then calls the first case. Now begin the oral arguments—and the thrust and parry of personality and legal skill. Here, often, is where the case is won or lost. The advocate stands at a raised lectern just below the bench. On the lectern are red and white lights warning him when his allotted time is growing short. From a half hour to two hours is customarily allowed for the two sides to argue the case, depending on its importance and complexity.

The clerk of the Court, the marshal and the crier wear the traditional cutaway coat, but otherwise it is no longer seen except in appearances of the United States Solicitor General and his staff or such a distinguished Supreme Court veteran as attorney Frederick Bernays Wiener. The Justices are believed to be impressed with the cutaway as a mark of respect—provided the lawyer is competent as well. Once an assistant United States Attorney General blossomed out in a tailcoat, which obviously had just come from his tailor. Unfortunately his argument was threadbare. Justice James McReynolds leaned over to a colleague and audibly whispered: "Better dressed than equipped!"

The Court frowns on such visual furbelows as charts and graphs; and few lawyers today dare to try the hearts-and-flowers emotional ornamentation that was in style in the nineteenth century. If a lawyer attempts to read his brief—which the Justices have already scanned—a Justice is sure to snap, "We can read!" What the Court wants from the lawyers is a simple, direct discussion of the highlights of their case. But the questions shoot out from the bench almost immediately. Some lawyers have been unable to get through a half dozen sentences without being interrupted, and a few tightly wound attorneys have fainted in the face of a question barrage.

A Supreme Court session is not likely to inflate a lawyer's ego. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once complimented a lawyer on his candor. When the lawyer began to preen himself, Holmes cut him down with: "You know, candor is one of the most effective instruments of deception."

Warren, his face as impassive as a rock, occasionally asks a great many questions. Justices John Marshall Harlan, Hugo L. Black, William J. Brennan, and Charles E. Whittaker usually are full of questions. They speak in conversational tones, their voices often betraying their surprise or puzzlement. But the chief gadfly of lawyers is seventy-six-year-old Felix Frankfurter, the ex-professor who customarily acts as if he were conducting a college seminar.

Early in 1958 the Court devoted a session to the serious study of comedy. It was reviewing a lower-court decision that Jack Benny's televised parody of the movie Gaslight was an infringement of the copyright laws protecting the movie. Attorney W. B. Carman, representing Benny and the Columbia Broadcasting System, complained to the Justices that the case had frightened the television industry away from the great field of parody during the five years it had dragged through the courts.

"How do you know?" demanded Harlan.

"I watch television," Carman replied. "And I know the industry."

"Brave, brave industry," murmured Frankfurter.

The Justices viewed Gaslight and a televised presentation of its parody, Autolight, at a private screening in the Supreme Court building. Chuckles but no significant judicial reactions were heard in the darkened room. Then the Court upheld the lower-court ruling on a four-four tie vote.

The case of the musical trolley cars in 1952 brought the most bantering from the bench in recent years. A lower court had ruled that the Constitutional right to privacy of streetcar and bus riders in Washington, D.C., had been violated when they were forced to listen to radio broadcasts played continuously over loud-speakers. Justice William O. Douglas asked at one point whether anyone objected to the advertising placards in the cars. The attorneys for the bloc of complaining passengers replied that such signs "don't compel you to look at them."

"Oh, I don't know," Douglas quipped with a grin. "Some of them do."

The Court reversed the lower court on a seven-one vote. Frankfurter, who had had a lot to say during the arguments, disqualified himself from voting on the ground that, as a member of the captive streetcar audience himself, he was a "victim" of the practice. Douglas dissented.

Groucho Marx subsequently wrote Douglas to congratulate him on his dissent. He added that he had never expected to write a fan letter to a "judge," because the only judges he had ever met were in his own divorce cases.

A lawyer once left Frankfurter speechless, but that was in private. A former Harvard Law School pupil of Frankfurter had argued a case, and during the luncheon recess the Justices agreed that it was one of the worst arguments they had heard. Frankfurter, concurring, wryly related that the former pupil had sought him out after the session. The Justice said he had politely but noncommittally remarked that he had been "interested" in the argument.

"I hope you liked it," the lawyer was quoted as replying. "I argued it just the way you taught me."

The Justices hear arguments for two weeks and then separately study cases and write opinions for the next two weeks. However, at eleven o'clock every Friday they gather in their conference room and again dutifully shake hands all around, like nine prizefighters about to engage in a free-for-all. Each Justice then takes his assigned seat in a black leather swivel chair around a black baize-covered table. The room has the coziness and subdued air of a private library. A fireplace is at one end. Against the walls are floor-to-ceiling bookshelves containing bound volumes of all past Supreme Court cases.

No stenographers, clerks or pages are present. Until 1910 two pages were present. But in that year the Justices were convinced that there had been a leak on an important decision. A lawyer had sold a block of stock in a corporation involved in the litigation on the very morning that the decision was announced. His broker told another person, causing a run on the stock. The Justices had to trust one another, so they concluded that a page must have been the source of the leak. Pages were henceforth banished to the anteroom.

The lawyer subsequently assured the Court that there had been no leak. He explained that when he had heard the first paragraphs of the long decision read in Court he had made an educated guess about the decision and had rushed from the courtroom to call his broker.

Nonetheless, the practice of barring everyone but the Justices was continued. Ousted with the pages was the attendant who had served drinks from a small table in the conference room. About a century before, Chief Justice John Marshall had originated the custom of starting the conference with a drink if it was raining—raining, that is, anywhere in the Court's broad jurisdiction. Now the conference is not only dry but free of tobacco in any form.

If a message is to be sent or received, the most junior Justice acts as doorkeeper. The conference has, in fact, become just about the most sacrosanct place in Washington. Justice Tom C. Clark recalls that when he was Attorney General, "I often wondered, myself, as I sat at the bar of the Court, what went on in the closed conference chamber." What goes on in this room—which has never been photographed—is as much of a mystery as what is said at the supersecret National Security Council. No law or written code forbids such disclosure. The force of tradition is enough.

The conference lasts from six to eight hours. Each Justice has before him an assignment sheet listing the cases the Court is being asked to review. Normally there are approximately seventy cases on the sheet. They fall into two classes: cases in the Court's "original jurisdiction," meaning anything affecting a state or a foreign representative; and appellate cases, in which the Court may order a lower court to refer the case to it for review. To be eligible, appellate cases already must have raised some Federal question.

All the petitions on the sheet have been previously studied by all the Justices, and each Justice now gives his views on each case. Unless the case receives four affirmative votes, review is denied. Each Justice keeps a record of his votes on the petitions in a large, old-fashioned docket book that has a lock and key; these votes are not announced publicly. During the Court's 1957–58 term, only 14 per cent of the petitions were ordered up from the lower courts for review.

After disposing of the petitions, the conference takes up the cases argued that week in the courtroom. This is where the Justices lock horns in strong-minded, sometimes violent, disagreements over the law and the Constitution. When minds collide sharply, the Justices interrupt one another as frequently as senators in debate. Very rarely one Justice will relate an anecdote or an odd case from his experience to give others a chance to cool off.

When the discussion seems to have run its course, the Chief Justice takes a roll-call vote. The voting starts with the newest Justice, on the theory that he should not be influenced by the others, and goes on up the seniority line. If the decision is unanimous, the Chief Justice assigns himself or someone else to write the opinion. If it is not unanimous, (*Continued on Page 54*)

Let's Face It

There's an old saying that hindsight is easier than foresight. But let's see. Here is a rear view of a person whose face you would quickly recognize. He has paused during a great conflict to admire a spectacle of nature more often associated with love than war. To help you identify him, we can tell you that he is one or more of the following:

1. A noted writer.
2. A former cavalryman.
3. A nautical figure.
4. An artist.

Max Brandel

CORRECT ANSWER:

(At Niagara Falls in 1943)
Winston Churchill

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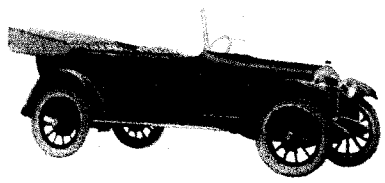

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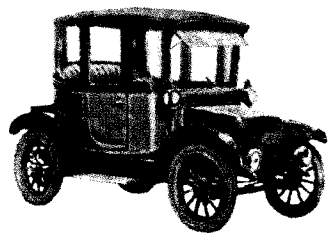

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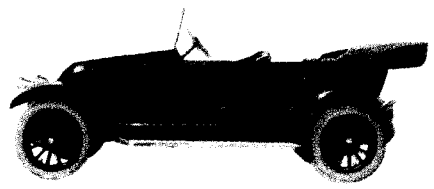

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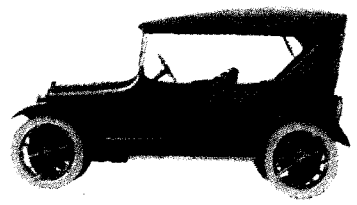

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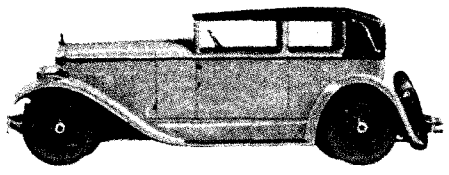

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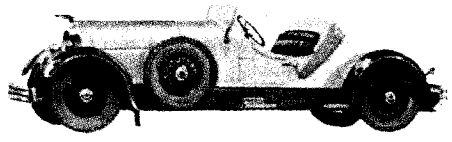

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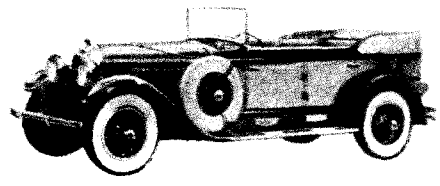

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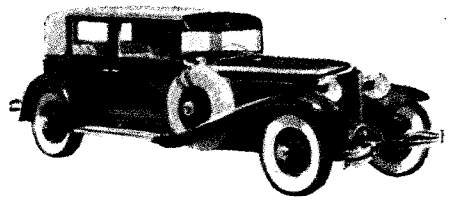

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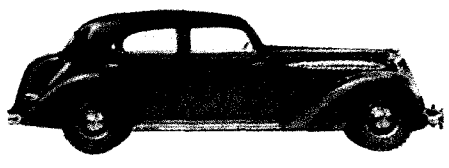

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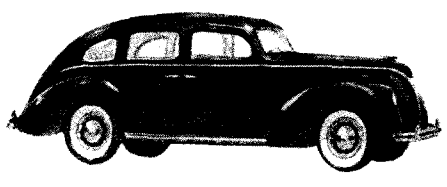

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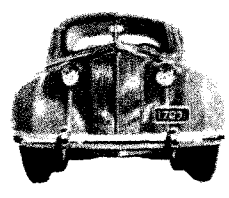

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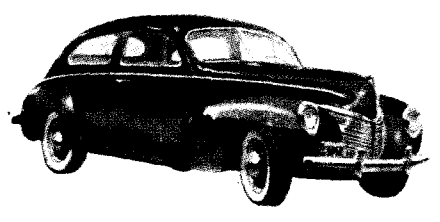

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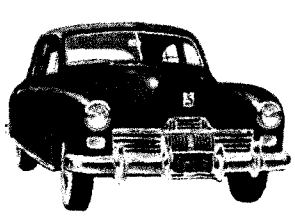

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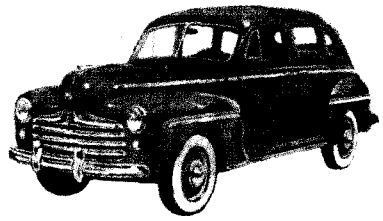

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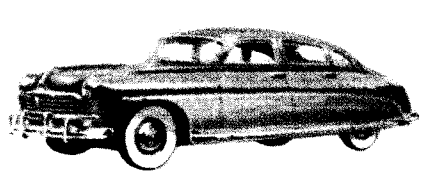

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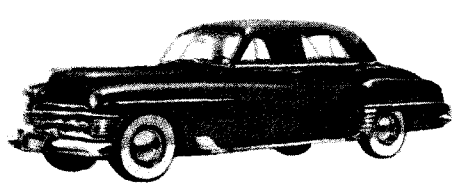

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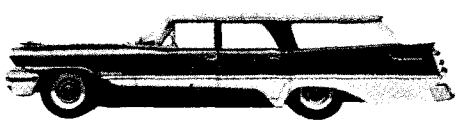

1957

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Goodyear's position as the world's largest tire company has always been built on the plain, common-sense philosophy of giving people their money's worth . . . and then some!

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values ...better tire care...convenient credit terms.

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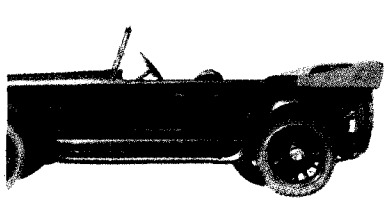

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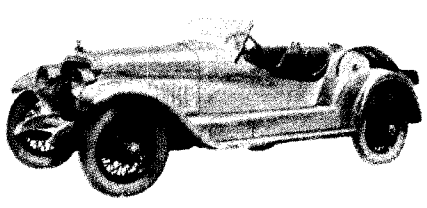

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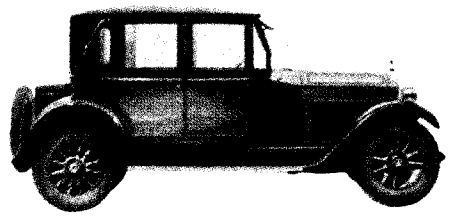

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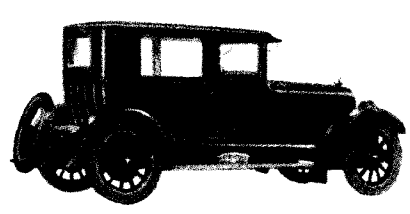

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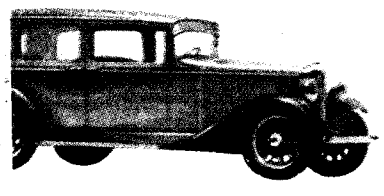

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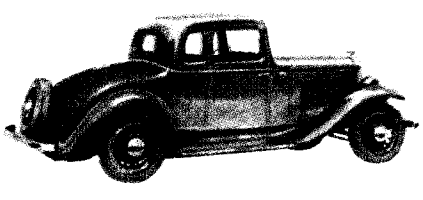

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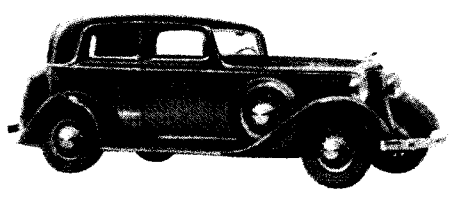

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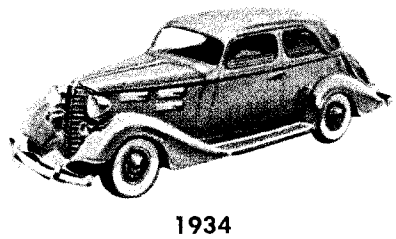

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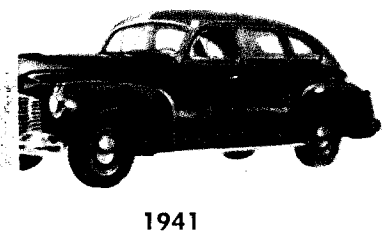

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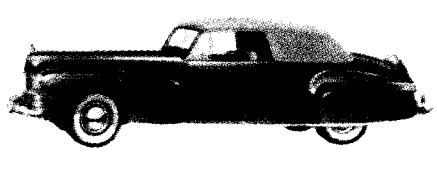

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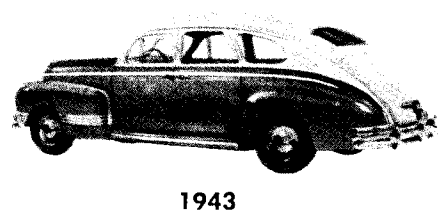

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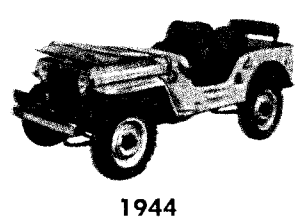

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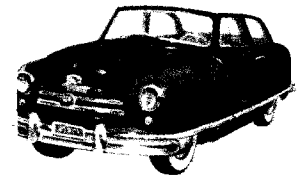

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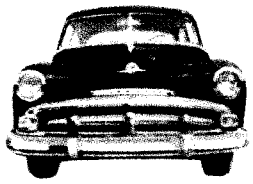

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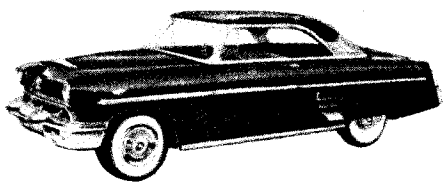

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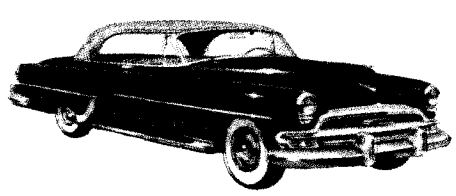

1954

60...as in every single year for 45 consecutive years

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

GOODYEAR

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(*Continued from Page 49*) he assigns the writing in the group with which he is voting; the senior Justice in the other group performs a similar function.

The researching and writing of an opinion is an intricate process, which usually takes about three weeks, but has been known to take five or six months. Drafts of the majority and minority opinions are printed and circulated among the Justices. Invariably they are greeted with criticism and suggestions for revision. Sometimes Justices switch their votes after seeing both opinion drafts. The drafts are usually toned down, toughened up or otherwise reworded to induce more Justices to sign them.

The rewording can be amusing, as it was when former Justice Sherman Minton was assigned to write a dissent from an interpretation of the Mann Act. The majority was holding that the simultaneous transportation of two women across the state line for immoral purposes deserved one jail sentence rather than two. In his draft Minton stated dryly that surely Congress had not intended to "make it easier to transport them by the dozen." Warren smilingly persuaded Minton to alter the phrase to read: ". . . make it easier if one transported females by the busload." Warren then joined Minton in the dissent.

The present Court includes no eccentrics like, say, the late Justice James C. McReynolds, who retired in 1941. During the conference, the crusty old McReynolds often seated himself in a chair by the window, listening moodily and occasionally expressing himself from this distance. In those days the Court held Saturday-afternoon conferences and McReynolds would blandly excuse himself if the session was not concluded by the time he had planned to leave on a weekend duck-hunting trip. This walkout always astonished and annoyed the late Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes.

But Associate Justices are sovereign members of the Court and in no way beholden to the Chief Justice. Once, the bewhiskered Hughes, who was a stickler for punctuality, noticed that McReynolds was missing when the Court convened at noon and sent a messenger to get him. In his chambers McReynolds said to the messenger: "Tell Mr. Chief Justice Hughes that Mr. Justice McReynolds doesn't work for him."

The Justices spend so much of their lives reading the law and arguing about it that some form of contrasting relaxation is required. No member of the present Court goes as far in this direction as did Justice Holmes, who during one period occupied a front-row seat at Washington's burlesque houses as often as the bill changed. The present Court relaxes in golf, hiking or hunting, and many of them frankly enjoy the social whirl because it counteracts the feeling that they may become too isolated from people. They are showered with invitations. For a Washington hostess, a Supreme Court Justice is considered more of a catch than a Cabinet member.

Mrs. Gwen Cafritz, the capital's famous party thrower, has a cocktail party in honor of the Supreme Court on the day before it convenes for the new term in October. Mrs. Cafritz says that for this occasion all the 200 guests are "hand-picked." However, Chief Justice Warren passed up the 1958 Cafritz affair in order to attend a World Series baseball game in New York City. For Warren, a fierce sports fan, the imprecise language of his old friend, Yankee manager Casey Stengel, is a refreshing change of pace from legalisms.

Mrs. Cafritz believes that the opening of the Supreme Court's new term should still signal the opening of the capital's social season, as it did in the early nineteenth century. In those days the prominent ladies of the town would dress up and attend a noteworthy Court session as if it were a matinee. The Justices and lawyers are said to have risen to the occasion with flamboyant performances. Mrs. Cafritz insists that watching the best legal minds at work is both a "terrific show" and a "college education." Obviously qualifying as a "friend of the Court," she parks her car in the Court's basement garage, uses the private elevator, and occupies a reserved box in the courtroom.

The Supreme Court's amazing continuity has made it our most exclusive institution. There have been only fourteen Chief Justices and ninety-two Justices in all. There have been but twelve official reporters of decisions and just thirteen clerks of the Court. In the past ninety-one years, only six men have served the Court as marshals. Since 1887 it has had only four head librarians. One messenger, Archibald Lewis, walked his rounds for sixty-three years.

The Court's four pages are the only ones in Washington who still wear the old-fashioned dark blue knickerbockers and black stockings. The custom has been to hire them at five feet, one inch, and fire or promote them at five feet, six or seven—when they are usually taller than the shortest justice. A special thirty-three-man Supreme Court police force guards the building.

Other little-known facts about the Court: only one Supreme Court Justice has been impeached and only one has been the target of a would-be assassin. Back in 1804 Justice Samuel Chase, a distinguished signer of the Declaration of Independence, was impeached by the House and tried by the Senate for allegedly making "seditious" statements in public about the Jefferson Administration.

The trial was one of the most colorful sessions in Senate history. Vice President Aaron Burr presided. The caustic Representative John Randolph, of Virginia, was one of the prosecutors, and Chief Justice John Marshall, as a defense witness, performed well under a blistering cross-examination. Before the first roll-call vote, Burr ordered the Court officers in the galleries to turn their faces toward the spectators and seize and immediately jail the first person who made the slightest disturbance. The Senate failed to muster the necessary two-thirds vote to convict Chase on any of the eight articles of impeachment, and the independence of the Supreme Court was established.

The Justice who attracted physical violence was Stephen J. Field. In 1888 a couple of Californians, Mr. and Mrs. David S. Terry, openly threatened to kill Field if he ever set foot in the state again. Then it was still the custom for Supreme Court Justices to sit for part of the year on Federal Circuit Courts. Field, temporarily presiding in the California Circuit Court, had incurred Mrs. Terry's ire by ordering her to surrender a document which she had allegedly forged. The excitable woman had yelled accusations of bribery at him in Court and her husband had pulled a bowie knife when Field ordered her jailed for contempt.

On Field's next trip to California, a deputy Federal marshal, one David Neagle, was assigned to protect him. As Field and his bodyguard were breakfasting on a train en route to San Francisco, Terry sneaked up on the Justice from behind and began to assault him about the head with his fists. Neagle arose with drawn revolver, identified himself, and commanded Terry to stop. Terry thrust his hand into his coat. Neagle, assuming Terry was reaching for his bowie knife, shot him twice, killing him almost instantly.

When state authorities sought to try Neagle, he appealed, naturally, to the Supreme Court. The Court ruled that Neagle could not be tried for something he did while "carrying out his duty as a marshal of the United States." This opinion added underpinnings to the doctrine that the national Government is free of state interference within its Constitutionally defined sphere. Field, incidentally, lived on to serve longer than any other Justice in Supreme Court history—thirty-four years and eight months.

The Supreme Court was not always so palatially housed. Its first quarters were a series of dingy rooms in the Capitol. One of these, a dungeonlike place in the basement, was so inadequate that the Justices were obliged to robe themselves in full view of the spectators. In 1860 the Court moved into the old Capitol chamber which had been evacuated by the Senate. The Justices stayed there until their present building was erected in 1935 at a cost of $10,000,000.

The building includes a three-room suite of chambers for each Justice, a private dining room, and the Court's own print shop in the basement. Today the Court calls a half-hour luncheon recess at two o'clock. In its old quarters the Court had no luncheon recess. A hungry Justice simply retired behind a screen in the rear of the bench where he could eat without missing any of the argument. Once, it is said, Chief Justice Edward D. White put down his sandwich and popped his head above the screen to shoot a question at a startled lawyer pleading a case.

The print shop is the most closely restricted area of the building, as its entire output is confidential until announced by the Court. It is a tribute to the loyalty of the Court's personnel that, while numerous clerks, secretaries and messengers have access to the written opinions, the Court has had no known security breaches by its personnel in modern times.

Surprisingly, unlike the Senate and House, the Supreme Court has never had an official stenographic transcript made of its sessions. Under Warren a tape-recording machine was installed in the courtroom in October, 1955, along with a badly needed public-address system. Any Justice can now check back on an oral argument by having a tape recording played in his chambers.

But many of the greatest lines uttered in the Court prior to 1955 are lost to posterity. For example, Justice Burton, writing a monograph on the famous Dartmouth College case of 1818, had difficulty trying to document Daniel Webster's tearful peroration. Webster, choked with emotion because Dartmouth's state charter was being challenged, was said to have concluded in part with this plea to the Supreme Court: "It is, sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet, there are those who love it . . ." Burton finally confirmed the quotation in a letter written by a Yale professor who had heard Webster in the courtroom.

Warren has tried to make life more comfortable for his colleagues. Just off the first-aid room, he has added a small gymnasium that includes an electric cabinet bath, rowing machine, massage table, wall type pulley weights, and a stationary exercising bicycle. Most of the Justices stop in there once a day to work out in sweat shirts and tennis shoes.

Warren also wangled an automobile from Congress for the emergency business use of the other Justices. Warren is the first Chief Justice to be granted an official car for his own use, though the Vice President and Speaker of the House have long enjoyed such perquisites. Court employees say that the late Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone occasionally rode home in the Court's pickup truck.

As governor of California, Warren had had no reason to buy a car. Thus, when the Warrens were invited to their first White House reception, the Chief Justice found himself without a means of transportation. Afraid that a taxi might not be admitted through the White House gate, he gave orders to procure a rented car. Through some misunderstanding, the car delivered to his door on the night of the reception was an elongated airport limousine, roomy enough to hold the entire Supreme Court. When the Warrens self-consciously swept up to the White House door in this rig, Washington snickered, and Congress soon allotted the Chief Justice a car and chauffeur.

Warren survived one more minor transportation incident. His chauffeur double-parked briefly in front of a hotel one night and returned to find a traffic ticket on the windshield. Warren slipped him five dollars to pay the fine, but half-kiddingly swore him to secrecy. So the Chief Justice's brush with the law remained unknown—until now. THE END

"Oh, it's been an exciting weekend, Mabel—Syracuse romped, 42–12; the Warriors took it, 102–97, in overtime; Montreal shut out Boston; and Snead birdied the last four at Bermuda Pines."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WE BELIEVE WE HAVE JUST ABOUT EVERY GRUNT, SQUEAK, SQUEAL, GROAN, WHINE, BUZZ, RAP, RATTLE, BEAT, TWANG, CLINK, HISS, HOWL, RUMBLE, ROAR, RUFF, SHUDDER, WHISTLE AND GROWL WORKED OUT OF THE SOLID PLYMOUTH FOR 1960.

Each of these noises means something quite different to the engineer. Each was hounded out of the new Plymouth Dura-Quiet Unibody. This solid low-price Plymouth is truly quiet.

When the first 1960 Plymouths were built and taken on the road for tests, Chrysler Corporation engineers felt they had created just about the quietest car bodies that had ever been produced in the low-price field.

The only question was: "How quiet *are* they?"

The answer surprised even the builders.

They used sound-measuring instruments and discovered that the sound level inside the new Plymouth is exceptionally low—much lower than in most other cars. Many car noises that people used to take for granted simply aren't there. Engine and road sounds are subdued and dampened. Even the sound of the wind is hushed.

What is more, the new Solid Plymouth will *stay* quiet. New Dura-Quiet Unibody construction is strong, tight, simple and virtually trouble-free. There is very little to work loose and rattle. Unibody is a solid unit of steel welded to heavy steel.

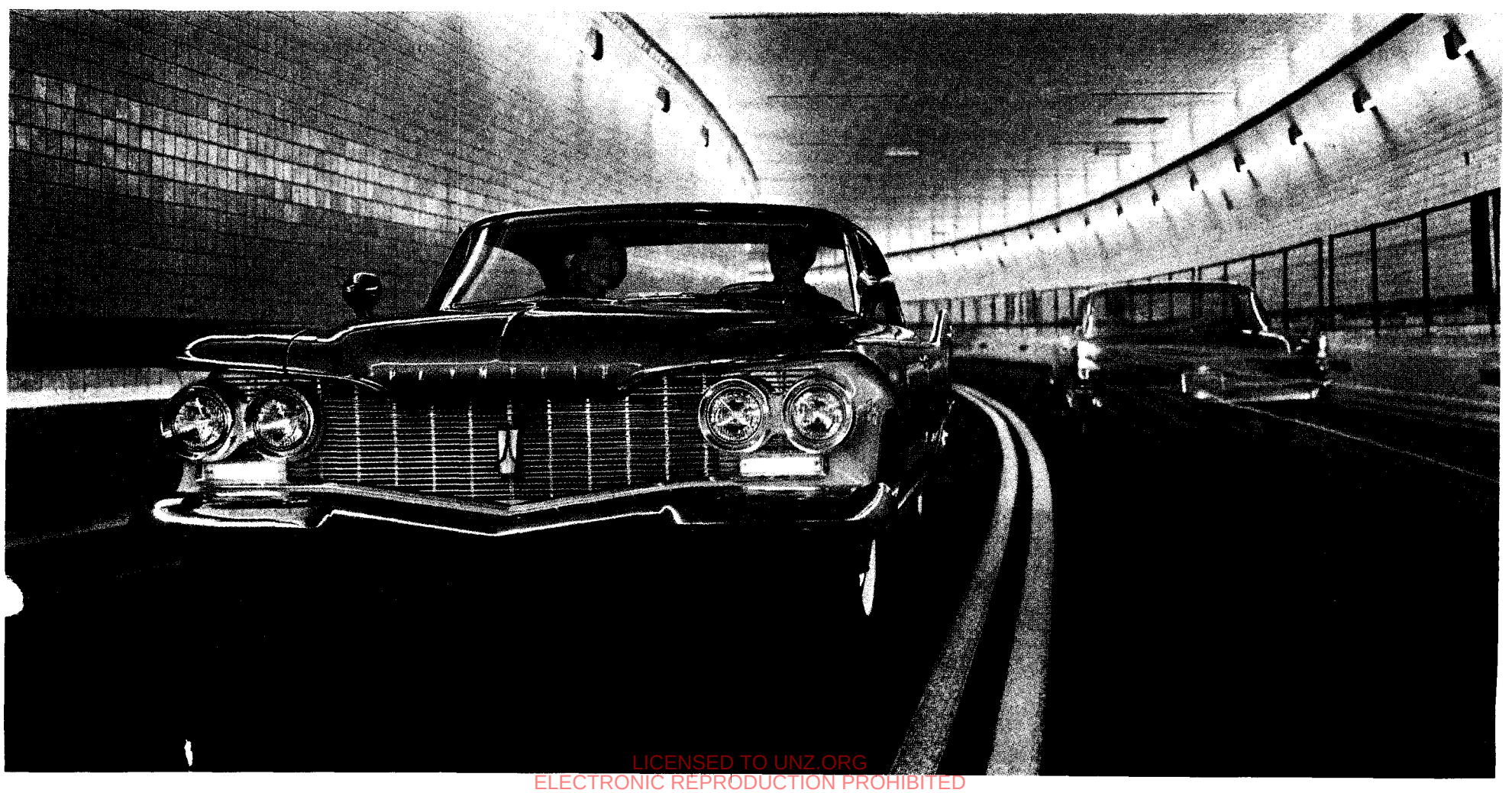
Conventional body bolts, braces, supports, struts and washers are gone forever. The source of many annoying noises is eliminated from the start. There are fewer parts to cause trouble and require attention. Doors and windows fit more tightly.

The 1960 Solid Plymouth is built in a new way. You will enjoy learning how different it is in a trial drive. May we suggest today?

A Chrysler-engineered product, built a new solid way to give you solid satisfaction.

SOLID PLYMOUTH 1960

Tune in "THE STEVE ALLEN PLYMOUTH SHOW," *a solid hour Monday nights on NBC-TV.*



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The Strange Case of the Hidden Rabbit and the Allergic Prince...

At the Pasteur Institute in Paris, the story is told about an Oriental Prince who visited this famous medical center. Warned in advance that the Prince was allergic to rabbits, the tour was carefully planned to avoid all rooms in which the animals were kept.

Someone, however, doubted that exposure to rabbits could possibly be harmful to the Prince. So, one of the animals was hidden in a room through which the tour was to go. Amazingly enough, upon entering that room, the Prince had a violent allergic attack!

How does medical science explain this strange disorder known as allergy?

Doctors say that an allergy is not a disease, but a heightened *sensitivity* to certain substances —such as pollens, dusts, animal danders, cotton fillings, foods and drugs. The allergic person simply cannot tolerate such substances. When they are breathed, eaten, touched or otherwise encountered, they set up a reaction which may appear as a skin eruption, a digestive upset, headache—and asthma or hay fever.

Great advances have been made in relieving not only hay fever sufferers, but victims of other allergies as well. Today, for instance, there are ways of identifying the most obscure causes of allergy and, in many cases, of immunizing the victim against the offending substance.

This is done by giving repeated, gradual doses of the allergy-producer. Such treatment—*if continued as long as the doctor recommends*—may greatly, if not completely, relieve allergic symptoms in 85 percent of the cases. Some persons, of course, are permanently relieved simply by avoiding contact with things known to be the source of their trouble—for example, a cotton-stuffed pillow, a dog or a cat.

Though allergic disorders are rarely fatal, doctors consider them serious. This is because the symptoms are distressing, and, in severe cases, may cause such discomfort that work, sleep, appetite and recreation are interfered with. As a result, both physical and mental health may suffer.

Prompt and proper treatment—and continued cooperation between patient and physician—are usually the keys to the successful control of any severe allergy. This is because so many factors are involved—including precise diagnostic studies, drugs for immediate relief, and the influence of the patient's emotions upon the onset and severity of allergic symptoms.

Although there is as yet no "sure cure" for any of the various types of allergies, patients who carefully follow their doctor's advice can often be greatly helped.

Allergy Foundation of America

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3¾% interest

on New U.S. Savings Bonds now in effect

and the Bonds you already own are better than ever, too!

Now U.S. Savings Bonds are a better buy than ever in three important ways:

- ***All Series E and H Bonds bought since June 1, 1959, now earn 3¾% interest when held to maturity.***
- ***Older Bonds will also pay more—an extra ½%, from June 1 on, if you hold them to maturity.***
- ***All Series E Bonds, old or new, now carry an automatic extension privilege; they'll keep paying liberal interest for 10 years beyond maturity.***

Three big new *dollar* benefits that make it smart to buy new Bonds —and hang on to the ones you have.

40 million Americans now own Bonds

But a good return isn't the only reason so many people buy Bonds. They've discovered that there's no easier, safer, more *American* way to save.

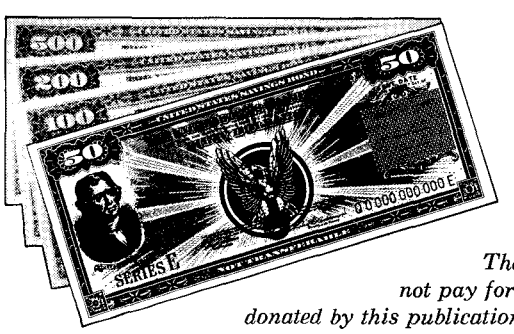
You can buy Bonds automatically through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work; you can buy them at your bank; your youngsters can even buy them at school through the School Savings Plan for U.S. Savings Stamps.

Help strengthen America's Peace Power

The U.S. Government guarantees that the cash value of your Bonds cannot drop; it can only grow. And if your Bonds should be lost, stolen, or destroyed, the Treasury will replace them free.

Finally, every Bond you buy does a big job for America. Because today peace costs money—money for military strength and for science; and money saved by individuals to keep our economy sound.

Your Bonds help provide this money—help America keep the peace. So, to build a brighter future for yourself and your family—and to *protect* it—save with U.S. Savings Bonds. They're better than ever.



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The Television Idol (Continued from Page 29)

you're awkward. You dress like a masker at Mardi gras. You're no teen-aged idol in any sense of the word. So you play a guitar. Why not stick to waitering?"

"Because in waitering there is only work and little money," he answered. "In music there is pleasure and much money. And besides," he continued, "a face like mine saddens the gladdest party, and the tips are correspondingly low. I am in love with a fine Italian woman by the name of Isabella, and we wish to wed, but she wants more security than I can give her by depending on tips."

"Those are cogent reasons, Cadaver," I said. "But all the wishing in the world won't put your name in lights or on bankbooks. Strange as it sometimes seems, the public insists on something either very good or very novel. That you are novel goes without saying. But can you sing?"

"People listen and ask for more."

The conversation was beginning to tire me, and I was thinking of my beautiful and delicious shish kebab getting colder by the paragraph, so I decided to put an end to this interview once and for all.

"Cadaver," I said, "I don't know or care what you sing, but look about you. Here in Oberhorst's Genuine French Restaurant are some of New Orleans' most discriminating music lovers. Most are stuffing their stomachs to fortify themselves for the ordeal of suffering through a concert at the Auditorium an hour or so from now. Do you think you could please them? If you make them listen and ask for more, I shall make you a zillionaire, but if you fail to elicit a favorable response I shall signal the waiter and have him remove you from the vicinity of my shish kebab. If the odds are right, turn loose your dog."

Cadaver looked long and slow around the room. His eyes took in the people, and he seemed to be measuring them, classifying them, sorting them for likes and dislikes. Then he turned to me. "The odds are right," he said.

I will never forget the next few minutes if I live to break Methuselah's record. Cadaver began to strum and hum so softly it was almost imperceptible to me sitting only a few feet away, but there was a carrying quality to his voice that reached the farthest corner. Knowing nothing about music, but a lot about people, I watched for telltale signs. In the beginning there was the "What's this?" expression on most faces, and then this turned into the "For goodness' sake, why here?" type of grimace. But after a brief return to their conversations the heads began to swing once more toward Cadaver and the deep rhythmic sound.

It was slow at first, like a train leaving the station, and you could feel the sadness and gloom of parting. Then the tempo quickened, and the past was behind and the future, all glorious and shining, lay ahead.

At one table I saw a finger timidly start to beat time, and at another a foot began to tap lightly. From the corner of my eye I spotted Old Oberhorst himself, red of face and pressure high with indignation, enter the doorway ready to slay dragons. However, a quick glance around the room registered on his experience and he hesitated, and he who hesitates, as the saying goes, loses the daily double.

Cadaver worked them around and, as he literally swept from melody to melody, each with a steadily increasing tempo, the audience went with him. He disdained rock 'n' roll, the cowboy's lament, the nasal whinings of the modern hillbilly. Instead he reached far back into the centuries, and there were words about the English bow, of a queen named Elizabeth, of the countryside of Devon. Then he crossed the Atlantic, and the audience was at Salem, burning witches and killing Indians. But Cadaver put a stop to that, and you felt decisions being made, families crossing mountains following a western star, battles and loves and births and deaths. And then he began to slow down, and as he strummed ever more lightly he returned each diner to his place, and the rhythm and the magic unobtrusively slipped out and quietly closed the door.

There wasn't the spontaneous applause that would have been sure to follow as a matter of course had Cadaver twanged to a loud, crashing finish. There was, instead, a sort of gathering together in spirit and, as the awareness of what they had felt, if not heard, sank in, they began to clap. The noise swelled to an uproar, and this cynical, blasé, critical crowd of diners actually rose to their feet and paid homage to this lanky caricature of a man sitting at my table.

When normalcy returned, Cadaver asked, "Do you signal the waiter?"

"Only to order a double helping of shish kebab for you," I replied. "If we are going to be zillionaires, we might as well be well-fed zillionaires."

The next morning I was not in the best of all possible moods, and as I sat back in my swivel chair and gazed at my No. 11 shoes making new scars on the top of my desk I indulged in a great deal of self-pity. Why, I asked myself, why did I ever get mixed up in such a crazy business as promotion when I could have been a first-class bookkeeper and married the woman I loved and raised little debits and credits? She had wanted security, but I had liked the thrill I received from pitting my wits against the public, the exciting gamble of a feast-or-famine life. She had disappeared about five years ago, and I had been too busy, bouncing from one worthless scheme to another, to do more than make a few random inquiries. All I had found out was that she had moved. It wasn't until after she had gone that I realized how much I needed and wanted her. Still, I rationalized sanctimoniously, a man must do what he has to do; and, if she had ever wanted me, all she needed to do was holler.

Since shish kebab sits heavy on a man the following morning, my attention was soon directed to the events of the previous evening. Cadaver Craig! What a freak he was. But how he had wrapped that blasé audience around his oversized finger!

As I was now his manager—Cadaver had willingly put his sprawling signature on one of the contracts I always carry in my inside pocket—I had better start managing. A few phone calls netted absolutely nothing in the way of night-club appearances, and it looked as if I might actually have to do some legwork when the door of my one-room office banged open, and Walt Woodward, music critic for *The Chronicle*, barged in.

"What's with the new musical talent I hear rumbled about?" he asked. "Some persons I know were at Oberhorst's last night, and they mentioned your name."

"The greatest folk-song singer in America," I said. "Tremendous, stupendous, colossal, gigantic, magnificent, superb!"

"C'mon, Pat, save the ads for the pay part of the paper," he said. "I need a story for my column, and perhaps I can also pay you back for one of the favors I owe you. What's it all about? You know nothing about music."

"All right, Walt," I answered, my brain moving with the swiftness of a third-stage Jupiter C, "here's the straight dope. He's the scion of a wealthy eastern family, but was tossed from the family fold for refusing to clip coupons in a dignified manner. Now he wants to make money in the undignified profession of entertainment, so *he* can ignore *them*. You'll buy that?"

"Nope," he said simply.

"He's a famous surgeon whose nimble and skillful fingers have performed delicate operations without dropping a stitch. The demand for his services tired him out, and he is in New Orleans enjoying a much-needed rest. He's simply playing the guitar to keep his fingers in shape."

"Try again," said Walt.

"He had a cruel stepmother who gave him uncooked oatmeal every morning for breakfast, and who walloped him with a frying pan whenever he refused second helpings. This set up a psychic traumatic block and, as a guitar remotely resembles a frying pan, he beats on it as a means of retaliation."

"Three strikes and you're out," grinned Walt. "If you want a story you had better make this good."

"He's a homely freak who fell in love with a beautiful woman, but she spurned him because he was only a waiter. He took a correspondence course, learned to play the guitar and is now out to make a name for himself. He doesn't know where the lady is, but he always answers the phone by saying her name with a question mark after it. He once heard Jimmy Durante end his show by saying, 'Good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are,' and he thinks this bit with the phone might someday pay off. His name is Cadaver Craig, and all he wants is money, fame and the girl."

"That I like," said Walt. "You're sure about the phone calls? He always answers by asking her name?"

"Starting this minute he has done it all his life," I said. "Call him at Jourdan's this evening and see for yourself."

"I'll do that," he replied, "and so will a lot of other people when my paper hits the street. Where is he booked?"

"At the Gold Room of the Dixie Hotel. The best night club in town."

"Of this you're sure?" asked Walt.

"If it is in your column this afternoon, he'll be there tonight."

"Good! Only one more question. How does he say this girl's name with a question mark after it?"

"Like this: Jean Marie?"

"Jean-Marie?"

"No, you're hyphenating. It's more like this: Jean Marie?"

"Got it. See you tonight."

The door closed behind him, and for a moment I was quite pleased with myself, with Walt and with life in general. I picked up Gene, my lucky green leprechaun—a small grinning figurine I have had for five years and which I use for a paperweight—and I thought how nice it was to have friends in the newspaper business.

Suddenly the rude awakening struck with all the force of a cobalt bomb.

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The Welfare Department threatened to take away the five Smith children unless their parents cleaned and improved their home to make it a fit dwelling. The frightened parents worked so hard cleaning up that their unwatched youngsters managed to slip out and steal from neighborhood stores. The Welfare Department promptly took custody of the children and asked the court to put them up for adoption.

"Their parents' best efforts obviously are not enough to give these children a decent home and keep them from becoming delinquents," the Welfare Department lawyer asserted. "For the sake of the children, and public welfare too, they must be placed in better hands before they become criminals."

"We are just poor, overworked parents who are doing our best to raise our children," the Smiths replied. "While we haven't succeeded in giving them a good home, we do love them and want to keep them."

If you were the judge, would you give over the children for adoption?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The parents won. The court said that as long as they were doing their best, they should be allowed to continue because "something more than the material things of life is essential to the nurture of a child, and that something is the father's and the mother's love. . . . Parents should not be penalized because they are not financially able to provide their children with advantages that more fortunate parents might give. . . ."

Based upon a 1957 Oklahoma decision.

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Cadaver's girl friend was named Isabella!

All in all it was an eventful day. Convincing Salvador Heinz of the Gold Room that Woodward's column would carry the story about Cadaver singing there was almost impossible. It was not until he saw the first edition that we came to terms. Then I fought through a rough session with Isabella, and, had it not been for Cadaver's help in pointing out that he was to be a zillionaire in six months, it is likely that she never would have consented to the Jean Marie bit of business at all.

"But I do not like this stuff about Cadaver not seeing me!" she exclaimed in such a manner that there was no hope of disputing her decision. "Cadaver will see me, all right. He will see me in the back of every room in which he sings, and if I so much as spot him giving the eye to some pale, weak-looking woman, I will take such steps that even the Borgias would turn their faces from the dreadful sight!"

That Cadaver would be able to see her in the back of any room was obvious. She was big, almost as tall as Cadaver himself, but it was not the ugly bigness of the amazon. There was, instead, a loveliness that seemed to border on the delicate, and in so huge a woman it was as surprising and as pleasing as snow in May. Generous helpings of *minestrone*, spaghetti and pizza had edged her measurements slightly beyond those so eagerly sought in beauty contests, but a glance at her figure made one wonder if the time for reconsideration of measurements wasn't at hand. Satiny-smooth skin, jet-black hair and flashing, deep-set eyes completed the picture of a most attractive woman.

"Isabella," I said, "in this business you have to give a little to get much. If you give up Cadaver for a short six months, you will be Mrs. Cadaver Craig for the rest of your life. Although"—I looked at her ample frame—"the first name in your case seems most inappropriate."

For the first time a smile appeared on her face, and her voice softened. "Mr. O'Toole," she said gently, "when we are married I will see to it that the name 'Cadaver' becomes most inappropriate for him also. In our family the men are all well fed. I will be known as Mrs. Clarence Craig, as that is the name he was baptized."

"And may your children be beautiful and may they all play music—like you and Cadaver," I said, smiling back.

"But only in that order!" qualified Cadaver.

The three of us clasped hands and wished ourselves luck.

The next few weeks were a publicity man's dream. I had a triple threat on my hands. Cadaver's sorrowful face, his pathetic salutation on the phone and his really first-class singing excited the imagination of the public. They clamored for more and more and more, and I was most happy that I had the contract so written that even the Russians could not have found a loophole. Salvador Heinz and I waved gaily to each other as we went to the bank, and Walt Woodward devoted his column almost exclusively to news of Cadaver. Even Isabella was happy.

Naturally it was impossible to keep such a sensation bottled up in one city, and offers began to come in from all parts of the country. I hemmed and hawed until I finally landed a personal-appearance visit on a Sunday-night variety show, televised from New York over a nationwide network. When the big night rolled around, Cadaver was at his best. That is, he was leaner and more sorrowful than ever as he told the master of ceremonies about Jean Marie.

He told how just seeing her makes a man feel lucky to be alive; how she talks in a voice never to be forgotten for its beauty; and of how wise and kind and good she is. He described her as appearing so fragile that a man wanted to stay at her side to protect her, but how there was steel there hidden away in the softness—that it was the steel of courage to face life with all its ups and downs—and how she might bend in calamity, but never break.

He told how she seemed to enjoy the world, as God meant for it to be enjoyed, of how she washed her mind each night of the pettiness of the day, to awake clean and refreshed the next morning. But most of all, he said, it was her eyes that were never to be forgotten. How there was the alertness and the sparkle that comes only to a blessed few, and which is a sign that separates the clods from the angels.

There was such a solemn sincerity about his talk that if I had not told him what to say, and if I had not known that he was in love with Isabella, I would have fallen for it myself.

Then he began to sing, and if ever a man made the most of his moment Cadaver did. He reached out through 50,000,000 television sets and shook hands with 50,000,000 homeowners. He sat with them in their parlors, in their dens and in their bedrooms, and he sang to each one individually. He sang not of cowboys, or gangsters, or of monsters from outer space, but he sang of love like the troubadours of old, and his voice and his song entered deep into the hearts of his listeners and touched them with poignant remembrances of childhood—of the feel of their mothers' arms about them, of the pure unselfishness of puppy love, of all the glad and happy things they had long forgotten.

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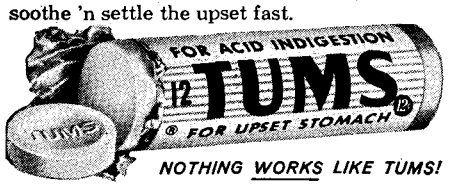

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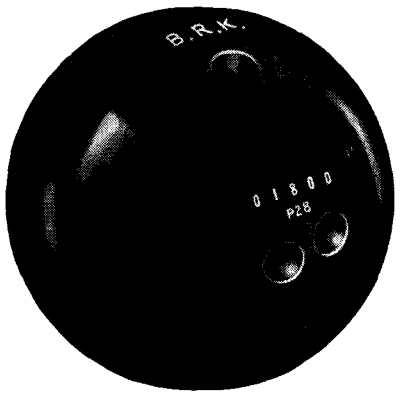

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If the studio audience was a sample, there must have been a quietness settled over America for those few moments, and for a little while, at least, the true values of life were recalled.

The phones began to ring before the program was over. The first wire came with station identification. The first half ounce of the tons of mail soon to follow arrived at dawn.

Cadaver had caught on like Hula Hoops!

The weeks following Cadaver's sensational TV appearance were busy ones. "We Love Cadaver" clubs were formed. Pins in the shape of small black guitars appeared on the blouses of coeds and dowagers. Bright red hats were seen on the heads of every imitator in the country. Cadaver signed so many autographs, pictures and testimonials that he got a callus on his strumming finger. The demand grew so fast that I hesitated to take an offer because I knew a better one would pop up the next minute.

However, one offer was too good to ignore, and I signed my singer into a twenty-six-week half-hour show on a television network. I made arrangements for the best professionals to handle the format, but Cadaver's selection of songs was left strictly to him.

The weeks rolled by, the money rolled in, and Cadaver rolled from one appearance to another, always managing to get back to New York for his TV show. Ten jillion Jean Maries called him on the phone. His costumes grew brighter and more elaborate. He consumed great gobs of food. But at the end of three months he was even leaner and more woebegone than he was that memorable night at Oberhorst's.

"What," I asked him one day, "is the matter? Here we are in Cincinnati for a personal appearance that will be telecast on a five-state hook-up, and you are knee-deep in sadness. Your pockets and your stomach are full, and the day rapidly approaches when you will have not only money and food but your own sweet Isabella. You are the idol of every married and unmarried female in the nation, and even a large majority of the males accept you. It is what you wanted. Be happy. Smile."

"I cannot smile," he answered. "If it were my looks or my music that people wanted, I could laugh all the way from here to Anaheim, but it is neither."

"Then what is it?"

"It is this Jean Marie bit you have me do. The phone calls I could stand, but to get in front of a camera and tell the world I love some woman named Jean Marie is more than I can take. It is Isabella I love, and I want to tell the world about her, not about a Jean Marie. Can we not change the name?"

"No, Cadaver, we can not change the name," I answered firmly. "When you asked me to help you acquire money you didn't qualify the request. It is now too late to make a switch. Isabella understands, so don't worry."

"I am not worrying what Isabella thinks," he grumbled; "it is what I think. Am I not established enough now? Can't we simply let this thing die a normal death? If I also stop answering the phone, people will soon forget."

"And they will soon forget you. The most elaborate candelabra attached to your guitar would not be an acceptable substitute. It is Jean Marie or limbo."

"All right," said he. "I will go along until the six months are up. I do not like it, but I have promised, and what I have promised I will do. But I am beginning to feel as if I am actually talking to someone by that name. Is there really a Jean Marie?"

"There was a girl named Virginia who once asked that same question about Santa Claus," I told him. "Let's just say that she is all the best of all the women in the world and let it go at that. Tonight when you are asked about her I want you to say this."

I gave him a piece of paper and, as he read, he began shaking his head slowly from side to side. "Not this," he said.

"That," I answered.

He looked at me for a long time, and then, after putting the paper in his pocket, he nodded his head. "O.K.," he said. "I'll see you tonight."

Although I shared the hardships of travel with Cadaver, I indulged in a luxury once in a while—and that was sitting in my hotel room, far from the crowds and watching the performance on television. Cadaver was familiar with the routine by this time and in most cases could take care of things without me.

This night was one of those times, and as the camera panned the auditorium I mentally counted the returns and calculated our percentage. It was filled to the brim, and when Cadaver made his appearance the crowd went wild.

It was now customary, once the whistling and screaming had died down, for the master of ceremonies to ask Cadaver about the mysterious Jean Marie. Tonight was no exception, and the first question he asked was, "What about Jean Marie?"

The familiar hush fell over the crowd, and the camera moved in for a close-up of Cadaver's face. I could see he was perturbed and, thinking back over our conversation of the afternoon, I began to be a bit worried myself. Would he recite what I had written on the paper? I turned up the volume and, like the audience, waited silently for his answer.

"I'd like to answer that, sir, by saying this." Cadaver turned from the master of ceremonies and looked full into the camera. "Jean Marie, I love you. I was a fool ever to let you go. Without you I am nothing. Please come back to me."

I sighed with relief. What a delivery! The sad face, the deep voice, the dignity! I picked up Gene, my lucky leprechaun, and rubbed his back for good luck.

Suddenly I grew alert. The show wasn't moving according to schedule. Cadaver wasn't singing. Instead he had returned to the camera and was starting to talk.

"Jean Marie," he said, "this time I am truly going to say what is in my heart, even though it may mean the end of my career. All of the other things I have said—about how wonderful you are—have been written for me. When I first started saying these things, I thought it was all just a publicity stunt, and I know that such stunts are necessary. But after doing this night after night, I have grown to know you and, what is even more important, I have grown to know the man who wrote these things I have said. If my music and my voice aren't enough, then I will go back to being a waiter, but before I go I want to tell you that the man who wrote these statements for me is Patrick O'Toole, and he loves you most dearly. And I"—here the big lug stood up to his full height and delivered the message with all the power at his command—"and I love Isabella! Come back to Mr. O'Toole, Jean Marie, and we'll make it a double wedding!"

The surprised shouts of the crowd were echoing throughout the hall as I reached over and turned off the set.

When the black dog walks beside an Irishman, neither kith nor kin can help, and he must walk, as I did that night, through the rain and the cold October wind. And as I plodded endlessly up and down the hills of Cincinnati, I lost track of time and distance and thought only of how my publicity stunt had exploded in my face, and—yes, and how Jean Marie must be laughing at a fey Irishman who would send an attenuated skeleton to play John Alden.

It was daylight when I entered the hotel lobby. I spotted a couple of reporters before they saw me, and I ducked down a flight of stairs to the basement, where I rang for an elevator. I was in no mood for reporters at the moment. After a shower and a good breakfast I would think of some statement to satisfy them.

As I neared my room I heard voices, and as I got closer I noticed the door was ajar, and Cadaver's voice was booming through the opening. "I'll find him today, don't you worry. Just you wait here."

Well, I thought, *I might as well brazen it out*, and, opening the door wide, I walked into the room.

Cadaver was there with two women. One was Isabella; the other was facing away from the door and was picking up my lucky leprechaun from the coffee table.

"Mr. O'Toole"—said Cadaver, with the first grin on his face I had ever seen—"Mr. O'Toole, here's Jean Marie. She just flew in from St. Louis."

The woman by the coffee table turned to face me. It couldn't be—but it was! What other woman could look like that? My eyes told me it was so, but my mind refused to believe.

"Jean Marie?" I asked.

"Yes, Pat. Jean Marie," she answered. "And all you ever had to do was to say what Mr. Craig said to me last night on television. If you will say it now, or if you will just open up your arms, I shall be most willing to come closer."

"Jean Marie?"

"Yes, Pat."

I opened my arms. The door clicked softly behind me. THE END

Night in an Oklahoma Wagon Yard

By Elijah L. Jacobs

Crossing the Territory when I was six,
We stayed one night in a walled-in wagon yard
With sheds for horses, pits for campfires, sticks
Of dry and crooked oak for fuel—hard,
And slow to kindle, but good and hot in burning.
The scent of prairie hay in the horses' manger;
The heady smoke of wood fires; salt pork turning
In frying pans; the black clay pipe of a stranger
Reeking with strong tobacco; dust and sweat ——
A wonderful, acrid blend! And then the noise ——
The jingling of harness; the clatter as women set
Kettles and pans to the fires; the dogs and boys
Coursing among the wagons in glimmering light ——
How gay it was, that rich and redolent night!

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Unforgotten Love (Continued from Page 24)

opened the top of the stable-type front door, leaned over and picked up the bottle of milk from the stone step. The morning air was fresh and clean.

A few people were passing by, holiday makers heading for the beaches, booted fishermen coming in the opposite direction from the harbor. The lane fell in steps to the street below. No cars came here.

How many mornings had they leaned on this door, elbow to elbow, companionably watching the little, peaceful panorama—the crooked houses, the chimney pots, the people, the children, the well-fed cats and, through a gap in the roofs, the blue sparkle of the sea.

He sighed and was about to turn indoors, when a girl, coming down the steps, stopped, smiled and said, "Hullo."

He looked at her without recognition. A pleasant face, not exactly pretty, but open and friendly. She had light brown hair, tied back. She wore a sweater and jeans.

She said a little doubtfully, "It is Mr. Taylor, isn't it?"

Then he remembered her. He said, "Yes. Hullo."

"Back again."

"Yes."

"You didn't come last year, did you?"

"No."

Please let her go away, he prayed. *Please.* It was stupid of him, but he hadn't reckoned on this. He had never thought of meeting anyone he knew.

But she smiled again, and said, "How's your wife? Kathy?"

He looked at her and for a moment he hated her, this girl with her bright smile and her bright small talk.

He said, "Kathy is dead." The words came out hard and solid, as if they would break his teeth.

Her smile stayed, ludicrously, for a second and then faded. Her eyes grew dark with distress. "Oh," she said helplessly. "Oh. Forgive me. I didn't know."

Her name came back to him then. Betty. Betty Cousins. She had been there two years before with a young man whose face John couldn't recall. Kathy and she had grown friendly. He remembered them sitting among the rocks on Porthmeor beach, talking, while the salt wind blew Kathy's black hair in strands over her face, and she ceaselessly pushed it back with an unconscious movement of her fingers.

The girl said again in wonder, "I didn't know."

He was sorry then, sorry for causing the pain on her face. He said, "There's no reason why you should."

There was silence. Two children ran by, their buckets and spades clanking. John looked at the milk bottle in his hand. He said, "I was going to make some tea. Would you like some?"

"Yes," she said. "Thank you."

Expecting a conventional excuse, he was a little surprised, but he pulled the door open for her to come in. He made tea and set the big white cup before her. He said, "I'm sorry about the cup. The crockery comes with the cottage."

"It's nice here," she said, looking round.

"It's an old fisherman's cottage. The owner had it modernized and lets it out during the summer."

"Did you come here every year?"

"Every year. We spent our honeymoon here."

"You liked doing the same thing?"

"As much as we could." There was a reason for that. They were not as other people. They never were.

"And now you've come here again?"

He caught the overtone of surprise in her voice and appreciated the reason. But he merely said flatly, "Yes."

He knew what she was thinking. Anywhere but this place, where every article, every sound, every shadow reminded him of Kathy. Where even now she might be upstairs dressing; where, if he strained his ears, he might hear her voice calling down, "Darling, come and zip me up." Except that he would never hear that again.

He had been obliged to come back to this place, where Kathy dwelt in every inanimate object. Logic and reason were of no avail. Logic said that it was no promise, and if it were, he need not keep it. Reason said that it was pointless, that he would only torment himself needlessly. But like a man under some compulsion, he had booked the cottage for the same four weeks; and though he had fled from Kathy in every other way, when the time came round he had taken the long road to Cornwall, and carried his suitcases to the door of the place they had loved.

This was the only thing left of Kathy. Everything else was dispersed or shunned. He had never gone back to the house where they lived, not even for one night. The agents had sold it—and every piece of furniture, every ornament in it. He had quit his job, left the town. He had even changed the car for one of another make, in the hope that he might less clearly see her sitting beside him.

He didn't want to forget Kathy, only to remember her without pain. But none of it had worked. With every breath he drew, every step he took, the fact of Kathy's absence, the fact of her not being there, stabbed him afresh. But in these small rooms, where everything was in the same place that it was on their wedding night, it was worst of all.

His eyes fell on Betty Cousins, and momentarily he wondered what she was doing there. He collected himself and said, "I'm sorry. I'm not very talkative."

"I'm enjoying my tea."

"Would you like a cigarette?"

She took one, and he lighted it for her. He was glad that she smoked. Kathy never had.

Betty said, "Come on. I'll wash up."

"No, please. I'll do it later."

"You can dry then."

Now that she had recovered from the disadvantage of her initial blunder, he realized that she was a competent, even confident, young woman. Her movements were brisk and effective. When it was done, she said, "I was going down to the harbor. Are you coming?"

"Well—yes. I might as well."

They went along the twisting cobbled streets. It was strange to be walking with a girl again, a girl who was not Kathy. Strange, but not too uncomfortable, for she was nothing like Kathy. Much smaller, her natural stride had little of the grace of Kathy's slow movements.

The tide was high, lapping on the slipway. They climbed down onto the sand and sat with their backs to the harbor wall. Facing into the bay as they were, it was sheltered, and the sun beat warm on their faces. Fishing boats, soon to be stranded by the now receding tide, rocked gently on the water. Some children were paddling and eating ice cream at the same time.

Betty said, "What will you do?"

"In St. Ives? Look around."

"See all the places again?"

"Something like that."

She pushed her hand into the sand and let it trickle through her fingers. "Do you want to talk about it?" she asked.

"No."

"Don't you?" she said gently.

He turned his head and looked at her. She had wide, green eyes. There was some depth, some quality in them that he did not understand. Compassion perhaps, understanding perhaps. But something more.

"Sometimes," he said. "Sometimes I want to go up to a stranger, anybody, just to say her name."

She put her hands behind her head. "You go right ahead," she said. "If you want to."

"You knew her."

"A little. She was so lovely. So alive. It must have been very sudden."

John stared at the stone arms of the harbor reaching out into the bay. "No," he said at last, "it wasn't sudden. At least—we always knew. 'Four years,' they said. And so it was. Almost to the day."

The stones of the harbor wall were hard in his back, the breeze stroked his cheek, bringing with it the sharp tang of the sea, the chug of a motorboat engine, the cry of the sea gulls. They all told him that he was alive, and the beat of his heart, the clench of his jaws told him the same. And the thought was bitter.

He knew that he was big, that his body was strong, that only twenty-nine of his years had been lived, and only four of them with Kathy. If only he could have given some of his time, some of his strength —— But he couldn't, it wasn't possible.

They'd been right to marry though, he thought. He still couldn't believe they were wrong, even with this pain, this awful longing for Kathy, who was no more. Much in love though they were, Kathy had been doubtful, fearful of the inevitable. He remembered how, with the love of her surging through his whole being, he had swept those doubts away. "We'll make four years a lifetime," he told her. For then, four years had seemed a very long time.

Ah, the arrogance of twenty-four. For even if each minute were husbanded and savored as it passed, still it did pass, and in the end four years, too, passed away.

Deliberately, without discussing it, once a routine was established, they never varied it. They wanted no fresh experiences. There wasn't time for that. So for every holiday they came to St. Ives, where they spent their honeymoon. At home they dined at the same places, went to the same places, did the same things. Now the thread was snapped, the routine was broken, and John hung in a helpless vacuum of existence, weightless, useless.

Beside him, Betty Cousins stood up. He looked up at her, again with a sense of surprise. He had forgotten that she was there. "Lunch time," she said briefly.

He scrambled to his feet. "Good Lord, have I sat there all that time?"

"It was nice in the sun."

"I'm sorry," he said, "really. I didn't mean to be rude. It's just that ——"

"You can take me to lunch," she said. "As a penance."

He felt a feeling rise in him, a feeling long a stranger. It was amusement. "If you can stand it," he said, "I'd be very glad."

Her green eyes with the curious depths regarded him. "When you do speak," she said, "you say the right things anyway."

They went to a restaurant overlooking Porthmeor beach. From their table in the window they could watch the long rollers sailing majestically in from the Atlantic. John tried to pay some attention to the girl who sat opposite him. He said, "Are you here on holiday?"

"In a way. I'm visiting my aunt. She lives here."

"And the young man, the one that I met ——"

"Allan. He was my fiancé."

"Is he here?"

"No." She rolled some bread into a ball. "I said he was my fiancé. Past tense. I was jilted, sir," she said brightly. "At the altar, you might say."

"Oh," he said, uncertain whether to express sympathy or not.

"In the modern, friendly way, of course. He'd thought it over, and perhaps we weren't suited to each other after all. It would be unfair to both of us, and so on. You know the line."

Coffee came, and John gave her a cigarette. "And how did you feel about it?" he asked.

"What a marvelous coincidence! You're writing a book and I'm reading one."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"I'd have the wretched man now. If it weren't for the trifling fact that he's married to someone else."

Afterward they went up onto the headland and watched the breakers dashing themselves into ragged sheets of spray on the rocks below.

The wind coursed in strongly, lending a curious air of intimacy to the words as they were snatched from their mouths.

John said, "What do you do? Your work I mean."

"I'm an old spinster schoolmarm from Salisbury."

"An old spinster—you can't be more than twenty-three."

"Twenty-five. But thank you kindly anyway."

They walked back into the town and along by the harbor. Betty stopped by a shop which had nothing in the window but different varieties of tea. "I've always wanted to try all of those," she said. "Russian, Chinese. Aren't they fascinating? Look, there's some Tibetan."

"Well, we'll try one. Not Tibetan though, if you don't mind."

He went in and bought some jasmine-scented China tea. They took it back to the cottage, and he brewed it carefully. "I'm sure it won't taste right in these great thick cups," he said.

"It doesn't matter. That smell, isn't it delightful? It's a shame to drink it."

They sat on, smoking, and talking desultorily. Outside, the shadows lengthened, children clattered by, homeward bound.

Betty said suddenly, "John, why did you come back?"

"I had to."

"To do all the things again?"

"Yes."

"You don't want to talk about that, do you?"

"No," he said quietly. "I can't."

Just a year ago he had gone to see Kathy. In the white hospital bed, her beauty was transmuted into something almost intangible, so that he felt that if he bent forward to touch her, she would not be there.

She smiled at him. Her lips were pale, scarcely defined, her eyes dark, almost bottomless. She said, "Hullo." To speak was an effort for her. Even in the absolute silence of that room, he could barely hear what she said.

He said, "Hullo, Kathy."

"It doesn't seem long ago that you were here."

"Just a little while," John said. It was many hours.

"I've been sleeping, I suppose."

"That's good."

Her eyelids closed, and he thought she was sleeping again. He sat quite still, gazing at her face. Then her eyes opened, and she said clearly, "No regrets?"

"No," he said, barely able to speak.

"Nor me. I'm so grateful. Thank you, darling."

His eyes burned, and his throat swelled until he thought he would choke. He bent forward and took her white hand, but there was no response from her fingers. They were cold and lifeless. And then he suddenly knew that she was dying.

She said longingly, "I would just like to have seen St. Ives in September once more."

"You will. Next year."

"If not—will you see it for me?"

"Yes. I will."

She smiled again, but her eyes were not directed at him any more, and the ice of helpless fear entered his veins.

The nurse came in and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Taylor. She gets tired very quickly ——"

He stumbled out. He never saw Kathy again.

So now he was here, to see it all once more for Kathy. Senseless and irrational it might be. In fact it certainly was, and so he had told himself. But he had to do it.

He looked at Betty Cousins and said, only vaguely aware that minutes had passed, "It was a sort of promise."

Betty stood up. "I'm going to change. I've had jeans on long enough for one day."

"Thanks," John said. "Thanks for your company."

She looked at him for a moment. "Shall I come back?"

"If you're free—if you can take it—if you want to be a good Samaritan."

"It's just the Girl Guide in me."

"Well, it helps."

"What shall we do?"

"We can go to the cocktail bar in one of the hotels. Or the pub round the corner and talk to the fishermen."

"I'll take the fishermen."

That night when he came in, John lay in bed and thought about Kathy. And it seemed for a while that she was with him, but when he woke up to find the sun shining and the cat scratching at the window, he realized that he must have fallen asleep almost straight away.

He hesitated and then opened the window, tucked the cat under his arm, took it downstairs and gave it a saucer of milk. It lapped happily at the milk, purring loudly.

In the days that followed, he did again all the things that he had done with Kathy. He sun-bathed on Porthminster beach, rode the surf on Porthmeor. Drove to Land's End, where England fell in a shower of jagged rocks into the Atlantic. Strolled round the shops in Penzance; stood mutely beside the sad litter of the abandoned tin mines. Took a motorboat trip to Seal Island, a black lump of rock where the seals dived and played; lazed on the harbor beach.

As September wore on, the sun grew less kind; showers of rain glazed the cobbled streets of St. Ives, and then he visited the art galleries, the potteries, the artists' studios; walked round looking at the museums, the shops selling arts and crafts and handmade furniture, the pub that sold pictures, the shops for fishing tackle, china, exotic foods.

And everywhere he went Betty Cousins came too, undemanding, talking when he wanted, sometimes inconsequentially, sometimes seriously; silent when he was silent. He knew what she was doing, but he had no pride about accepting help. She was an analgesic, a dressing on the wound. He was humbly grateful.

The last night, they walked slowly round the town—along Fore Street, up the hill, down by the railway station, on to Porthminster, back along the beach walk to the harbor and over to Porthmeor.

The wind swept drifts of dampness across the beach, perhaps rain, perhaps spray from the grumbling rollers. They leaned on the stone wall above the sand and stared through the darkness at the piling rocks, the occasional phosphorescent glints from the tumbling sea.

Betty wore a heavy coat, the collar turned up. She said, looking straight ahead, "Will you come back to St. Ives?"

"No. This was sort of a long good-by." He pointed to the right at the sea swirling among the rock pools. "That's where I remember you and Kathy together."

"I envied Kathy."

He turned sideways and looked at her. Tiny water droplets glistened in her hair. "Did you? Why?"

"I thought she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. And she was so happy."

"Was she? I hope so. It was curious," he said. "In some ways we had so much more than most people. I realized that. Other things we missed. Stupid things maybe. We couldn't squabble and fight in the way that people do and still love each other."

"That's a funny thing to miss."

"We just couldn't afford the time."

"You spent your time well."

"It was good. God," he said, the words torn from him, "I loved her!"

Rain spattered heavily and as suddenly abated. And Betty said quietly, "Past tense, John."

"I don't want to forget her!" he cried fiercely.

"Forget her? Why should you forget her? You've got to live, that's all. You can remember. You've got something to remember."

He suddenly realized that the wetness on her face was not all rain, that tears were running down her cheeks. Awkwardly he put his arm across her shoulders. Her body was stiff, only her shoulders heaved slightly. At last she said shakily, "Have you got one of those big handkerchiefs that all men are supposed to carry around with them?"

He gave one to her, and she sniffed into it and dried her eyes. "I'm sorry," she said. "I haven't cried since he told me, two months ago. I didn't think I'd have to."

"Betty," he said, "it's I who should be sorry. I've been so wrapped up in myself that I didn't think —— You're still in love with him."

"As much as you can love anyone without being married to him. I know it's worse for you. But that doesn't stop me from being sorry for myself."

They walked back under the iron street lamps, through the quiet shadows, the glistening puddles of light. Outside the cottage they stopped. John said, "I don't know what to say. Except, 'thank you.' Just for being here."

"I was glad of you too." She looked up at him. "I think," she said, "that Kathy had a good life."

She turned and went off up the steps. He watched her go, unlocked his door and went in. He switched on all the lights and wandered round the little house.

He thought of Kathy, of the things they had done together, their laughter, the love they had shared. He looked at the chairs, the table, the settee. But Kathy wasn't there any more. It was just ordinary furniture in a rented house.

In the morning it was raining heavily. He packed his suitcases and carried them round to the car. When he came back, he went up the steps and knocked on Betty's door. She seemed taken aback. He said, "I know you're catching the train. I'll run you to Hayle. You can pick it up there."

He thought she was going to protest, but she didn't. He took her cases through the rain to the car and helped her in. He drove cautiously through the narrow streets, until St. Ives was behind them.

No word passed between them. The only sounds were the hum of the engine and the swish of the windshield wipers. He pulled up outside Hayle station, switched the engine off, turned sideways and looked at Betty. He said, "I'd be very glad to take you home to Salisbury."

She sat huddled into her coat, her face strangely tight, almost apprehensive. John said, "If I did, I should know where you lived. I should like to know you better."

Still she said nothing. She twisted he fingers together as they lay in her lap.

"Well?" he asked quietly.

She turned her head and looked at him, her green eyes serious, unsmiling. "It's a long way," she said. "It's not the road you were going to take."

She's afraid, John thought; *she's afraid. Not of the same again, but of finding something different that might hurt as much in the end. She's afraid of the risk involved in trusting a part of herself once more to someone else. And so am I. I'm afraid too. Terribly. We share that at least.*

He said compassionately, "I have no particular way to go. We can take it gently."

She smiled at him then, as if reassured. She said, "If you're in no hurry ——"

"No. There's plenty of time."

She settled herself comfortably, relaxing in the seat beside him. He started the engine, swung the car round and headed for the main road.

Above, the dark clouds were breaking apart; the rain had stopped. A shaft of sunshine drove through a gap in the clouds. John turned off the windshield wipers.

They left Hayle behind and set off on the drive across Cornwall—back toward life.

THE END

"I think I was better off when my hostility was latent."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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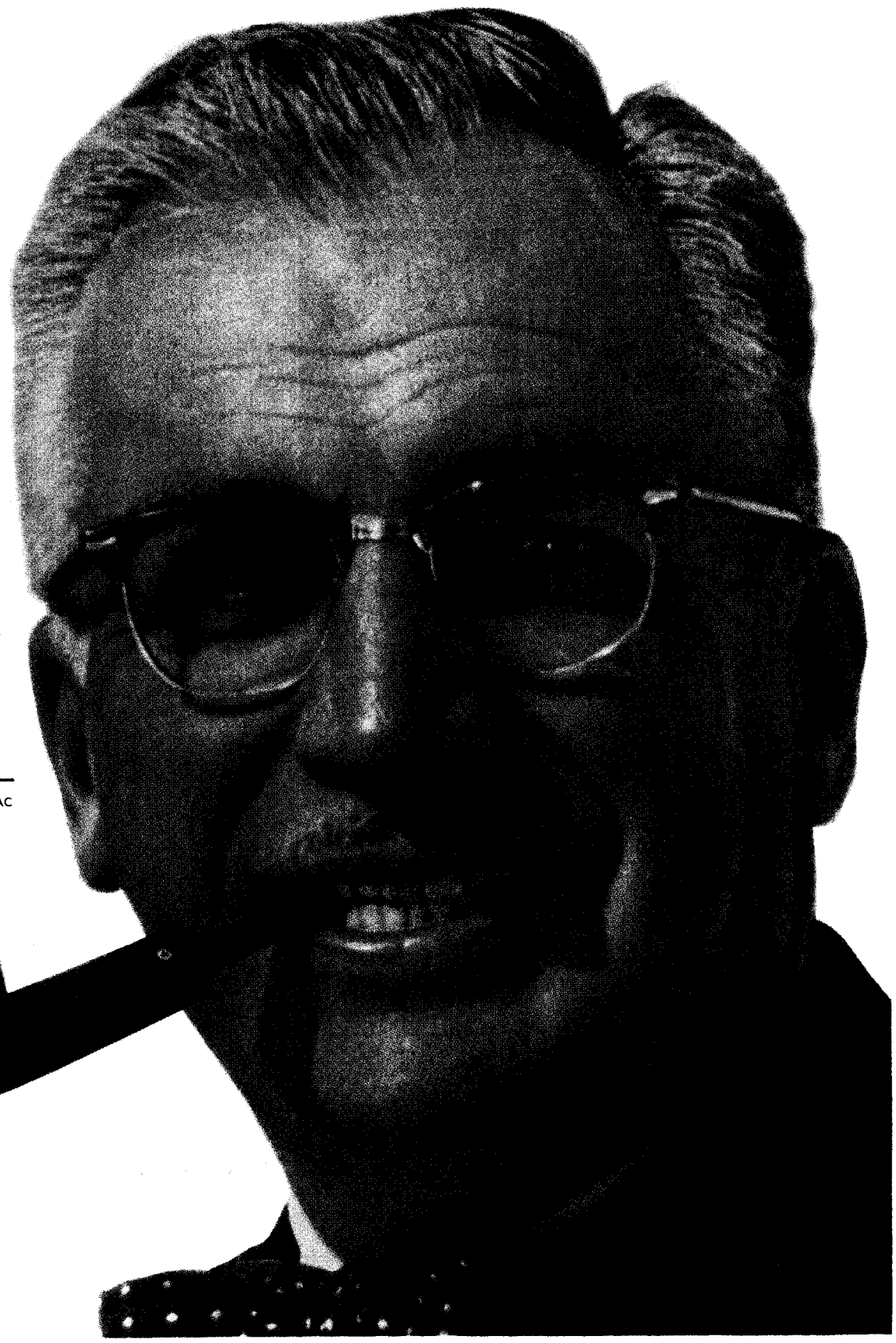

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Tropic Holiday (Continued from Page 33)

moon will not be up until late. Yet if the kidnaper sees a light coming ——"

"He might kill Karen!"

Bonito nodded gently. "I think, *señor*, that we must now take a course I have sought to avoid. We must separate."

"I suggested that in the first place, but you said no."

"There may be more than one of the kidnapers. You do not know this island. You could blunder upon the cottages, be seen or heard. You will not know who is telling the truth about renting legitimately. It is a far greater risk to separate, but now I think we must take it."

"Dammit, the marines did all right on Guadalcanal. Nobody gave them signposts to the Japs. Where do I go?"

Bonito smiled. "Along the shore here, *señor*. Simply work your way from cottage to cottage. There are three here, all supposed to be vacant. The next cottage is three miles farther along. You will have to come back to the road because there is a coral formation cutting off the beach. Then three more miles and a cluster of cottages strung out. The second one is owned by the Millers. You can't miss them—seven children. They may know about the rest. I shall try from there on, *señor*, and work my way into town. There may be a message from my wire about Hosmer Smith and *señora* Lily."

"Never mind Hosmer and Lily. We've got to find Karen before it gets dark!"

Bonito laid his hand on Doug's thin arm. "Good luck, *señor*. Be careful."

The Mick, his muscle-knotted body clothed only in the briefest of red-striped shorts, paced the living room with a savage restlessness. "Why can't I have my radio on?"

"Because," said Will Roth coldly, "your taste in music is unbearable."

The Mick snarled again, "Why do we have to stay cooped up in this dump? There's a breeze out on the beach. It's cool under the palm trees. With the windows boarded this room is like a Turkish bath. We've gone out every other day. What's so different about today?"

Will Roth's white hair was damp and limp. He wore his immaculate blue cotton shirt, still managing an elegant air despite the patches of moisture across the back. "Today we happen to be risking a capital-punishment crime. You see, Karen, this illustrated why, despite his strength, I was never able to make a ring champion of the Mick. Unfortunately even I was never able to figure out a way to do his thinking for him."

"When I get them books read, I'll be as smart as you. Smarter."

I can never get away from them in here, Karen thought. *Windows boarded, doors locked and guarded. Maybe outside I'd have a chance. Not much chance, with Will Roth's gun and the Mick's strength. But someone might see us.*

She knew that there was small hope of that. If there was any possibility of escape, Karen would have to make it herself. She forced a laugh she did not feel, "I think your big brother is afraid, Mick. Afraid a dangerous girl like me might escape, or that somebody might walk over the coral or drive in that awful road for pure pleasure and frighten him."

Will Roth's gray eyes remained cold. He said, "A rather transparent effort, my dear. Quite useless. I have no vanity."

The Mick said wonderingly, "No dame could say I was scared."

Will made a sudden impatient gesture. "The word is woman, not dame. I'm tired of the two of you. Very tired. I need to save my strength for tonight. You will put on your bathing suit, Karen. We will go out. On the beach you will stay by me, with the gun. In the water you will stay by the Mick. If by chance anyone should come, if you make any outcry, or attempt to warn them, they will be killed at once. You will be killed if you make any attempt at escape."

Karen was watching Will Roth. She did not for a moment believe that either she or the Mick had suddenly convinced him they should go out, after his refusing adamantly for hours to take even the slight risk involved. There was another reason for his abrupt capitulation, she was sure. She saw the large drops of sweat coming out on Will's forehead. He staggered a little as he got up. When the Mick wasn't looking he reached for a brown bottle and swallowed several pills.

His fever had come back. Will Roth had to get outside. He couldn't stand it inside. The fever was worse now than this morning. His eyes were too bright and his color too high. Usually his cheeks were a dead white. If only something would happen that he couldn't hold the gun! But then there would still be the Mick—the Mick without Will's restraining words or Will's gun to keep him in line.

Karen's hands were cold as she put on the blue bathing suit. She did not want to put it on, hot though she was—to have the Mick's blue eyes fixed on her body.

The Mick stared admiringly when she came out of her bedroom. "Say, those are some gams. I always did like dames with long legs. You're a little on the thin side, but you could fatten up."

Even Will nodded appreciation. "The human body, correctly proportioned, surpasses anything any artist can create."

On the broad sand beach Will remained far back in the shade of the palm trees, holding a book of Browning's poems. As the Mick seized her hand and ran with her toward the water, Karen saw over her shoulder that Will was coughing. His face turned purple; he doubled over, the gun falling from his hand.

This is why he let us out. He couldn't let the Mick see him helpless. If the Mick does!

But the Mick's hard muscular body hit the water with a joyous crash. He shouted, went under, came up again, drops of water glistening on his absurd blond mustache. The Mick wasn't much older than she was, Karen realized suddenly. Here in the water, laughing, diving, he didn't seem too different from any of the boys that Karen had grown up with in Pawnee Falls. Maybe if he had had the chance they did ——

"Do you have any family, Mick?" she asked. "Where were you raised?"

The Mick shook his curly blond hair. "I got a ma. Write her every week. Send her dough whenever Will gives me any. She's in the New Jersey women's prison. Killed some guy—couple of guys, I guess. I was born there and then farmed out. Lots of places. Nobody kept me long. When I was twelve I run away from the last place. I took care of myself until Will came."

"That's the worst thing that ever happened to you. Can't you see that, Mick? Can't you see he's just using you to do his dirty work?"

The Mick reached out a clumsy hand and knocked her over in the water. "Never could stand gabby dames."

It was a light blow as the Mick's blows went, but Karen's head rang, and she felt the jolt through her entire body. She knew she must not make the Mick angry or give him an excuse to put his hands on her again. Will Roth would not bother to come into the water to save her, she felt sure, even if he were able to. On the beach Will was leaning back now, exhausted.

Karen stayed under the water as long as she could. It was warm and very salty. She came up and floated on her back, watching the ever-puffy white clouds in a sky that was nearly as blue as the water.

"That's better," said the Mick with satisfaction. "You shut your mouth, you and me, we could get along fine. That floating looks like fun." Clumsily he tried to float too. "There's some skin-diving stuff in the cabin, but Will says I don't swim good enough to use it."

Karen, who was an expert swimmer, was not long in realizing that Will Roth was right. The Mick was plainly self-taught and clumsy; he wasted time and motion in the water.

Karen's heart began to beat faster as a faint hope came to her. *It's impossible. He's so much stronger than I am. He would have more endurance too. But I've had so much more swimming experience. I'm fast. I can swim under water. This water is so clear he could see me. Anyhow, if he couldn't catch me, he could follow along the shore. I'd have to come in sometime and he'd be there waiting. If he ever got his hands on me, even Will Roth couldn't stop him from breaking me to pieces. But he couldn't be waiting for me on the shore if it were dark when I came in and he couldn't see me.*

Karen called to the Mick, "I'm going in now. This sun is too strong on the water. It only takes a few minutes to get a bad burn here, they told me at the hotel."

"I'll take you up to Will," said the Mick grimly.

Will Roth smiled thinly at their approach. The automatic was by his left hand as always, and he appeared merely to be absorbed in his book.

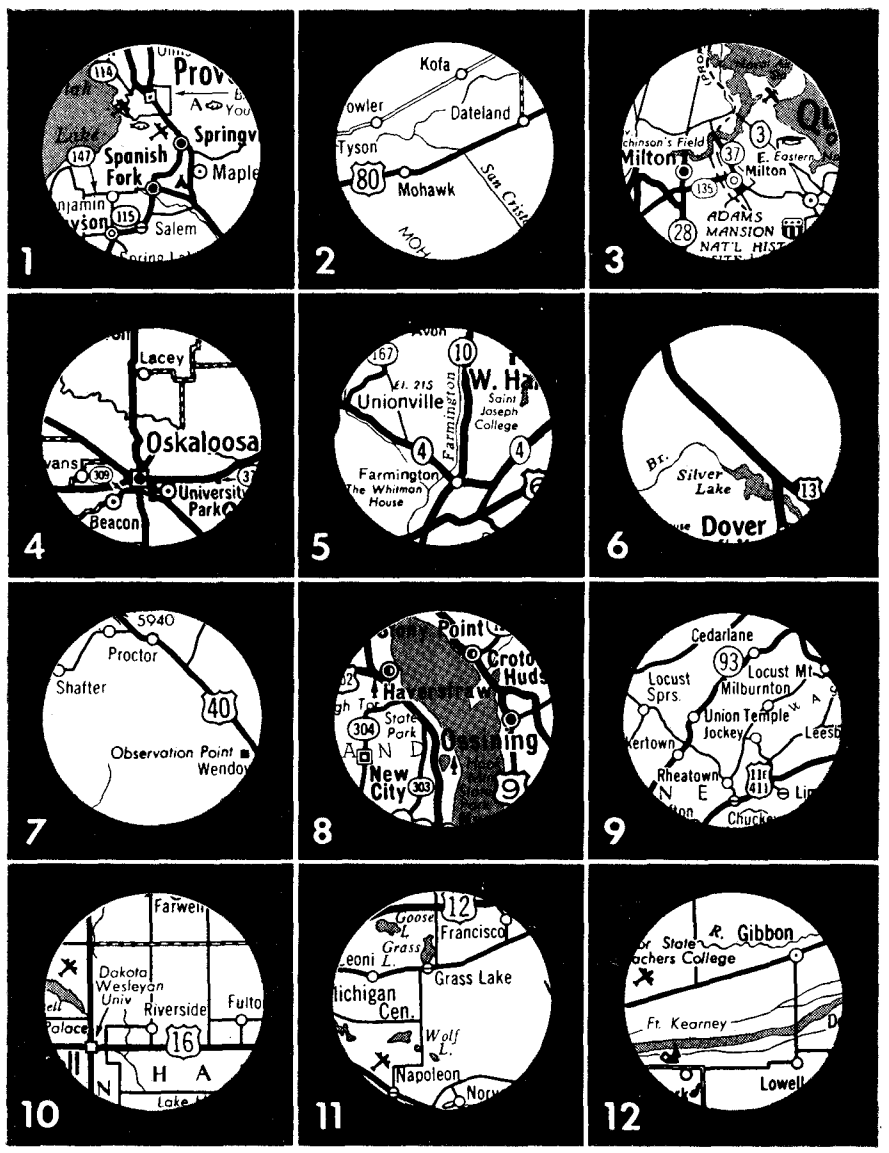
The Mick noticed nothing out of the way. He said, "I'm going back in the water."

Karen lay down on the wide sand beach, her head on her arms, watching Will without seeming to.

Will said in his soft, disinterested voice, "I wouldn't try running, my dear. I am a dead shot, and at this range I could hardly miss."

His hand is unsteady. But as he says, no one could miss at this range. I'm a fast runner. I could dodge, but there's no shelter for at least a hundred yards. I'd never make it if he has the gun. But the gun is just lying there beside him. If I could grab it before he does.

She rolled over, ostensibly to sun the other side of her legs, actually to get closer to Will Roth. Steady, she almost heard her father saying. Don't panic. Don't rush it. Don't make him suspicious. But she had to get the gun before



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Harley P. Cook**

(*Answers on Page 66*)

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Will got any stronger or the Mick came out of the water.

She waited an endless minute—then another. She turned again, idly. One more roll and her hand could reach the gun with one quick grab. Wait. No hurry. She was taking a sun bath. Wait. Wait.

Finally she risked turning again. The last turn. From here, in a few seconds, she would have the gun.

Will Roth picked it up, chuckling softly. "I'm not that far gone, my dear, and you can be very glad I'm not. I enjoy peace and quiet with my poetry. Roll back to where you originally were, ten feet away. And this time stay there."

"Do you mind if I get in the shade?"

Will Roth shrugged elegantly. "Not at all. I wouldn't want you to get a sunburn."

The mocking quality in his voice infuriated her. It also frightened her. In a few hours, Will Roth was saying, it wouldn't matter to Karen whether she had a sunburn or not. Because she would be dead and thrown under this tropical growth where no one would even find her bones.

Karen told herself firmly that she would get away somehow, despite Will Roth's gun and the Mick. Yet she heard the echoing disbelief in her heart, the mounting terror and despair. She was astonished to see that her hands were shaking. Lying untouched on the beach in daylight, she was shaking with fear.

Fighting for self-control, she fixed her attention on the Mick, who obliged by showing off like a schoolboy. He dived, he swam. Karen encouraged him as far as she dared. Partly to be sure that he was indeed a clumsy, inept swimmer; partly because the more swimming strength he used now, the less he would have later. If indeed she dared try escaping by sea.

Will Roth closed his book. "Picturesque place, isn't it? Historic, too," he murmured. "Not far from here, at the mouth of the Salt River, Columbus fought the first skirmish with the natives of the new world. He named this island, you know. Alexander Hamilton lived here for seven of his boyhood years. There's a monument to him down by the square."

Karen said, "What sort of a man are you? You read poetry, history. You paint, you can appreciate beauty."

Will Roth smiled. "As you say, my dear, I love the better things of life. Unfortunately the leisure to enjoy them takes money. Everything I have ever had of value in life someone else has stolen from me. The true value of my paintings, my health, my cure ——"

"Cure for what?"

Will Roth was silent. So was Karen, hoping that in his exhaustion he might fall asleep. But he picked his book up again and began to read Fra Lippo Lippi aloud in his soft voice.

"*The world and life's too big to pass for a dream,*
And I do these wild things in sheer despite,
And play the fooleries you catch me at,
In pure rage!"

The Mick emerged from the water finally, shaking himself like a joyous dog, and came to lie on the beach beside them. Fortunately for Karen, the Mick was in the process of acquiring a sun tan and lay some feet away in the full sun.

Karen's long slender body was still tense, though she tried consciously to relax it. Her hands had stopped trembling, but the fear was still deep within her.

I can't. I'm afraid. But once they have me back in the cottage, I'll never get out. When they have the money at midnight—but if the Mick catches me—and the odds are that he will —— I must try it!

She was calmer now that she had made the decision. But now waiting was worse than any action. She wanted to scream, to get up and run. Anything to end this waiting for almost certain death—by drowning, if she was lucky. Otherwise ——

She stared at the Mick's strong hands and shuddered. She made herself look at the seashell. Nothing else. The seashell. She knew that she must wait until the last possible moment, until it was as late in the day as possible. The closer to darkness, the less time she would have to swim before she could come to shore.

But Will Roth, she knew, would take no chances on twilight. She was right. It was a full hour before sunset when he said, "We'll go back now."

The Mick said, "I got a good sweat up. Gotta wash it off."

Will Roth shuddered elegantly. "Do."

"Could I go in too?" Karen's voice was unsteady.

She saw Will Roth look at her sharply. Then he looked at the Mick. He smiled. "Take her with you."

In the water Karen dared not waste too much time. At any moment Will Roth might summon them, and her one chance would be gone forever. First she must get as far as she could from the Mick, without rousing his suspicions. He dived several times. She swam a little the other way, farther out. She turned, laughing, and dived toward him. Then she swam a little farther out.

"Hey!" said the Mick suddenly. "Come back here!"

This is it. She nodded, and called, "I'll swim underwater."

A few more seconds before the Mick realized in which direction she was

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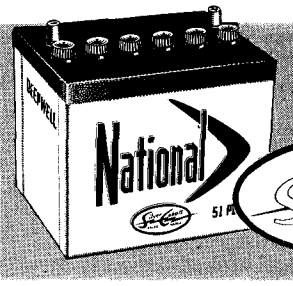

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swimming. She had about fifteen yards' start, plus whatever she gained now.

Behind her the Mick shouted suddenly, and Will Roth stood up on the beach. The Mick roared with fury and plunged after Karen like a wounded swordfish, leaping and plunging. He flailed his arms wildly as he swam.

Karen heard him when she came to the surface. She did not look back. She swam for the open sea, beyond the coral reef, as fast as she could swim.

I should save some of my strength for later. It will be a long swim—if I make it. But if I don't get away from the Mick now, nothing will do me any good.

She made a maximum effort, swimming as she would for a race, overhand crawl, head in the water, breathing evenly, stroking with the regularity which she had been taught. She found that she was not frightened now. She was racing for her life. She knew it, but it was action, familiar action, and far better than waiting. She risked a quick glance back. She was startled to see that the Mick was closer than he had been. Much closer. He splashed water in a white torrent around him. He breathed wrong. His stroke and timing were way off. But Karen realized she had underestimated his strength, his pure animal strength, which was carrying him closer to her, minute by minute.

She had thought she could not go faster, but she did now. Death, she knew, was only a few yards away, in the Mick's strong fingers, reaching for her. And out here there was no Will Roth to do the Mick's thinking for him.

She dived desperately. She swerved toward the right, underwater. It helped, for the Mick swam in the wrong direction for fully a minute before he realized his mistake. He roared and plunged after her with renewed anger. She caught her breath sharply. There was a growing, enlarging pain in her side. She knew she was near the end of her strength. She dived again. She swerved and swam. The pain grew. She knew she must rest or go under. But she could not rest. She forced herself to one more dive.

When she came up, the Mick's voice, miraculously, was farther behind her than it had been since the beginning of the chase. He was going toward shore! He roared, "The sharks will get you! And if they don't, I'll get you when you come in."

She went on swimming, somehow, lest the Mick see her exhaustion and come back. But now the pressure was off. She changed to a slow side stroke and rested between strokes. Presently she felt safe enough to lie on her back, floating. She felt an exhaustion which she had never known before. All the strength had been drained from her slim body by the magnitude of her effort. The pain in her side was gone now, and the strain she had been under for so many hours. She was free. No Will Roth. No Mick. No gun.

She realized that she was growing sleepy in the warm water. She made herself turn over and start swimming again. Slowly now, methodically, more to keep herself awake than to cover distance. Perhaps there would be someone in one of these cottages along the shore. Not much chance, because Will Roth had said there was no one for three miles, and she was not yet out of sight of their beach.

She looked back, picturing the scene on the beach, with the Mick facing Will's icy anger. She could almost feel sorry for the Mick now that she was free of him—almost. Treading water, she looked back. The Mick had run along the shore. He was even with her. He was shouting and gesturing. But it was not at the Mick that she looked.

It was at Will Roth. For Will Roth was not alone on the beach. Lying limply beside him, with Will Roth's gun trained carefully at his head, was another man. Karen would have known him anywhere, at any distance—his long skinny legs and arms, his tall young body.

It was Doug. Doug unconscious and helpless, hurt.

"Come back!" the Mick was screaming. "Come back, or your boy friend is gonna be real dead! Real quick!"

I should go on and get help. But by the time I get it, Doug will be dead, and Will Roth and the Mick will be gone. It won't save him to go back. They'll kill us both, anyhow. But I can't leave him there alone. If they're going to kill Doug, they might as well kill me too. This way we may have a few hours together.

She turned and swam back, slowly because she could no longer swim any other way. She did not go toward the closer place on shore where the Mick was, but toward Will Roth. She was using the last of her strength. She staggered and nearly fell as she came out of the water. But she did not fall. She went up the beach somehow to kneel beside Doug. He was breathing heavily, but he did not seem to be hurt except for a bump on his head. She stayed beside him. She heard the Mick come crashing furiously along the shore toward them. Her brown eyes faced Will Roth's cold gray ones. Both she and Doug were a few feet from Will Roth's gun, held in his now-steady hand, completely at his mercy.

Will Roth, who had no mercy.

Tonight Hosmer did not mix with the other hotel guests for cocktails in the lounge before dinner. He sat in his own luxurious suite, beautifully done in gold and brown Danish textiles and modern Danish teak furniture. He had tuned in his radio and was listening to the local radio station, to the program on which Will had sent him the message last night.

The announcer's voice was clear and pleasant. Hosmer had heard that he had been a successful Chicago announcer, but had voluntarily given up his job to come back here. He spoke with a relaxed, very slight accent that was at once prideful and facetious. This is the way my people speak, it seemed to say, and we are proud of it, and of our heritage, but strictly between ourselves, perhaps we can kid it a little, all in the family, with an occasional overemphasis here and there.

Hosmer shut his eyes and listened wearily for the message that he knew would come. Between records he listened to an account of a fire on a nearby island: the fire department had been unable because of a pressure failure to prevent the complete destruction of an expensive new home, but because of the presence of a high official in the Department of the Interior, who was a friend of the owner, the fire chief of twenty-five years had been summarily fired. Repercussions of this incident would reach the mainland ——

Then it came. Clearly, innocently, but unmistakably. "Will to Mr. Smith. Your home at one o'clock. We shall now play Memories."

There was a knock on the door. Hosmer switched off the radio. He would meet Will here, then. His hotel room. Tonight at one o'clock. Hosmer went to open the door. Bonito stood there, for once unsmiling.

"Your cab driver, *señor*. About tomorrow."

"Cab? I don't want any cab."

"Inside, *señor*." Bonito pushed past Hosmer and shut the door.

Hosmer's big figure towered over him. Hosmer stared at Bonito's incongruously gay shirt, his multicolored straw hat, tipped at a rakish angle on his dark head. "What are you doing in here?"

Bonito showed his credentials with pride. "I am Sergeant Bonito, of the police."

"You must be crazy to come here. Suppose you were seen!"

"If I am seen, I am a cab driver arranging about a cab with Mr. Smith, in the first cottage on the beach. It was a risk I had to take, *señor*. You see before you a desperate man."

"I don't want the police in this. You have no right to interfere. If anything happens to my niece because of you, I'll ——"

"I am aware of your power, *señor*," said Bonito with dignity. "You are a rich man, a powerful one. It is all in the wire."

Hosmer pushed back his black hair. His too-black hair, Bonito thought. Surely a man of Hosmer's age would have at least a sprinkling of gray.

Hosmer roared with the full volume of his big voice and his righteous indignation. "You dared to send a wire asking about me? Why, you little ——"

"Yes, *señor*. I have not the time. And I must ask you to lower your voice. The suite next to yours is vacant, but not the whole island. I have here a report on your history. I have read it and I ask myself a question. Why is it that a man of your power and wealth has so many expensive debts and such a small bank balance?"

"All rich men have debts. And what business is it of yours?"

Bonito's dark eyes were innocent. "Only that I must know where you are getting the ransom money, *señor*. And how the kidnaper knew you could get it on such short notice."

Hosmer opened his mouth to roar again. He closed it, swallowed and spoke calmly. This investigation had been bound to come sooner or later. His position must be straightforward and clear. He explained that he had had the money in his safe-deposit box, that he had liquidated his niece's estate prior to the accounting on her twenty-first birthday.

"And how many people knew this, *señor?*"

"How would I know? Anybody in my bank or brokerage office, my own office, for that matter. Some friends. Anybody I happened to mention it to. It was no secret."

Bonito sighed. He bowed politely. "So many people. There is then not time now to follow this matter. Of course, when your great FBI enters the case after twenty-four hours, they will follow it."

Hosmer stared down the path after Bonito. It was absurd, but he almost had the impression that this ridiculous little sergeant was threatening him. Him, Hosmer Smith! But he couldn't know Hosmer was involved. Only Hosmer and Will Roth and the Mick knew of the plan. Hosmer had not talked, and Will certainly wouldn't, but that stupid brother of his might have. No. Will took no chances. He would not let the Mick out of his sight.

Sweat had broken out on Hosmer's big face. He saw in the mirror that it was pale, frightened. Hosmer Smith frightened by an insignificant police sergeant on a sleepy remote island! He laughed, alone in the room, his big roaring laugh. He stopped suddenly, startled by the sound. His nerves were getting a bit ragged, that was all. He was glad there were only a few more hours of this. After the midnight plane he would give Will Roth his money and get Karen back. Hosmer missed Karen—missed her warm young laughter, her straight proud body, the fun of giving her things and seeing her brown eyes light up, hearing her pleasant voice saying "Uncle Hosmer."

A few minutes later, Bonito knocked on the door of a room in a cottage near the other end of the row of cottages. Lily Lewis-Patterson opened it.

"Hey! Bonito!" she said.

Bonito smiled and showed her his credentials. She stepped back to let him come in. He shut the door behind him.

"Then Doug did go to the police," she said. "I'm so glad. Have you found Karen?"

Bonito shook his head. "*Señor* Doug is still looking. I came back to town for a telegram. I have it here. About you."

"Me?" Lily sat down and crossed her slim lovely legs. She wore a tight-fitting cotton print, in blues and grays, which went very well with her small rounded figure and her platinum hair. She smiled at him. "Why should you get a telegram about me?"

"I sent an inquiry."

Lily winked at him. "Why didn't you just ask me?"

"Would you have told me, *señora?* Would you have told me that you work in a department store, that your bank balance was less than you are owing per day for this hotel room, that you bought only a one-way airplane fare and have lived ever since on credit?"

"Sure," said Lily. "Why not? I told Hosmer."

Bonito looked startled. "*Señor* Smith? You told him this?"

"Sure," said Lily. "Some people gamble on the slot machines; I gamble on myself. I take a first-class plane somewhere and then play the chances as they turn up."

"Meaning a rich man?"

Lily shrugged. "Not necessarily. I've had three husbands, and only one of them was rich. He wasn't rich long, either. I could have had a lot of rich ones. Mighty Muscles never had a dime."

Bonito blinked. "Mighty Muscles?"

Lily beamed. "My first husband. Sometimes I think that's why I'm getting fond of Hosmer, he reminds me of Muscles. Muscles was a wrestler—professional, I mean. Big, beautiful build like Hosmer's, only younger, of course. He was killed in a race-car accident."

Bonito slid off his shoes absently. "You admit then that you are living on credit? That you are on the hunt for a rich sucker?"

Lily stamped her tiny foot. "I'm looking for a husband, that's all. What's so wrong about that? I'll give him a good time. He'll have no kick. People are meant to live two by two."

"Particularly if they are rich?"

"All right," said Lily. "So it won't hurt my feelings if he's rich. I'm at an age where a girl likes to settle down with a lot of nice comfortable greenbacks. There's no harm in weighting the odds a little, taking a first-class plane, going to a good hotel. But if I fell for the bellhop, he'd be it, greenbacks or no greenbacks."

"*Señora*," said Bonito, "I am confused. Never have I met a lady like yourself. I come here with one idea, and you look me in the eye and talk to me frankly, and I believe you, and I like you. I can not think that you could be mixed up in

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Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 64

1. Utah	2. Ariz.	3. Mass.
4. Iowa	5. Conn.	6. Dela.
7. Nev.	8. N.Y.	9. Tenn.
10. S.D.	11. Mich.	12. Neb.

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anything to hurt this young girl. You care for the *señor* Smith, then?"

Lily nodded. "He's never had much fun out of life. He doesn't know how to play. I'm going to show him—after we find Karen, of course. It's silly, but I guess I'm in love with him. Why aren't you out finding Karen? Can I come with you and help look?"

Bonito's dark eyes studied her for a long moment. "Yes, *señora*. You can come with me. If the acting chief of police goes out searching the countryside on a night of the festival, there will be talk that he is looking for someone. But if Bonito and his cab Juana take out a rich lady tourist who wishes to see ruins in the moonlight—we all know the tourists are crazy. I am going back for young *señor* Doug."

Lily said simply, "Let's go."

Will Roth had changed to a fresh blue shirt. He stood elegantly in the doorway of the bedroom, smoking one of his Turkish cigarettes in his carved ivory holder. He looked at the apparently still unconscious Doug on the floor, and at Karen on the bed. "You're sure they're tied securely?" he asked the Mick.

"I told you. I pulled the cloth cords real tight. Nobody's going to get them off. But I still don't see what we're keeping these two alive for."

"Because I don't intend to run the risk of murder until I have the money to make it worth it. It isn't necessary that you see. Just do what you're told."

The Mick glowered at him. "I don't like it. Why do I have to be locked outside of the house, and you take the key? They can't get away."

"The danger of discovery now, if there should be any, will come from the outside, not the inside. I want you outside in the darkness to watch. The house will be dark."

"Why can't I have the key?"

"Because," said Will Roth, "I want them alive until I get back. And with me gone, you just might forget I meant it. Now remember, you watch carefully. Don't play that stupid jazz on that stupid portable radio of yours."

"Aw, Will ——"

"That's enough," said Will Roth. "I'm going now." He looked at Doug and Karen again. He smiled his thin smile. "I don't believe they'll get into any more trouble. I'll be back at two o'clock, Mick, at the latest. I expect to find the door still locked. If it isn't, you won't get your share of the money. Remember that. And I will still have my gun."

"What do I do if you aren't back by two o'clock?" asked the Mick sullenly.

"I will be. It isn't much more than a ten-minute drive."

"But if you don't get back?"

Will sighed. "Then, Mick, you will have to use your own judgment, and heaven help that girl and that marine."

The Mick chuckled deep in his throat.

Hosmer Smith came into his dark hotel room after a late dinner. He was puzzled by Lily's unexplained absence. He was restless with the waiting and he was tired. He might as well lie down until plane time. Besides, with Will Roth one could never be too careful. Hosmer wanted to be in his hotel room well ahead of time, waiting for Will in the darkness, to have the advantage of a solid wall at his back and Will coming through the door with the porch light behind him.

"Don't move," he would say to Will. "First we will arrange for Karen's release in a foolproof guaranteed manner. When I see her safe and unharmed, I will hand you your fifty thousand dollars in small bills. Not before. You have given your word that no one will lay a hand on her, and strangely the only thing one can trust you in is that when you have given your word, you keep it. But you are tricky, Will. Very tricky. I will take no chances on Karen."

Hosmer glanced at the illuminated dial of his expensive watch. Three hours to wait until Will Roth came at one o'clock. Outside, darkness had come with the suddenness of the tropical night. The moon was not yet up. The room was very dark. Hosmer reached for the light switch. Then he smelled the smoke of a Turkish cigarette. He saw its glow in the hand of someone sitting in the big chair, facing the door. With Hosmer silhouetted against the lighted doorway!

Will Roth's soft Southern voice spoke lazily. "Don't touch the light switch, Hosmer. I can see you very well as you are. My gun is aimed at your heart, and if it should accidentally have to be discharged, I would prefer that no one walking by should have seen me. I took the precaution of borrowing my own rowboat and landing in a conveniently dark cove just below here, so no one knows of my presence. And no one is likely to walk by. There's only one other suite beyond this, and its occupants have conveniently gone to the festival in the town."

Hosmer leaned against the door. "What are you doing here so early? The money won't come in until the midnight plane. You said one o'clock."

Will Roth chuckled. "So I did, Hosmer. So I did."

"May I sit down?"

"No. I prefer you the way you are. Such a nice big target."

"Why should you want to shoot me? That way you wouldn't get the money."

"Exactly. I don't want to shoot you. I just want to be sure you don't do something rash when I tell you of the change in our arrangements."

Hosmer felt a cold wind, though the air had not stirred. A coldness around his heart—the coldness of fear. Will Roth had always inspired this fear in him, and now, standing in the lighted doorway with Will's gun on him, hearing Will's disinterested voice say the "change in our arrangements," he felt it more than ever. It was not a physical fear, for physically Hosmer was brave where Will was not. This was something else.

"What change? We made an agreement. You gave your word."

"Not about the agreement, Hosmer. Only that no one would lay hands on your niece if she behaved. A condition, I might add, that she has already violated by trying to escape."

Hosmer drew his breath in quickly. "Karen is all right? You haven't hurt her?"

"Karen is all right. I haven't hurt her. You have my word."

Hosmer sighed in relief. "Then what?"

"The money, Hosmer. The money."

"What about the money?"

"You've made all the arrangements, as I told you? Your secretary is bringing the whole two hundred and fifty thousand in small bills in a briefcase? He will leave it for you at the desk when he gets in on the midnight plane?"

Hosmer said, "He will bring it. I have arranged for the two hundred thousand to be put in a safe place, without anyone but me knowing it, until I can return it. No one will ever know it was gone. I have also arranged for the fifty thousand I agreed to pay you. But it will not be left at the desk. I don't trust you that much. I don't trust you at all. You will get it when I see Karen free in a safe place. Not until."

Will Roth ground out the Turkish cigarette. He was silent for a long moment. He said, "I'm afraid not, Hosmer."

"You have no choice."

"I want the whole thing—all the money. And there will be no strings attached."

"You must be crazy. Why would I have got into this mess except to get the money to cover my losses? If I give you all the money ——"

"That's your problem."

"Why should I do it?"

Will Roth said, "To keep from going to jail for murder, Hosmer."

"Murder?"

"You can't have been so naïve as to think I would let the girl go? A girl who could identify me and the Mick? Don't move. Not one step farther."

Hosmer realized suddenly that he had taken two steps into the room toward Will Roth. He stood still now, breathing heavily. He said incredulously, "But you gave me your word Karen would not be harmed."

"I gave you my word that if she behaved no one would lay a hand on her. No one will. A bullet is so much simpler."

"I won't stand for this," said Hosmer hoarsely. "No matter what happens to me, I'll go to the FBI. I'll tell them all about it."

Will sighed. "It is so difficult dealing with a sentimentalist. What will you tell them, Hosmer? That you embezzled money, helped to engineer a kidnaping that led to murder? Two murders, in fact. That skinny red-haired marine is also our unwilling guest now."

"But you can't mean to kill them!"

"I do mean to kill them. Make no mistake about that."

"You'll hang for it."

"I think not, because if you should be so stupid as to go to the police, Hosmer, they will get a story to match yours—and from an unimpeachable source which has no connection with me. A story of someone's having seen you bury the bodies."

"No one would believe that!"

"No? When they find the gun was bought in your name, the shortage in your niece's estate, and find your driver's license beside the bodies?"

Hosmer reached for his wallet. "You don't have my driver's license."

"Oh, yes, I have. It was on the dresser. Careless of you. But any sort of identification would have done. You don't know where Karen is, and you won't know where the bodies are. I have no intention of dying in six months, Hosmer. I am going to live a long time in as much luxury as I choose, on as much of your money as I care for. Those bodies can always be found, and you can always be executed for murder."

"You planned this from the beginning! To murder Karen, to blackmail me for the rest of my life!"

"You didn't really think I would be satisfied with fifty thousand dollars I had to divide with the Mick, did you? Particularly when it is my own money, really. Money you are making on the formula you stole from me."

Hosmer said hoarsely, "I think I'm going to be sick. I know I am."

Will Roth laughed. "All right, Hosmer. Go in the bathroom, but leave the light on."

Hosmer was very sick indeed. Afterward he held his face under the cold water for a long time.

"I'm waiting, Hosmer."

Hosmer turned the light out. He heard Will Roth swear. Hosmer moved through the door and into the darkness of the room. Now he had the advantage. He knew where the pieces of furniture were. Will Roth could hardly be expected to remember, having seen them once.

Hosmer crouched behind a big chair. "I'm between you and the light switch. There's only one in this old place. You don't dare shoot, Will. You know I'm behind cover, and the sound would be heard. You might get caught."

Will Roth turned toward the sound of his voice. He crashed into a table, knocking the lamp over. "What good will these theatrics do you?"

"They'll get my niece back, Will, because if you don't set her free, I'm going to choke you to death. Slowly."

"I'll shoot you if you come near me!"

Hosmer noted with satisfaction the rising hysteria in Will's soft voice. "You're not so brave without the odds stacked in your favor, are you, Will? You always were a physical coward. How do you know you can see to shoot me if I rush you?"

Hosmer moved quickly. Standing behind Will, he had his big hands around Will's long thin neck. "Drop the gun, Will."

Will Roth dropped the gun. He gasped, "If I don't—get back—by two o'clock—the Mick will kill them anyway. Let's—let's make a deal."

Hosmer pressed lightly with his thumbs. "Yes, Will. We'll make a deal, because there's only one thing you value more than money and revenge. It's your own worthless hide. I want to know where Karen is. Now. Then I'll tie you up here until I get her safely home. And if I don't ——"

Will Roth said, "I can't breathe!"

Hosmer loosened his fingers, though his grasp had been light. Will Roth whirled in a movement of pure panic, not bravery. Hosmer tightened his grasp again instinctively. Only for a few seconds, until Will went limp in his arms.

Hosmer pulled down the window shades and turned on the light. He dragged Will Roth's long bony body, in its elegantly tailored shirt and slacks, toward the closet. Might as well have him tied up when he came to. It would save time.

Hosmer stopped, horrified. He felt wildly for a pulse. There was none. Will Roth was dead.

If I don't get back by two o'clock the Mick will kill them anyway. Get back where? Hosmer did not know. And now there was no way for him to find out.

TO BE CONCLUDED

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

All Things Are Remembered

By Charles Lee

As none recalls a rose
Without some knowledge
Of its little season,
Nor dreams its intimate
perfume
Without some antecedent
bloom,
So, too, the vaguest yearning
Far upon mind's farthest rim
May also have its prior reason.
Since, then, imagining
Is often memory surprised
(The very root of art),
One may suppose, perforce,
That immortality
Haunts us from a source
That wrote its promise
In the recollective heart.

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Tugboat Annie's Hot Cargo

(Continued from Page 17)

was gliding alongside the atomic power company's sentry-guarded, floodlighted wharf.

Waiting to greet Annie when she stepped ashore was a burly, pleasant-faced United States Navy officer who introduced himself as Cmdr. Owen Beam, and the tall, ascetic-looking civilian with him as Professor Langley, the physicist in charge of the plant.

"Pleased to meetcha!" said Annie affably, then stared at Langley with unabashed interest. "So you're one o' these eggshell perfessers I bin hearin' about," she said, impressed. "Well, well! It's a small world! But where's yer lead suit?"

"Oh, we—er—eggshells only wear that when we're working," he said, eyes twinkling. "But let's look your tow over, captain, while Commander Beam briefs you ——" and he led the way on board a nearby barge.

It was a specially designed, steel, pontoon type with a decked-over hold and heavy, protected hatch covers clamped down and locked, and a compressed-air dumping mechanism under a small housing. One turn of a valve handle, Beam explained, caused the divided hold bottom to swing down and out and void its contents; and a reversed twist closed it again and pumped out any sea water, ready for another load.

"So all you do," Beam concluded as they returned to the *Narcissus*, "is take her offshore over the thousand-fathom depth, drop the cargo and close the hold. And if you follow instructions exactly, there should be no risk."

"What's she carryin'?" Annie asked curiously. "Platonic bums?"

Smiling, Langley explained. The cargo was a number of metal containers, each six by twenty-one feet and weighing more than a ton apiece, filled with "hot" sodium—the radioactive waste left over from construction, in the plant, of atomic units for nuclear-powered Government vessels and submarines.

"Every container," he told her, "is rigged to explode when it hits sea bottom, and the sodium is carried harmlessly away. But any accident in dumping them," he warned, "can be extremely dangerous!"

"Accident?" Annie replied. "What kinda accident?"

"Anything that might punch a hole in a container if it's improperly dropped. Because the second that water reaches that sodium it might explode. And ——" He stopped, looked at Beam.

"And you, and everybody else within quite an area, captain," Beam finished for him soberly, "will have had it! But with common-sense precaution, that's not likely to happen. And now"—he shook hands—"good-by and good luck!"

Two hours later, with the barge lashed securely alongside, the *Narcissus* plowed steadily across the smoothly heaving, island-studded waters toward Totem-pole Pass, a wide, deep, gently curving channel between high, densely forested hills. Along the twenty-mile length of the channel were scattered totem poles of unknown antiquity, abandoned Indian villages, and decayed funeral platforms built up in the trees.

The moon was gone now, the night brilliant with stars; and as Annie left her cabin to relieve Peter at the wheel, automatically her practiced glance swept sea and sky, noting, just a few miles ahead, the flash of the Totem-pole Pass entrance beacon, and astern the running lights of a following vessel, while close abeam was the rugged shore of Squaw Island. Then, drinking in the pure, fresh sea air, and filled with happy energy, she joined Peter.

"Looks kinda dark out now wi' the moon down," he commented.

"Yeah. But they's plenty o' starlight. Know what my old ma used to call the stars when I was little, Peter? The bright, laughin' eyes o' God's children. Ain't that sweet?"

"Sure is, Annie." He added, as she poured herself a mug of steaming coffee from the carafe, "Bullwinkle still follow in' us?"

Annie choked, spraying coffee. "Wha-what's that?" she demanded.

"You heerd me," said Peter calmly. "Hank spotted him skulkin' behind Cedar Point back along Squaw Island there, near an hour ago. After we passed he took out after us—an' don't tell me he ain't tailin' us, Annie, because when I change speed he does too."

"Jingle Big Sam fer more revs!" snapped Annie; and as the engine-room signal sounded she dashed outside and stared astern, while the propeller beat sharply increased. Then, almost at once, it decreased and, after a rumbling flurry, ceased altogether.

"We're stoppin'!" Peter yelled. "What goes on, here?"

But already Annie was pounding down the ladder to the engine room, where she collided with Big Sam, who was hastening topside.

"Don't blame me, Annie!" he blurted, red-faced and sweating. "Them bunkers was full when we went up to that dance!"

"Blame ye fer what? Why have we stopped?"

"We're plumb out o' fuel oil! And I can't figure why! The oil-dock boys even stayed late to give us all we needed! I remember that because Bullwinkle yelled at them to bunker him before they quit, and they told him he'd hafta wait till mornin'!"

"Bullwinkle!" Instantly Annie had the answer. "Him wid no fuel—an' he's way out here—astarn of us—right now! O-oh, brother!"

Before Big Sam could answer, they were deafened by the hoarse roar of the *Salamander's* siren and, pushing a huge

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Anybody with peace of mind these days probably doesn't have much of a mind.

The way some parents punish their children you'd think they were interested only in bringing up the rear.

A woman is never illogical. Except, of course, for some logical reason.

The safest way to cross the street is infrequently.

Memory is what reminds you that you've forgotten something you can't recall.

Most women don't approve of gossip. Enjoying it is enough.

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bow wave, she surged up close alongside and stopped, while Mr. Bullwinkle, stepping from his wheelhouse, swaggered to the rail and calmly surveyed the helpless *Narcissus* and her tow. Then, "Ah, there, Fatso!" he cried in artless surprise. "Fancy seein' you here! What happened—yer bottom rot out?"

"Ye know dang well what happened, ye thief!" Annie roared furiously. "Gittin' Shif'less drunk, then pumpin' our fuel oil into yer *Salamander* ——"

"Try an' prove that!" he jeered.

"—an' leavin' jest enough so's we'd have a breakdown an' you could take over our tow! Of all the crawlin', creepin' ——"

"Well, now ya mention it, I might just do that. Because—let's face it, dear—who else can? So ya better quit steamin' an' start thinkin'!"

"He's right, Annie," Big Sam muttered. "Anythin' happens to that barge wi' the cargo she's got, we'll be in muck up to here! Ya better let him have it an' settle in court later!"

But Annie, blind with rage, violently refused until, suddenly spying Shiftless hovering nervously in the background, she dealt him a flying kick that shot him clear to the fantail; and, with pent-up feelings thus discharged, she gloweringly consented to deal with the perfidious and grinning Mr. Bullwinkle, while Peter and the others got the anchor down.

"That's my girl—always agreeable if ya hafta be," her rival commented chattily as he boarded the *Narcissus* and followed Annie to the messroom. "Got any cold beer handy?"

"Yeah. I do have," she answered, stony-eyed. "Why?"

"Nothin'! Skip it, ye nasty-tempered old dugong!" he rasped.

"That," said Annie grimly, "is more like yer ugly self. Now, then—what's yer terms—the usual take-it-an'-like-it bit?"

This, he agreed, was exactly it. So he demanded, and Annie bitterly had to concede him, the barge job, including towing fee and a like sum in lieu of salvage which, he cheerfully admitted, no admiralty court in its right mind ever would award him. Also—which gagged her most—he must be proclaimed innocent in the matter of the peregrinating fuel oil. "Furthermore," Mr. Bullwinkle stipulated as he got up to go, "ya gotta stay away from them atomic-power-plant guys an' leave their towin' jobs to me!"

"Git goin'!" Annie snapped, "afore I sock ye one an' bounce ye on yer brains!"

Flashlight in hand, she took him to the barge and parroted Professor Langley's instructions. But Mr. Bullwinkle, anxious now to be under way, paid scant attention and hustled back to his tug. Then, with one leg over the rail, he turned back to her.

"But say, pal," he said, with elaborate concern, "what about the *Narcissus?* Where yore anchored here is poor holdin' ground; an' when the tide comes tearin' back outta the pass tomorra ya'll drag yore hook fer sure! But look!" he pointed to nearby Squaw Island. "'Bout three, four mile along there is Deep Cove, with a dock where some big fish-liver-oil storage tanks is. You know—the fishermen discharges their oil into 'em for transshipment ——"

"How come you know these waters so well?" Annie interrupted.

"There's a big drug-manufacturin' company in Secoma uses the oil in makin' vitamin pills, an' I towed a few tank-barge loads down to 'em from here coupla years ago. Well, I could tow ya to the cove—it's on the way to the pass—an' pick ya up tomorra an' take ya back to Port Chilkat ——"

"An' all it'll cost me is a extra five hundred bucks! Is that it?" Annie demanded wrathfully. "Well, I wouldn't take a tow from you if I had to stick a fedder in me tail an' fly back. So beat it afore I tear yer skellington out an' use it fer a hat rack!"

Belligerently she watched his hasty retreat along the deck; for he knew from past experience how far he could goad her without actual physical retaliation. Then she returned to the *Narcissus* and, after setting a deck watch and ordering Clem, the radio operator, to raise Port Chilkat and arrange for dispatch of a refueling barge in the morning, Annie trudged dispiritedly to her cabin.

Less than an hour later she was startled awake by frantic banging on her door and Clem's urgent voice. "Annie! Annie! Wake up! The *Salamander*'s in trouble!"

"What trouble?" Already Annie was out of her bunk and grabbing her clothes.

"Bullwinkle hit something in the pass—probably a deadhead from a log spill. His propeller's jammed against the rudder, and him and the barge are driftin' down out of control!"

"Oh, brother!" Only half-dressed, Annie opened the door. "How'd ye find out?"

"I was still at the set trying to raise Port Chilkat when I caught his SOS. He's been calling the Coast Guard, Navy, shipping—anybody he can reach!"

"Can ye raise him on the radiophone? If not, keep tryin'! That barge is murder! He's got to cut it adrift! Make him see that, Clem! He's too dumb to realize ——"

But Clem already was running back to the radio shack; so, quickly finishing dressing, Annie roused Peter and Big Sam, then shook Pinto, the cook, awake and ordered him to bring sandwiches and coffee to the messroom, where she had told the others to meet.

"If this ain't a bind, Annie," groaned Big Sam. "Wi' full tanks we could overtake 'em before they got out o' the pass an' tow 'em clear. But ya can't run diesels on hot air—an' that's all that skunk Bullwinkle left us. I'm tellin' ya—if any man ever deserved this, though ——"

"It ain't on'y him, Sam," Annie pointed out somberly. "They's six others on that tug wid him. An' even if they git outta the pass safe, there's still Crescent Reef!"

"Yeah—I was thinkin' about that, too, Annie!" said Peter.

"Crescent Reef?" Big Sam asked.

"It's a big two-mile string o' half-submerged rocks off the end o' Totem-pole Pass," Annie told him. "An' heavy surf breaks over 'em even when the sea's flat. If they hit that, an' the barge explodes, all them containers ——"

She broke off as Clem pounded along the deck and opened the door. "Coast Guard's broadcasting a general Menace to Navigation alarm to all shipping to stay clear of the pass and the approaches," he reported. "And a cutter's leaving Petersburg ——"

"That's more'n two hundred miles!" Peter rumbled.

"—and a Canadian destroyer from Prince Rupert," Clem finished.

"All that engine power an' speed," said Big Sam harshly. "And it ain't worth what one tankful of oil would be to us! Any kind of oil, almost, that could burn! An' here we sit—the on'y ones near enough to help—as useless as a fish out o' water."

"Sam!" Annie's voice was tense. "What ye said jest now about any kinda oil. Would that go fer—fer fish-liver oil too?"

"Why—why, yes, I guess so," Big Sam replied. "In fact, I read someplace where a Scotch trawler with a hold full of it run out o' fuel in bad weather an' used it to get home on."

"A diesel trawler?" asked Annie quickly.

"Yeah—it was. Cost him about twelve hundred dollars—it's pretty expensive stuff—but in a North Sea winter without fuel I guess it was worth it. Why d'ye ask, Annie?"

"Oh, nothin'," Annie said bitterly now. "Jest a idear I had what can't be made to work when we're stuck here, not able to move, anyway. Clem, git back up an' keep tryin' till ye git through to Bullwinkle. Or wait—here's Pinto wid the coffee. Ye kin take some up wid ye."

"Well, at least the galley range is burnin'," Peter grunted. "Good thing the tank's so small, or Bullwinkle might ha' drained that too. Sam, if ya're through wi' the sugar ——"

There was a crash, and they swung around, staring.

"It was me!" said Annie, on her feet and mopping coffee from her front. And again her blue eyes were ablaze. "I dropped me cup—an' who cares! Sam, I'm a fool not to think of it afore! But if the galley fuel was in yer bunkers, would there be enough to take us three or four mile?"

"Just about, Annie. But what good ——"

"Never mind that!" she yelled triumphantly. "Transfer it! Siphon it! Whatever ye hafta do! Git goin', quick! Peter, kick Hank an' Shif'less up on deck an' raise the hook, then hustle up to the wheelhouse!"

"But—but what for, Annie?" Peter stammered, dumfounded. "Where are we go——"

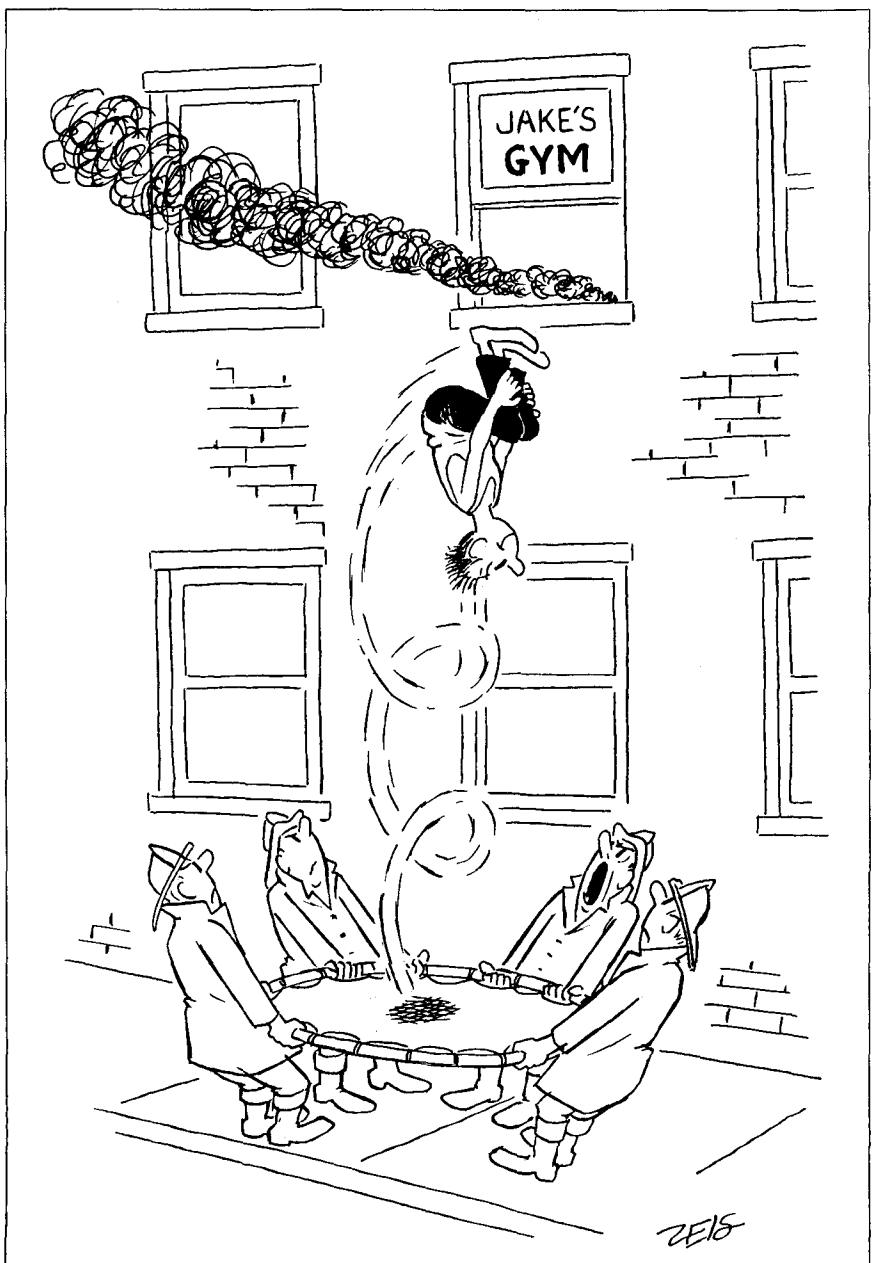
"To Deep Cove, o' course! Where else?" Annie, a sparking dynamo now, shoved them impatiently toward the door. "Come on, come on! Shake the ballast out! What the blue-starred hell we waitin' fer?"

It was daybreak when the *Narcissus*, at top speed, raced into Totem-pole Pass, with Peter, who was at the wheel, taking expert advantage of every current and eddy. Anxiety had been heightened when, just before leaving the anchorage, Clem finally had reached the *Salamander* with Annie's urgent plea to cut the barge adrift; but in mid-speech Mr. Bullwinkle's static-garbled reply abruptly had ceased, and nothing further had been heard. So a tense and constant watch was maintained on the waters ahead.

Then as the *Narcissus* rounded a jutting bluff two thirds of the way through, Hank yelled and pointed from the top of the wheelhouse to where, about a half mile ahead, the *Salamander* lay stranded, broadside to, on a tide-covered sandbar at the foot of a high, sheer precipice, with the sodden, frightened crew clustered dejectedly outside the galley, and the severed barge lines hanging raggedly overside.

At the jubilant shouts of his crew Mr. Bullwinkle scuttled quickly out on deck and stared at the rapidly approaching *Narcissus* as avidly as his men; but by the time she was within hailing distance he had assumed an indifferent, hands-in-pockets slouch against the housing and an expression of bovine vacuity.

Still moving fast, the *Narcissus* swung closer inshore, and Annie leaned over



"All right—knock it off."

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the rail. "Hi, there, Robin Caruso!" she bawled. "See what tanglin' wid me gits ye—a wet behind an' a empty gut! So how do ye like it?"

"Great—till you sprouted up," he replied indifferently.

"O.K. I'll leave ye to enj'y it! An' if ye git fed up waitin', ye kin allus parlay yer monkey blood into a shinny up that cliff!" she gibed and, with a long whistle blast, the *Narcissus* swept on.

"Stupid ass never even axed where we got the fuel oil!" Annie snapped, incensed, to Peter. "But never mind—I'll leave no stone unthrowed to even up wid him when we get back."

"If we do get back, Annie," Peter amended bluntly—a chill reminder of what might lie ahead; for the barge could be piled up as the *Salamander* was, spreading a deadly atomic trap for them around any channel turn.

But nothing occurred; and less than an hour later the sparkling, sunlit blue of the seaward approach opened up, foam-streaked under the whip of the morning breeze, and with surf exploding in snowy thunder against the black fangs of Crescent Reef five miles ahead.

With wind-blown hair and flapping skirt Annie braced herself on the heaving deck while, through powerful binoculars, her tired eyes anxiously searched the tumbling waste. Then she saw it—a bobbing shape deep in the curve of the far-flung reef, and drifting inexorably closer to the maelstrom of spouting surf.

Quickly she entered the wheelhouse to give Peter the course. "But if we foller her too far in, we could git the bottom tore out of us by one o' them submerged rocks," she told him grimly. "Ye—ye sure you an' the boys is willin' to risk it?"

"Ya asked us before, Annie. We told ya," he said quietly. "Want to take the wheel now, while I go below and help Hank and Shiftless get the lines ready?"

Firmly her big, calloused fists gripped the spokes, and she headed toward where she had last seen the barge, the *Narcissus*' powerful bulk shouldering the seas away in fans of hissing foam, and rapidly the distance was closed. Then, smashing through the wild outer line of surf, the tug rose on the bottle-green slope of a giant comber; and in seconds the boat was battling a mad, white chaos, with roaring crests hurtling aft and flying high over the wheelhouse within which Annie, mastering the kicking wheel with iron hands, pitted the cunning of long years of experience against the savage fury of her ancient enemy, the sea.

With only an occasional glimpse of the wallowing barge she kept blindly on; and then suddenly the *Narcissus* was almost on top of it as it rose in the grip of a smoking crest, moving implacably toward a pinnacle of jagged, brine-sluiced rock less than a hundred yards away. But in a split-second gamble with disaster Annie took her last chance and, when the rock's dripping bulk emerged from a trough, drove straight in. With pain-stabbed muscles and grinding teeth, her mastiff face a mask of indomitable determination, she spun the wheel hard over, wrenching her tug around, parallel with the barge's length. Taking a glancing collision as part of the risk, she then held unflinchingly to her position which, for a few heart-stopping seconds, gave some measure of protection to Peter and the deck hands as they darted out from cover and threw the loop of a towline over one of the barge's towing bitts.

For one terrifying moment the barge soared high above the *Narcissus*' rail with its cargo of potential death, of instantaneous oblivion. But with all the strength of her massive body Annie again jammed the wheel hard over and the tug sheered away. With the tug clear of the sinister white hell of the reef, the towing engine reeled out the hawser; then, with easy control, picked up the slack so that gradually the barge began to lurch around, then to follow as the *Narcissus* fought her way back to the sparkle of sunlight on blue water and the world of ships and men.

Pale and sweating and soaked to the skin, Peter stumbled into the wheelhouse. "Whe-ew! We'll never come closer'n that, Annie!" he gasped. "I just dunno how we ever made it."

"That's kinda silly, Peter," she replied quietly, kneading her cramped, numb fingers. "The Lord was on our side last night when He let us find that oil; so He sure as—as heck wasn't gonna let us down today! An' now"—she was all brisk business again—"whiles Pinto rassles up some breakfast we'll sashay out off soundin's an' dump that bargeload o' misery like we set out to do. Then after that"—and she grinned complacently—"guess what?"

"Bullwinkle?"

"An' how! An' time I let that imitation Skylock offa the skillet he's gonna be flatter'n a poorhouse pancake!

Back on the marooned *Salamander*, however, after the ebb tide had run out, Mr. Bullwinkle, assisted by the sardonically amused Jake, already had taken rueful stock of his position; for low tide revealed that, although the *Salamander*'s hull was intact, repair of the propeller and rudder would require being towed to a fully equipped ship repair yard, the nearest being nearly two hundred miles away. Although the vessel had not struck hard, and probably would float free at high tide without help, because it lacked motive power this was a liability instead of an asset; for if she went adrift again she might pile up on a rock instead of sand—and, as Jake with some relish pointed out, with consequent total loss.

"So ya're gonna hafta depend on Annie, like it or not," said Jake with a grin.

"Yeah," Mr. Bullwinkle glumly agreed. "Guess that's right—if she's got enough fuel to get back here, that is. An' I'd shore as hell like to know where she got it! Anyway, if she takes the *Salamander* off an' tries to claim salvage ——"

"After what you done to her last night?" Jake laughed shortly. "She won't just want a tooth for a tooth. She's gonna take yer whole bridgework. And there ain't a thing ya can ——"

"Aw, shut up!" his employer snarled. "Go get lost. I gotta think!"

But contemplation of the bind he was in was so depressing, the prospect of coaxing or conning Annie into a mood short of total usury so bleak, that he stomped off to his cabin and tossed in uneasy slumber until, with the flood tide filling the pass, he was awakened by the raucous blare of the *Narcissus*' siren.

When, stumbling and bleary-eyed, Mr. Bullwinkle reached the deck, the tide already was lapping halfway up the *Salamander*'s hull, with her crew at the rail, staring eagerly at the rescuing *Narcissus* as she idled a few yards off, with Annie, grim-faced, staring at them from the fantail. Quickly he decided that his wisest opening gambit would be the smiling face and friendly wave.

"Hel-lo, there, pal," he hailed jovially. "Fancy seein'—I mean," he amended hastily, "glad to see ya—glad to see ya!"

"Le's see how glad ye'll be when I git through wid ye," she responded impassively. "O.K., you fellers," she addressed his crew, "get yer gear. I'm takin' ye off."

"Now wait a minute, Annie!" cried Mr. Bullwinkle, grieved. "All we need is yore towline an' a little pull!"

"Ain't nothin' in the book forces a vessel to save property. On'y lives," she told him curtly.

"But what about my *Salamander?*" he yelled desperately. "She's all I got! An' if the tide snatches her ——"

Annie shrugged indifferently. "That ain't no skin offa my pachydermous. Come on, you guys. Git movin'!"

"But I'll pay ya good, pal! Honest!" he pleaded as they started away from the rail. "Please! Anythin' ya want, you name it!"

"What I want is to see you hung," said Annie. "Until then, this'll hafta do. So listen careful. I want double payment fer the oil ye swiped from me last night an' a full tank refill when we git in; fifteen hundred bucks to tow ye to the Port Barry shipyard; an' double standard towin' rates fer the time ye made me lose. Them things is a must, so don't let's bandy no verbs."

"O.K., O.K., dear!" agreed Mr. Bullwinkle hastily. "An' now if ya'll heave us yer line ——"

"I ain't through wid ye yet, ye butt-sprung ape," said Annie calmly. "There's one thing more ye got to pay me fer."

"Hold everythin', chum," Jake muttered quickly. "Here comes the salvage gouge."

And Mr. Bullwinkle, bracing himself to be meek, said, "An' what was that little thing, sweetheart?"

"The fish-liver oil," Annie told him, "what we stole to fill our fuel tanks wid last night in Deep Cove."

"F-fish-liver oil?" stammered Mr. Bullwinkle. "Are you nuts?"

"'Twas you what telled me about them storage tanks. But when we got there the watchman got ornery an' wouldn't give, lend or sell. Guess his belly's sore yet—Big Sam had to sit on it so long whiles our tanks was fillin'."

"Wait a minute," Jake interjected. "When you was anchored ya had no oil. So how'd ya get to Deep Cove?"

"We was towed by a shark. Said he was a friend o' yours," Annie told him. "So now shut yer puss! I'm talkin' to Bullwinkle. Now like I was sayin', Horatio, ye're gonna pay that too. An' ye'd better have a net handy to fall into when ye git the bill."

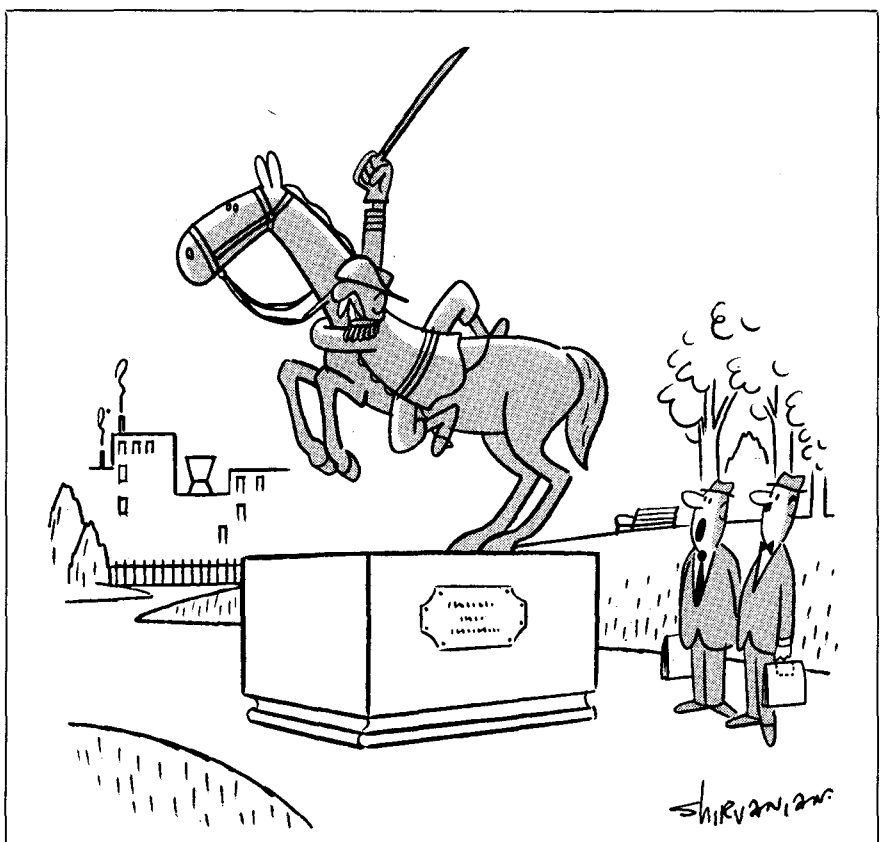
"How much, then?" asked Mr. Bullwinkle bravely. "Fish oil's on'y fish oil. So it can't be too ——"

"This kind is—as you oughta know. Ye towed some of it. In fack"—Annie grinned suddenly—"it's so vallyable that Texas millionaires uses it fer blood. But all it'll cost you is what the watchman screamed last night when we was takin' off—three thousand dollars."

"What *I'll* hafta pay?" Mr. Bullwinkle roared, outraged.

"Who else, pal?" Annie paused. Then, "Any objections?" she asked mildly, her eyes, like blue ice, on his congested face.

There was quite a silence during which Annie patiently waited, while Mr. Bullwinkle's mind performed some interesting financial gymnastics. Then he shook his head. "No," he said finally but with some difficulty. "No objections."



"He was a brilliant strategist, but not much of a horseman."

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"Tell me somethin', Annie," Peter asked when, at length, the *Narcissus* chugged serenely back out of Totem-pole Pass, with the empty barge alongside and the *Salamander* on a towline astern. "Why'd ya let Bullwinkle off the hook about salvage for savin' the *Salamander?* Ya could ha' took him fer plenty!"

"Yeah, prob'ly. But—well, I let it dangle apurpose. He's got all them other things to pay an'—an' after all, he's got a livin' to make wid the *Salamander*. So I guess mebbe I never will try an' collect on that. Though I could—an' he knows it, the dirty ratscallion!"

While speaking, she had turned her back to him; and Peter saw that her big shoulders were convulsively shaking.

"Aw, come on, Annie, pal," he said, puzzled and concerned. "It's yore business, o' course. I didn't mean to upset ya!"

"I ain't upset, stupid," she said. "I'm laffin'." And when she turned back to him her eyes were wet, her big body still shaking in a paroxysm of silent mirth.

"What's the joke then?" Peter asked, grinning in sympathy.

"I—I dunno. There's jest somethin' about that no-good Bullwinkle what hits me funnybone at times; though other times I could kill him! But if ye ain't got nobody to be mad at an' laugh at too, what fun is they in life? So I guess I'll be a sucker fer his impident brand o' hopeless pocus as long as I live." THE END

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The Jerry Giesler Story

(Continued from Page 25)

impulse, I am unalterably opposed to keeping a gun in the house. I've never had a gun in mine, even for protection. An immense mountain of grief would be avoided if everyone did the same.

Another intense conviction I have about criminal trials and cases is that the preparation of the law and the facts is so vital that a man shouldn't try to be a lawyer at all unless he is willing to give those two things everything he's got. As I have said, this includes knowing the other fellow's case as well as you know your own. It should be possible for a defense lawyer to study the prosecution's case so thoroughly that he can conduct a better case for the prosecution than the D. A.

I usually ask one of the younger men associated with me in my office to take the prosecution's side. I tell him, "You're the prosecution. What would you do?" He can have fun pretending to take the part of the prosecution, for the state's side of a criminal case is always the easier. For one thing, the prosecution always has more evidence. If you are a defense lawyer, your client wouldn't be in court at all if the prosecution didn't have something up its sleeve, such as a dead body, the gun used by the killer, telltale fingerprints, expert medical testimony—something. On the side of the prosecution is also the feeling of witnesses who otherwise might be neutral that any decent, law-abiding citizen should line up on the side of law and order, which, of course, means the police and the D. A.

While I'm on the subject of witnesses, I might add that they should be visited again and again. They may have held back something the first time they were questioned that can ruin you during the trial. Sometimes their stories change between interviews, or a witness who has tried to tell you the truth has unintentionally left out something important. It's my policy never to call any witnesses to the stand who have not been thoroughly interviewed by me or someone representing me. I want to know exactly what that witness is going to say when he takes the stand. I go one step further. Through investigation I try to know all there is to know about the prosecution's witnesses too.

I'd rather be overprepared with a lot of material which I may never need than to be caught with a slip showing in my preparation. In one case I made voluminous photographic copies of my research into the backgrounds of the litigants, although I wasn't sure I'd need them. Then, in the middle of the trial, a certain matter arose. I can't recall what it was—it's not important. The important thing is that I could reach into my briefcase and find a photocopy bearing upon precisely the point being discussed.

I have a theory which has proved out for me: Juries will not convict on a molestation or a sex charge if the veracity of the woman complainant can be impeached. I try to find out from her neighbors if she has a reputation for lying or if she is known for her sexual carelessness. You will never lose a case if you can produce a witness who, in answer to your questions, "What is Miss So-and-so's reputation for truthfulness where she lives? Is it good or bad?" replies, "It's terrible."

When I'm on an especially long case, I ask the court to order a daily transcript for me. My secretary, Mrs. Helen Fitzpatrick, digests those transcripts. She picks out the lean, meaty material, separates it from the fat and types it. Before she is through she may reduce 100 pages to six or seven typed pages. As a part of her digesting she also types out the page number and the line number in the transcript where she found that particular morsel.

This seems a most sensible process; yet, as far as I know, I'm the only lawyer who does it. Perhaps most attorneys don't do it because it adds so much to the expense of trying a case. I have been lucky. Some of my clients have paid substantial fees and, by averaging my expenses, I can do a thorough job even on cases for which I am skimpily paid.

In addition I study the transcript myself and make notes in longhand on small slips of yellow paper, then I shove those slips between the pages of the transcript so I can find any point in it quickly if I need to. I am more likely to use those notes in my argument than in my cross-examination, but they are useful at any time to a lawyer, who otherwise has to remember thousands of pages of testimony.

Speaking of fees, I have made up my mind not to mention figures in any discussion of the sums I have received, but I will say this: Although the public takes it for granted that I have received fabulous retainers for some of my most famous cases, the fees I actually received were pittances compared with the sums people imagined I got. It would come as a stunning surprise to those who read this if I revealed the names of some of my famous clients who have welched on paying me what they promised. If you are a defense lawyer, my advice is to be sure to collect your fee while the tears are still falling and your client is fearful of the jailhouse. When the client of the criminal lawyer in the best-selling book, *Anatomy of a Murder*, by Robert Traver, ran out without paying his attorney, it was no fictional device to me. I've been there too.

A young criminal lawyer should face the fact that his clients will promise him the world until he gets them off, but once they are acquitted, they often forget him. Some of them even turn against him, deciding that if it hadn't been for him they somehow would have got into less trouble.

I have known a few exceptions to this rule. I once knew a song writer whose boy was in trouble, and he employed me to represent his son. He not only paid me what I asked, but when I got his boy off, he gave me a nice bonus.

While I'm on the subject of my legal convictions, I might add that I once took part in a debate before the Lawyers' Club of Los Angeles against the veteran attorney, Frank Doherty. Our subject was, "Are there too many women on our juries?" My opponent delivered himself bravely of the following sentiments: "Our juries are from two-thirds to three-fourths women. I say to you that such predominance weakens the jury system because women, for all their fine qualities, do not have the breadth of experience men have. Women's lives are too sheltered."

Mr. Doherty also declared, "Women are too partisan. If they're for you, they're for you. If they're against you, they're against you. A jury must be flexible enough to change its mind if the evidence warrants it. You don't get a flexible jury if it has eight or ten women on it."

I didn't agree with attorney Doherty. "There can't be too many women on a jury for me," I said. "I've tried most of my cases before juries with feminine majorities. I like it that way. For one thing women are more attentive than men. For another they are tougher minded than men. They not only bring woman ly intuition into play but they also base their findings on the facts. I have only one minor criticism of women as jurors: They have a tendency to be rougher than male jurors on women defendants. If my woman defendant also happens to be pretty, give me an all-male panel."

The admission of women to jury duty has had an uplifting effect on courtroom behavior. In the days when the juries were 100 per cent male, many of them chewed tobacco. Spittoons sat in front of the jury box. Not only the jury used them, but lawyers and judges did too. The D.A. and the defense attorney vied with each other to see how far they could stand from the spittoon and still hit it. Any D.A. who could score a fifteen-foot bull's-eye impressed the jury. Of course, there was nothing to prevent a defense attorney from walking around the D.A.'s chair and having a shot himself. If he could score a bull's-eye, they were even again. The result was trial by expectoration.

Any thoughtful or serious person who gives it a moment's thought will conclude, as I do, that an explosion of publicity about a case or a client is usually extremely undesirable rather than something to be encouraged by a defense lawyer. A defense lawyer would have to be an egomaniac to hope for such a thing. His client's best interests are almost always better served by having the public forget the sensational and prejudicial headlines the press has been stuffing down its gullet. If a defendant of mine has been made to look like a glorified harlot or an oversexed glamour boy by the reporters, it takes time to project a fairer and more accurate picture.

Another firm policy of mine is this: If I don't feel that a man who has asked me to defend him is telling me the truth, I say to him, "If you don't level with me, I want no part of you or your case." Then I remind him of the things which can happen to him if he doesn't. I point out that if he lies, he may be accused of perjury. I warn him that if he doesn't tell me the truth

NEXT WEEK

A Professor Reports on an

AMERICAN DISGRACE: COLLEGE CHEATING

By Jerome Ellison

LONELY TONY PERKINS

Problems of a Hollywood Star

By Robert Johnson

IN COLOR:

WE HUNTED LIONS WITHOUT GUNS

By Hodding Carter

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 43:

THE FALSE IMAGES OF SCIENCE

By Gerald Holton

BASKETBALL'S UNPREDICTABLE STAR

JERRY WEST OF WEST VIRGINIA

By Myron Cope

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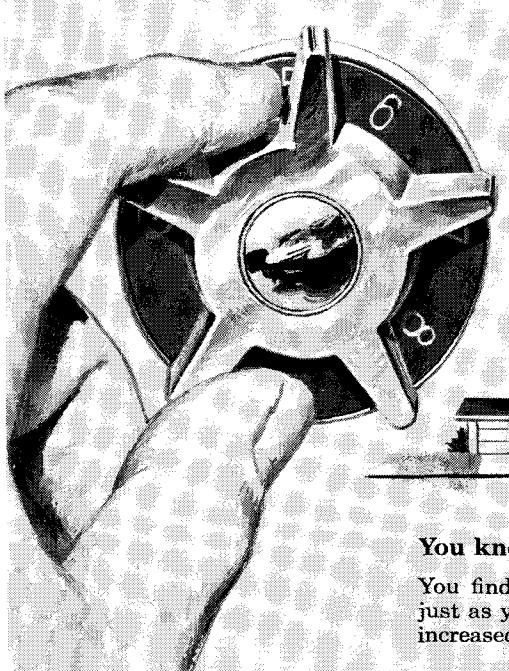

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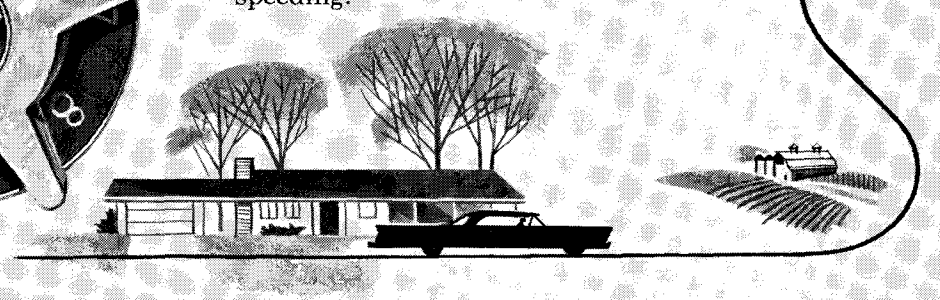

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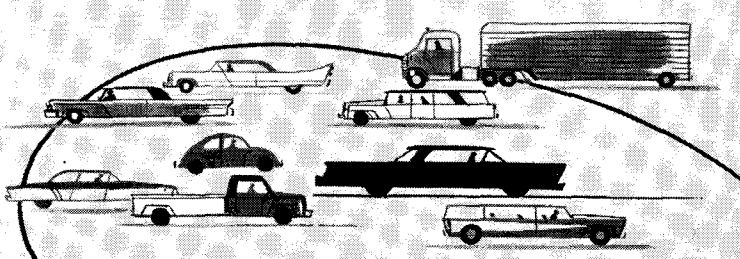

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about the weaknesses of his case, so I can shore them up, he is leaving open avenues of attack through which the prosecution can bulldoze holes big enough to drive a team of horses.

Most of the cases I accept are so serious that I can't afford to let the defendant fool me. A lawyer who goes into court half-cocked is likely to come out wholly cooked. But once I am convinced that a client is leveling with me, I believe in him automatically thereafter. If I don't, I can't make the moves I need to make.

My nomination for the loneliest feeling a man can have is his sensation while he waits for a jury to decide his fate. While the jury is deliberating, day or night, I am in the courtroom or in the hallway just outside the courtroom. I never leave my defendant facing his fate on his own. I feel that he is entitled to my moral and psychological support. Moreover, I never know at what minute the jury will come in and ask the judge for further instructions. A defense lawyer should be there to listen to what the judge says and see if he can detect any error in it.

In a Federal court the jury sometimes stays out until two or three o'clock in the morning. If it does, I stay up that late too. I'm there with my client. I feel that I am on trial with him, so it seems natural for me to sweat it out at his side.

I also have a few convictions about civil trials and cases. There's my old friend, The Lawsuit Cow. I have a clipping of a cartoon drawn by Winsor McCay. I cut it from a newspaper in 1923. I show it to clients who are hard to satisfy and who are greedy and grasping. It features an animal labeled THE LAWSUIT. McCay depicted one person pulling at the cow's head, another at her tail. Between them a lawyer is busy milking her. The milk foaming into the bucket beneath her udder represents money. The only mistake McCay made was in not showing another lawyer on the other side of the cow milking her too.

I have found it useful to show this cartoon to people who are hard-nosed about settling a case. With it I sometimes convince them that it is foolish and wasteful to take a long time to settle a lawsuit.

The best illustration of this I've ever heard was a lawsuit, tried in the South, about a borrowed buggy whip. When the whip was returned, the lender found that seven inches had been worn from the lash. High words ensued. They led to a quarrel. That quarrel was carried into court, and from that court into another court. With accompanying delays, matters dragged on until the cost to the aggrieved party amounted to $70,000—or $10,000 for each inch of worn lash.

This may be as good a time as any to disabuse the public mind of a misconception which is deeply imbedded in it: The idea is that no one can ever be successfully prosecuted for murder unless a corpus delicti—which most people think means a dead body—is produced. The public takes it for granted that the word "corpus" means a corpse. That is nonsense. It doesn't mean a dead body at all. A literal translation of the word "corpus" does not mean a corpse, it means a body; and delicti means an offense. "Corpus delicti" therefore means "the body of the crime." There can be a corpus delicti in a civil case too. A personal-injury suit would contain one.

There is a public delusion that if a murdered body is never discovered the killer is automatically free of all danger of conviction, but I know of at least three cases in California in which circumstantial evidence was so strong that the accused person was convicted of murder in the absence of any dead body. In one case a man was sentenced to death for the murder of his wife, although no trace of her has ever been found, because of evidence that the accused showed up with her forged signature and rummaged through her safe-deposit box after she was last seen alive.

I once defended a client accused of murder in a preliminary hearing and was able to disprove a corpus delicti in such a way that the D.A. was defeated. The accused man's wife was found gasping her life out in their cleaning establishment, after having swallowed a caustic fluid. The husband and wife lived in the rear of the cleaning place and, other than the dead woman herself, he was the only one who could have had access to the fluid she drank.

On the theory that he had placed the fatal fluid in a cup so she would think it water, he was charged with murder. The fluid ate away part of the lining of her throat and damaged her digestive tract. The husband, who was horribly distressed, took her to a hospital, but she died before she arrived.

I sat with him at the preliminary hearing and, to me, it was clear that her death was a suicide. I still don't know why the D.A. thought it murder. An only son testified that his parents had had trouble getting along together, and he had heard his mother threaten to kill herself many times. Specifically he had heard her say that she was going to drink poison. There was evidence that the husband was asleep at the time his wife gulped the lethal dose and also that his wife had what was charitably known as a "mental problem." I won that case at the preliminary hearing without even going to trial because the prosecutor was unable to establish a corpus delicti.

I won a case for Barry Fitzgerald on the same grounds. His case, which should never have been brought up, involved the charge of "killing with automobile." The accident occurred on Hollywood Boulevard, near the Gotham Hotel. He was out driving one evening when two women stepped from a curb and started across the street. They were wearing dark clothes. He saw neither of them, and the right front part of his car struck them. One was injured. The other was killed.

Fitzgerald was not going fast. He had not been drinking. He stopped, rendered what aid he could, then summoned medical help and the police. Nevertheless, the D.A. held a preliminary hearing, and the judge held Fitzgerald for trial. I carried that issue to the Superior Court under Section 995 of the Penal Code which provides for a motion attacking the corpus delicti. My motion was granted, and the charge against Fitzgerald was quashed.

For there to have been a corpus delicti in Fitzgerald's case it was necessary to show not only that the victim was killed by manslaughter but also that the defendant was guilty of negligence, and that negligence was a proximate cause of death. The death of a person is not a corpus delicti in itself.

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Let us assume for a moment that you issue a check on your bank account and that you are arrested for issuing a check without enough funds on deposit to make it good. The check is there, the lack of funds is established, but a third element must be established; if there is no knowledge on your part that your account was overdrawn, there's no "body of the crime."

Or suppose somebody takes John Jones' auto from a parking lot where Jones has left it. The police find a man in North Hollywood driving Jones' car. Is it a stolen car? If Jones gave his consent to the man's driving his car or even if there is reasonable doubt whether Jones did or didn't consent, there is no corpus delicti.

On thinking back, there is one subject I haven't touched. It's my ideas on selecting a jury. In a criminal case in California the defense is allowed ten peremptory challenges without cause; in a murder case, twenty. All the defense attorney has to say is, "Excuse juror so-and-so," and he's dismissed.

When I am involved in the important matter of deciding whom to challenge and whom not to challenge, I usually wander over and sit down in a chair beside the jury panel. As I question each prospective juror, I try to learn something about his occupation and background. Generally speaking, it is my feeling that people who are in sales work or the entertainment field or who are successful in business; or who are nice-looking and, therefore, have had a better chance of having life smile on them than others; or who not only are married but also are apparently happily married, are apt to make good jurors from the defense point of view. On the other hand, I am inclined to challenge people who are grouchy, who are in a profession which demands meticulous care and finicky attention to detail, such as handling figures; or science professors, or those who have encountered hard luck or bitterness in their lives.

In a criminal case I am shy of military men who have been in a position of command. I'm wary of people who have led narrow existences as opposed to broad lives. An unmarried woman, for instance, may not be a good juror for the defense in a sex case. If a case involves child-molesting, I've always taken the position—and I've been proved right—that from the defense's point of view, a schoolteacher is a good juror. Schoolteachers know that their pupils often lie.

When questioning a panel of jurors, it is important not to offend a juror. In one case I was about to try, I brought out that one of the women on the panel had a husband who worked in the city's sanitation department. I felt that there was no need to pursue that line of questioning further, but when the prosecution took over, the D.A. insisted that the woman state exactly what kind of work her husband did in the sanitation department. She backed and filled, and said, "He handles the general duties of that department."

The prosecution persisted with, "Well, what does he do? Does he work in an office?"

Reluctantly she said, "No."

Growing irritable then, the D.A. asked, "Why can't you tell us what your husband does?"

Cornered at last, she said—and with a noticeable dislike for the D.A. in her voice—"He is a garbage man."

As bubbleheaded as that D.A. was, he could now see that he had an offended woman on his hands, a woman whose pride was hurt, so he challenged her. But there was a further danger: How many women on that jury were her friends? How many had come to know her and like her while serving on the panel? There was no way he could find out.

THE ETHICAL QUESTION

In telling his story, Jerry Giesler has withheld nothing except those "privileged communications"—from client to attorney—which a lawyer is bound to hold confidential. The basic facts of these case histories have appeared in public records—but without the colorful and lively details which Mr. Giesler has supplied here.—THE EDITORS

I never even ask a woman, "Do you have a husband?" or even, "What does your husband do?" Instead I say, "Is there a Mr. Jones?" If she is a widow she will say, "I am a widow." If she does, I say, "I'm very sorry," and pass on to something else. If she's a divorcee, putting my question, "Is there a Mr. Jones?" gives her a chance to say whatever will make her happiest.

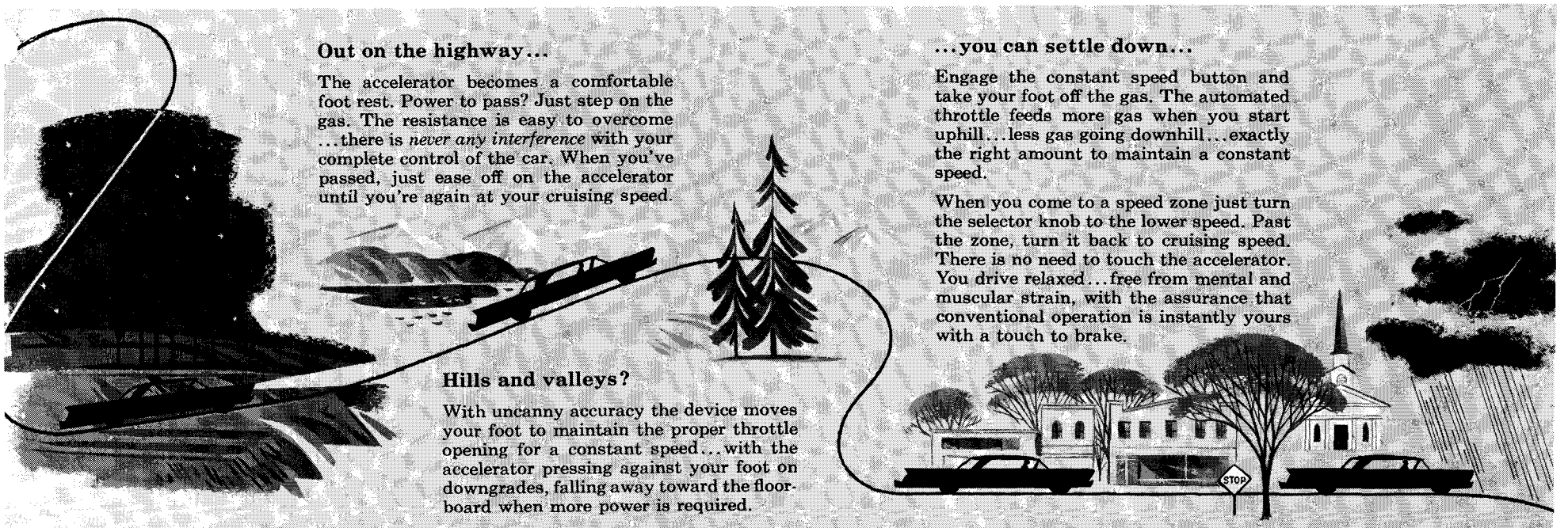
It is my conviction that the selection of a jury is a very important part of a case. It's the one time before I get around to presenting my argument that I really have a chance to talk with and get to know the people who are there to decide my client's fate. Then, when I make my final argument, I say, "When we talked together at the beginning of this trial, you told me that you'd play the game fairly and listen to the whole case until it was finally submitted to you." When I say that, they nod their agreement.

In that very simple way I tie my original talk with them to my final argument. It is like saying to a friend, "Remember when we first met?" From a human and psychological point of view, I think it is a useful thing to do.

In this story I have been thinking of Jerry Giesler, lawyer for the defense, rather than Jerry Giesler, husband and father. If the public wants anything of me, I'm sure it's the lawyer they want. Still, I'd like to talk about that other Giesler a little, even if sketchily.

I am married to the former Ruth Stevens of Chicago, who was—and to my mind still is—one of the most beautiful women I've ever known. I have had two marriages. The first one ended in divorce in 1928. By that first marriage, which took place in 1918, when I was thirty-two, I had a daughter, who is now living on the West Coast.

I married my present wife in 1931. She dropped in to ask me for some legal advice. I took her out to lunch and dinner. She could have got a job in pictures, but we drifted together, and that was that. We have two children, a boy and a girl—Michael and Jerry Lee. Michael served a three-year hitch with the marines. He's in my office now doing investigative work.



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When the present Mrs. Giesler and I were married, we had very little money. The depression was in full swing, and I had financial obligations arising out of my divorce. I'll never forget one night when I took my wife out to dinner and we had only enough money for one order of fish. Fortunately, hard rolls were served free, and the bus boy served two pats of butter. I ordered one order of fillet of sole, and that, with the rolls and butter, was our dinner.

But we've had a lot of fun together. We've never had dull times—at least I haven't. We are opposite types. I'm quiet and reserved. She loves gaiety. But at times our marriage has been trying to Mrs. Giesler, who occasionally remarks that I not only am married to her but also to my work. Being a wise and reasonable wife, she doesn't say that resentfully. She mentions it as an established fact, and she puts up with things other wives wouldn't, such as not having vacations.

She gives my morale a tremendous lift by sitting up with me until I go to bed, no matter what time it is. I may work on a case until two o'clock or four o'clock in the morning—sometimes even five. Often I have had as little as two hours' sleep during the night, but she's always there to see if there's anything she can do for my comfort or to give me a fight talk if I need one.

One night while I was preparing for the third Busby Berkeley trial, I thought, "It's too hard. I can't do it." Without realizing it, I said those things out loud as I paced the floor.

"What can't you do?" my wife asked me. "You can do anything if you put your mind to it. You've won harder cases. Impossible cases." True or not, it gave me the courage I needed.

When the Alexander Pantages case was over, we moved a little closer to easy street. After the Pantages trial, I got more important cases, and we moved from our flat to a beautiful apartment at Sycamore and Beverly. Mrs. Giesler did the decorating, and it was exquisite.

From there we moved to a house with eighteen rooms, on Ridgedale. There we put in our first swimming pool. That house, however, was too big. By that time we had two children, but even four of us rattled around. Our answer was to buy the one we live in now, which is more manageable.

Mrs. Giesler decorated my law offices. She has a knack for doing such things. My office has a quiet muted atmosphere, enhanced by dark green walls and pinpoint spotlights concealed in the ceiling. She had a small photograph of Mr. Darrow and a small photograph of Mr. Rogers both enlarged and matted and framed to harmonize with each other. Then she hung them on the wall behind me, so that I appear between their two likenesses.

If you talk to her, she'll tell you that I have certain pluses and minuses. One plus is that I have infinite patience. "But when it comes to business matters, not so good," she'll say. "I'm his business manager. He needs one."

She thinks that I am a soft touch, an easy mark. She tells a story to prove she's right. One night the front doorbell rang. Mrs. Giesler and I were propped up in bed watching television. She put on her robe, went to the front door, opened the peephole in it and asked, "What is it?"

A man's voice asked, "Is Jerry home?"

"You mean Mr. Giesler?" she asked. "What is it in reference to?"

"I must see him," the man said. "It's important."

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Giesler said, "but Mr. Giesler doesn't see anyone on Saturdays and Sundays. You'll have to call him at his office Monday morning."

But the man was persistent. He kept saying, "It's very urgent. I have to see him," and Mrs. Giesler kept saying, "I'm sorry, but you can't." Finally the man said, "I'll go over to the Beverly Hills Hotel and call him from there."

He did go over to the hotel and he did call me. He said that he was desperately in need of money, and he asked if I would lend him a little to tide him over. What burned Mrs. Giesler was that I'd never seen the fellow in my life. He'd gotten my address from the phone book. But although I knew nothing about him, I was softhearted enough to say I would lend him money. When Mrs. Giesler heard me say that, she excused herself and disappeared—downstairs.

I was fumbling in my pockets to see how much cash I could find when the doorbell rang. Mrs. Giesler went to the door and said through the peephole, "What do you think this is, a loan company? Get out of here fast or I'll call the police! And it takes the Beverly Hills police only two minutes to get here!" Our maid saw the stranger run like a deer past the kitchen window.

The thought that I was about to lend money to a man I'd never even heard of before is one Mrs. Giesler won't let me forget in a hurry. "If you're that soft," she told me, "I'll make a few touches around here myself."

Mrs. Giesler has been a help to me in many other ways too. I used her as a mobile model in trying to work out in my mind just how things had happened in a case that another lawyer had tried and lost. I was asked to retry it. It involved an Italian triangle. My Italian client was charged with murder. He was charged with killing his wife and her lover when he came home and found them in the bedroom. The husband shot the man as he went through a door. A bullet killed his wife as she tried to get out through the same door.

I wasn't worried about defending my client for shooting the lover he had found in his own bed with his wife. There is no law which permits shooting under such circumstances, but it is only human to regard such a situation as extreme provocation. But when it comes to shooting a wife under the same circumstances—well, juries are apt to be more difficult.

It was my client's story that his wife had been hit by one of the bullets he had fired at the fleeing homewrecker. The only thing wrong with his story was that she had fallen facing her husband. At home with Mrs. Giesler, I tried to reenact that scene in the way my client said it had happened. Hour after hour I placed my wife by a door, took a gun—unloaded, of course—pointed it at her, and had her try to go through the door; then I pretended to fire. Finally it came to me. What had happened was the same thing that happens when a hunter hits a deer with a high-powered rifle. If you hit a deer in the shoulder when it's running away from you, the force of the bullet is apt to spin him around.

> There is a movement afoot to keep children in school the year round. How cowardly can parents get?
>
> D. O. FLYNN

When her husband's bullet had struck her, my client's wife whirled and fell back into the room, facing him. When I used one of my associates to demonstrate this in the courtroom for the jury, they found the husband not guilty.

I have been said by the press to "dress well," whatever that means. If that is true, it's because Mrs. Giesler selects my clothes. She has a tailor come to our house for fittings, and she chooses the fabrics. She even buys my shoes. I take her word for these things. She insists on laying out at night the clothes that I'm going to wear the next morning, including my shirt and tie, and she does all my mending. The truth is, she takes care of me like a baby. She won't like my talking this way. She doesn't want any credit for being a help to me. But I want to give her her due. She deserves it.

There was a time when I'd answer my phone anytime, day or night. Mrs. Giesler has made me cut down on that. If someone needs me for something really important, she doesn't object, but most of the people who call merely want to chew the fat about a case, or they are worried or nervous and they want someone to soothe them.

Mrs. Giesler has a system to help me get a few hours' rest when such calls come. She answers the telephone and says, "I'm sorry. I'm a maid in the household, but I've been given instructions not to awaken Mr. Giesler." She says she can always tell whether it's really urgent or not. If it's not, she says, "You can call him in the morning at his office, after nine o'clock." Most of the time they never call, and she says, "You see! They're just people who *imagined* they needed you."

The few times I've tried to take a vacation I've been unhappy. If I must go out of town on business, I'm never out of touch with my office. If I'm in New York, I call my office at least twice a day and ask my secretary, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, to read me the mail or tell me what telephone calls have come in.

One year my wife persuaded me to go to Palm Springs with her. She thought that I should cut myself off from my office and have a complete rest. After making sure that it had no telephone, she rented a house near the springs. I tried to fall in with her idea, but I couldn't stand it. Somehow I managed to get into Palm Springs three or four times a day to call my office. The Friday before Easter I called Mrs. Fitzpatrick and said, "I wish you'd drive down here and bring my mail and any messages." When she arrived, I said, "You'd better stay over the weekend. I think I'll drive back with you Monday."

With me, work is a compulsion. It is necessary for my happiness. I've been asked if I ever plan to retire. Mrs. Giesler puts it this way: "Every once in a while Jerry says that he might retire someday and take it easy; but I don't really believe it, not him!"

I talk about taking it easier, but since I've tried to be honest all through this story, I'll be honest to the very end. Mrs. Giesler is right. I do not plan to retire. I plan to die with my shoes on—preferably in a courtroom—but I may not be that lucky.

There are people who are silly enough to try to act as their own lawyers in a criminal court. As a youngster I was in court one day when one of those do-it-myself defenders was having his day in the sun. The judge was patiently waiting to sentence him, but the defendant had spent the morning making motion after motion, although they had all been denied. Finally, it neared noon and the judge asked wearily, "Have you any further motions before I pronounce sentence?"

"Yes," the defendant said hurriedly. "Your honor, I move we adjourn." Even the judge laughed. He couldn't help it. But he didn't adjourn. He proceeded with the sentencing.

Right now I feel the way that self-appointed defender must have felt, and on my own behalf I'll say, as he said, "I move we adjourn."

This is the last of eight articles by Mr. Giesler. —THE EDITORS

Our Urban Revolution

(Continued from Page 15)

They argue whether it is good or bad, and they seem to agree that a change so overwhelming cannot bring with it human happiness and content so long as it remains as it is now—formless, chaotic and unplanned. Even the phrases they use to describe it express their doubts. The word "megalopolis" itself does not fall pleasantly on the ear, and "conurbation," the word the British use to describe the same phenomenon of growth, is even uglier. They speak of the proliferation of the suburbs as "sprawl" or "scatteration." They refer to the "fragmentation" and the "Balkanization" of local governments, and to the "blight" and the "gray areas" that surround the cores of cities as their most intelligent and productive citizens move out.

They find their misgivings shared by the populace in general. When they mention Megalopolis at a cocktail party, a blank look at first comes over the listener's face. When they go on to explain that by this they mean the great strip city of nearly 30,000,000 people that is beginning to spread for 600 miles along a narrow belt of Northeast Coast, from north of Boston to south of Washington, the confused expression changes to a look of consternation. The inevitable reaction is: What a horrible prospect! Can't something be done to stop it?

Upon this one point all the students of Megalopolis are agreed. It *is* a horrible prospect, and nothing can be done to stop it. The flight from the cities is inevitable and it has not even begun to run its course. It began when the first automobile went chugging down a dirt road past the end of the streetcar line. Two wars and a great depression delayed it, but the pressures that had been building up for fifty years inevitably had to find release. All that was needed to set off the great explosion was the prospect of a few years of prosperity and peace. That time arrived at the end of World War II. Since then, the cities have been like dying stars, sending out great coronas of flame and energy while swiftly cooling around the central core.

What we are witnessing now, they say, and will continue to witness for several generations to come, barring another depression or atomic war, is one of the great migrations in human history, a revolution in land use which destroys forever the old patterns of human habitation. The (*Continued on Page 78*)

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McCahill & Friends Tom McCahill is a gentlemanly giant with a deep affection for things four-wheeled and four-legged. His understanding of the former has made him one of the world's foremost automotive test drivers and reporters. Happily, his highly trenchant observations on the virtues and foibles of some four hundred automobile makes and models, published in national magazines, have enabled him to spend an enviable amount of time (twelve months or so a year, say) with such delightful companions as Nodak's Boji Boy, Dinah, Moose, Pinney and the 4-wheel drive Land-Rover. This ten passenger station wagon was purchased by Tom shortly after completing a Land-Rover test for *Mechanix Illustrated*, in which he concluded: "The Land-Rover is a class vehicle from one end to the other, made by one of the most respected companies in the entire industry. In a few words, this car is capable, gutty, and as rugged as a cement casket." After acquiring his Land-Rover, Tom rephrased his own personal interest as follows: "I bought the big station wagon for field trial work and hunting. It's a great vehicle!" In addition to its many private uses, Land-Rovers are employed in an almost endless variety of occupations the world over—in farming and industry, in the armed services of twenty-three countries and the police forces of thirty-one. The versatility and value engineered into this remarkable vehicle will amaze you. Why not test drive a Land-Rover today?

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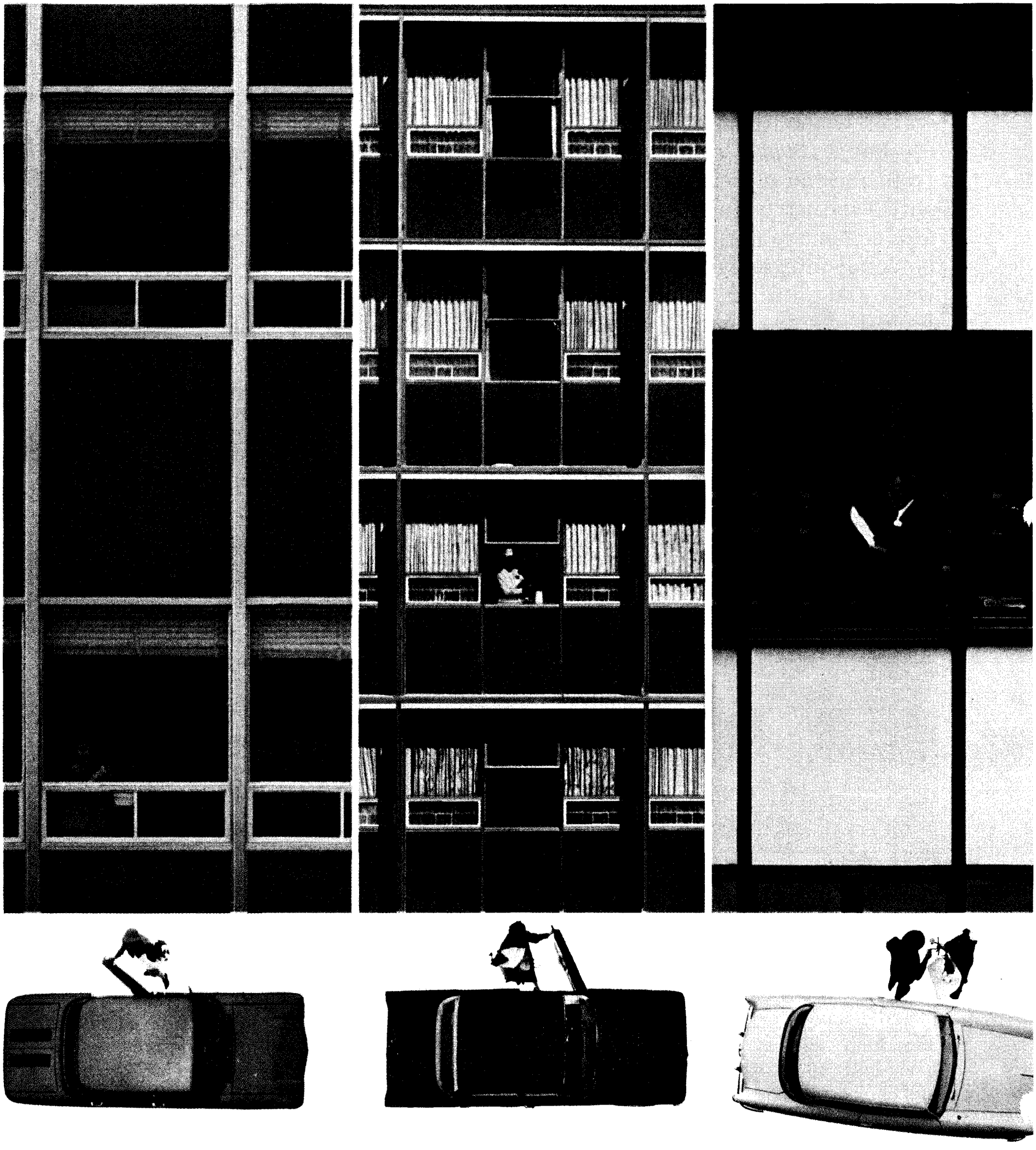

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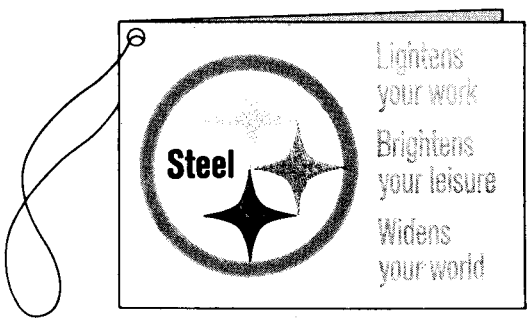

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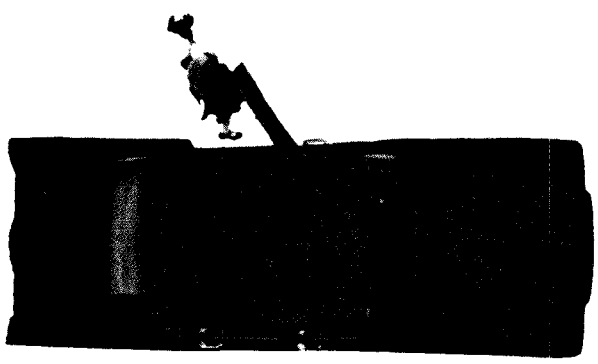

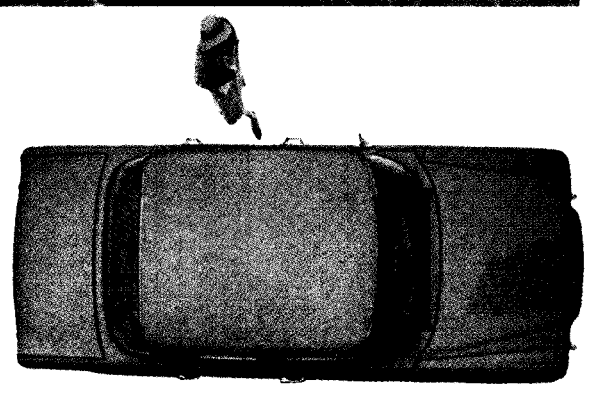

USS TRADEMARK **United States Steel**

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(*Continued from Page 74*) classic concept of the metropolis as a central city ringed by its bedroom suburbs and satellite towns—a focal point to which all roads ran and toward which all men's thoughts were turned—no longer has any validity. The old metropolis thinned at the periphery, but its boundaries were clear cut. Framed by fields and woodlands and empty space, it was a definite and definable spot upon the earth. Now fields and woodlands and open space are rapidly disappearing. And the "Standard Metropolitan Area" of the old census definition—a city of 50,000 or more with its contiguous suburbs—has spread and sprawled into an "urban region," whose farflung inhabitants may look to one or many cities, or to none, as a focal point of culture, industry and commerce. The citizen of Philadelphia, moving into Bucks County, may return to work or shop or visit friends. He is equally likely to be drawn into the orbit of Trenton to the north, or Burlington, New Jersey, to the east. Or he may ignore them all and find his job, his friends and all the goods and services he needs within Bucks County itself, a few miles from his home. The old city, like a magnet, is losing its pulling power. Dirty, noisy, choked with traffic, it is no longer an efficient place in which to work, nor a pleasant place in which to live.

There are those, of course, who will deny this denigration of the city and will rebuke such statements bitterly. One of them is Mr. Robert Moses, who for a generation has carried on a one-man crusade to make his home city of New York grander and more beautiful. A master of the jeremiad, Mr. Moses paraphrases Jeremiah and describes all doubters and naysayers as "wild jackasses braying in the wilderness of their own confusion." The city will survive as long as our civilization survives, says Mr. Moses, and the outpouring of its citizens into the countryside is a demonstration not of the city's weakness but of its boundless vitality. It is carrying out its ancient destiny of growth.

No scholar, nor anyone else in his right mind, wishes to be drawn into public debate with Mr. Moses over the virtues of the city as a place in which to work and live, for his gift of eloquent invective is too well known. They merely answer, mildly, if the city still is the seat and center of all human interests and activities, why are so many millions of people leaving it so fast? And why are they trying to move so far away from it? This suggests that, though men have lived in cities since the days of Tyre and Sidon, they never really wanted to live there in the first place. Except in those Asiatic countries where by habit and tradition the home and the place of work are housed together, men have always tried to live removed from the central market place, and they have used each new means of transportation as it came along to accomplish their escape. The city of the walking man and the horse-drawn buggy was a tiny place. The city of the streetcar spread wider, and the commuter train scattered the well-to-do far out into the countryside. The city as a market place had to be where it was, for the deep-water harbor or the river port or the railhead was there; and these were the routes over which goods were transported. But the people moved as technology gave them the means to move, and the downtown mansions of the wealthy became the slums that housed the poor.

Today, the students of Megalopolis point out, not even the city as a center of trade and industry has to stay in its old fixed spot. Just as the automobile gave the clerk and the factory hand, as well as the boss, the privilege of living as far away from his work as he cared to ride each day, the giant truck gave industry an equal mobility.

The great migration that is filling up the space between the cities is not, therefore, a movement of people only. It is a movement of industry as well. Factories, no longer tied to ports and harbors and railroad junctions, can be set up wherever the highways run and the cloverleaf of the great expressway will become the center of the sprawling city of tomorrow.

Studies of the shifting tides of economics have shown that for many industries it is cheaper to be near the market than to the source of raw materials. As the people moved, therefore, the factories followed. And as the factories moved, after them came their wholesalers and distributors. Shops and stores and offices sprang up where once were empty fields, and little suburbs that started out as quiet bedroom communities soon found, to their consternation, that they were becoming embryonic cities, afflicted with all the problems of noise, dirt, crowding and confusion which the happy *émigrés* to the country thought they had left behind them forever.

The citizens of Lazy Acres felt a vast sense of well-being when they peered out their picture windows, across their tiny, struggling lawns, toward the rolling green hills where dairyman Witherspoon grazed his cows. Disenchantment soon set in, however, when they woke up one morning to hear the bulldozers growling and snorting, leveling the green pastures for a factory, a shopping center or another subdivision whose picture windows would stare directly into theirs, or when a six-lane superhighway came rolling a concrete carpet over the hills between them and the grammar school, its nearest crossing ten miles down the road. Disillusionment grew when the lawn turned into a reeking quagmire and they found that septic tanks just don't work very well when set in certain types of soil; or when the deep-drilled well ran dry because there wasn't enough water underground to serve 500 clean-living families who liked to take a bath every day; or when the school people sent a note to say that, with the opening of the new subdivision down the road, the grammar school would have to go on double session, which fouled up mamma's car-pool driving arrangements sorely.

The list could go on and on, but it serves to illustrate the weakness that lies at the heart of Megalopolis—the unplanned, unpredictable, to-hell-with-tomorrow haphazardness of the sprawling growth. Here and there, of course, a few trained planners, a handful of enlightened builders, an occasional old community trying to avoid being inundated by the tidal wave, have set up certain restrictions and regulations that they hope will save some open space, keep the air clean and the water pure and plentiful, and hold the population at a level of density the community can support without mortgaging its future forever for new schools, water mains, firehouses and sewer lines.

Such farsighted men and municipalities are rare, however, and the voice of the planner, begging plaintively that a little green space be left for parks, a few acres set aside for schools, churches and community centers, has been drowned in the clank of the bulldozer and the bang of the carpenters' hammers. The pressures of population have been too great. The surge to the suburbs is motivated by emotions as strong and deep as those which sent the pioneer wagons rolling westward a century ago. It also has been about as poorly planned and as destructive of scarce natural resources. The pioneer went westward seeking land of his own and elbow room. In finding it and making it his own, he slaughtered the forests and destroyed the fertility of the soil. His city-born grandson, in his stampede to the suburbs, seeks the same things; and in finding them and making them his own, he is prodigally wasteful of our rapidly dwindling resources of pleasant vistas and of unsullied open space. Under the streets and rooftops of suburbia, a million acres of rural land are being buried every year—much of it the best farm and orchard land the nation owns.

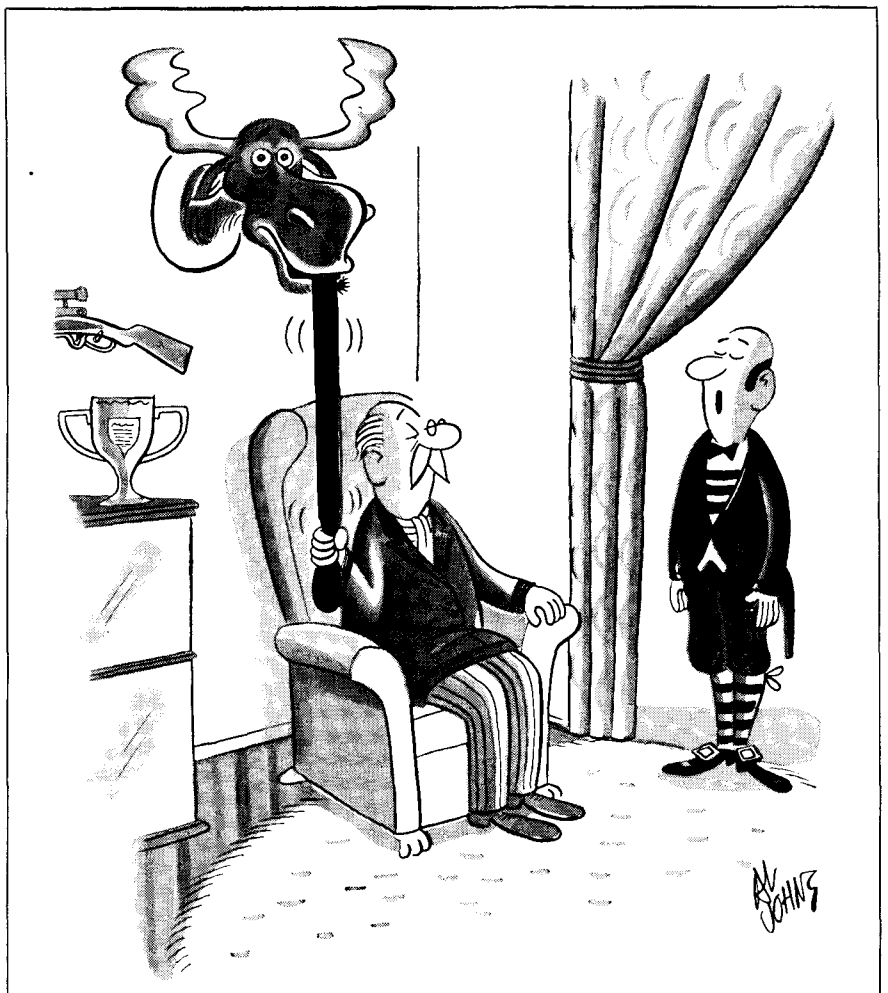
The result, the planners and thinkers say, can only be eventual chaos—an endless jungle of poles, wires, asphalt and television aerials stretching away to the horizon under a smog-filled sky in a disorderly sprawl, with never a park or a woodland to break the ugliness and monotony.

This has happened already in many places; and it eventually will happen everywhere, as the rush to the outlying lands becomes stronger in the years ahead. The great migration that has already taken place, the census analysts point out, was based on a relatively thin segment of the population. The sparse baby crop of the '30's was just beginning to come to marrying and nest-building age in the '50's, and it is they who have filled the countryside with homes. The huge baby crop of the '40's is just now reaching the family-forming stage, and the millions of babies born in the even more fecund '50's will be moving into the country far into the '70's—if there is any country left to move into by then.

There are only two things, the planners and prophets say, which could keep this unhappy prospect from becoming a more unhappy reality. One would be some great change in our national fortunes, or our attitudes, that would stop the migration altogether. Another would be a vast program of intelligent planning which could guide and control future use of the land in such a way that growth would be orderly, and at least some of the basic amenities would be preserved. Neither seems likely to come to pass any time soon. So far, no Moses has appeared who could lead the children of Megalopolis out of the wilderness which they are creating for themselves.

There are conditions, of course, under which the migration might be halted or diminished. Up to now it has been fed by two counterflowing streams—the outward flow from the cities to the suburban fringe and the inward flow from the rural areas and the little towns to a metropolitan middle ground which is neither city nor country, but partially both. The old definition of the city dweller as a country boy who moved to the city to work like a dog to make enough money to move back to the country no longer applies. Today he moves from the farm or the little town to a suburban ranch house, where the smoke from his back-yard barbecue grill blends with that of his neighbor who came from the city. That trend could change. The great migration that saw 13,000,000 people move from the farm to the urban regions between 1940 and 1957 was set off by new technologies—mechanized farming, new and better seeds and fertilizers—which released millions of hands for work in offices or the service trades. Today 7,000,000 farmers produce more food than 177,000,000 people can consume, to the dismay of the taxpayers who must subsidize this glut and to the harassment of Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, who must try to dispose of it.

As population increases, though, and more good farm land is buried under the concrete of great highways, the asphalt of parking lots and the rooftops of suburban houses, our excess of foods and fibers may change to scarcity. By 1975, when the census people anticipate that we will



"You rang, sir?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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have a population of 220,000,000, it may be possible that the farmer's son will find it more profitable to stay on the land and work it, rather than to seek a job in industry.

A drastic change in population growth could also alter the pattern of the future. In every projection made so far, the population of 1975 exceeds 200,000,000. If people have babies in the next fifteen years at the rate they were having them in 1940 to 1942, the population will stand at 207,000,000. If they have them at the 1954–55 rate, the figure will be nearer 228,000,000. The median figure stands at somewhere around 220,000,000.

The census analysts know very well, however, that in making these projections they are on dangerous ground. They remember with embarrassment the error they fell into in the '30's, when they assumed that the low fertility rate of that time would continue, and they foresaw a population leveling off at around 150,000,000 by 1955 and declining thereafter. They know that they now may be as overly optimistic as they were pessimistic then.

"Anybody who tries to predict what the child-bearing habits of the American people will be in any future decade," said Prof. Philip Hauser of the University of Chicago, "is either a fool or a charlatan. All we can safely say is, 'If what is happening now continues, the result will be such and such.'"

If the present prosperity continues, the population projections may prove conservative enough, for the growth patterns of past decades show that fertility rates are directly related to employment and income. A great depression—even a sharp recession—could drastically slow down the growth of the urban regions, for in times of economic trouble marriages fall off. Young bachelors and maidens remain in their city apartments, postponing their dream of marrying and buying a little house in the suburbs until things pick up again. At the moment there is a certain uneasiness in the air, but the prospect of depression still seems remote. Young men are still finding jobs that enable them to support a wife; and all over the country, sextons are getting calluses from tolling wedding bells.

In the event of atomic war, of course, no predictions would have any validity. For the moment, though, global war seems no nearer than it ever has since the end of the last one. There are some sociologists, in fact, who believe that strengthening prospects of peace would have the effect of slowing down the metropolitan sprawl. The flight to the suburbs, they contend, has been stimulated by an instinct for survival, by a desire—subconscious perhaps, but compelling—to get away from the target area. The moment the first A-bomb fell on Hiroshima, some ancient wisdom whispered that the city in the future would be no place for a prudent man to live. If the time should ever come when the heads of state agreed to outlaw the bomb, and men believed them, the outflow from the city would diminish.

There are other conditions, all of them unpleasant, which might slow down the spread of Megalopolis. The urban fringes may, in time, become too costly for many of the low-middle-income people who now are flocking there. Suburban taxes are rising. Land is cheaper in the suburbs, but the cost of building a house there is going up faster than incomes are rising. Many outlying areas already are beginning to choke in their own traffic; and for many a commuter the ride to work is becoming depressingly long and tedious.

None of these things now, or in any foreseeable time to come, is likely to halt or even greatly diminish the tides of migration that are so strongly flowing. In the words of Dr. Luther Gulick of the Institute of Public Administration, "Population growth will go right on. The drift from the soil to the city will go right on. The economic advantages of industrialism will not abate. . . . Thus the great sprawling urban regions, the metropolitan complexes, will go right on growing, and their problems will be bigger and worse and more demanding."

Most of these problems are physical and apparent, and the outlying communities can solve them in time if they are willing to pay the price. When all the wells go dry, the community can set up its own water system—or buy high-priced water at retail from some older municipality nearby. When the septic tanks overflow, municipal sewer lines can be laid out, with the householders bearing the cost—though howls of protest may arise from the neighboring community down the road, which does not like having sewage dumped into the stream that flows into its recreation lake. Schools can be expanded, and policemen and firemen

... ...

Fabric Tag for Babies

By Betty Isler

Wash and wear,
No-iron skin,
Drip-dry tears,
Wrinkleproof grin,
Comes in one color,
Petal pink,
And guaranteed
Not to shrink.

... ...

hired. But all these things cost money. The first moment of disillusionment a suburban dweller feels is when he gets his tax bill. One of the reasons he went to the suburbs in the first place was that tax rates were lower there than in the city. He finds out they were lower because the suburban municipality did not provide the services that the city he had left provided. And when he starts demanding these services, the costs leave him stunned. He had paid for them in the city, too, of course; but painlessly, for they were hidden in his rent bill.

These are the householders' problems, though, and somehow he will work them out. Of equal interest to the men who study Megalopolis are the great intangibles, the still unanswered question of what the metropolitan sprawl is doing to America socially, culturally, economically and politically.

There are those who contend that the spread of suburbia is stultifying the American mind. Great cities, they point out, are centers of intellectual ferment where the finest talents congregate, and mind strikes sparks from mind. There is stimulation there in the great libraries and museums, the theaters and concert halls. The new suburbs, on the other hand, are, to resurrect Mr. Mencken's old epithet, Saharas of the Bozarts—vast expanses of intellectual sterility where the only mental stimulus, if it can be described as stimulus, comes from the television screen. Other, more pragmatic, men point out that the man who spends a pleasant Saturday puttering with his petunias, or mowing the lawn, or building a boat in his garage, or sitting with a beer before the television set, watching a baseball game, is living as he likes to live. He wouldn't be peering at old masters in a museum, or attending musicales even if they were available.

The homogeneity of the suburbs is of concern to some. Here, they point out, there is none of the great variety of human types, old and young, rich and poor, native and foreign, who jostle each other on the city's streets and, by their very presence, make of each city dweller a cosmopolitan. In every ranch house, snuggled against the next, there are families much alike in age, in income, education and attitudes; and this, it is held, makes for dullness and conformity. It also, it would seem, makes for a fairly happy and tractable neighborhood in which each man lives at peace with the man next door. This homogeneity, particularly of age, does have its disadvantages however. In some suburbs there are hundreds of babies—and no teen-age baby sitters. In others there are hundreds of teen-agers eager to earn pocket money—and no babies with whom to sit.

In some areas adjacent to the great cities of the North, the homogeneity is not only of age and income but of race and religion. The residents are predominantly Italian or Jewish or Irish or Middle European. Thus the old patterns of the ghetto—the Little Italys, the Little Erins, the Little Polands of immigrant days—are being reproduced in sylvan surroundings. This, the sociologists believe, is a fragmentation of America that should be deplored—a defeat, in a sense, of the American dream. They are even more concerned by the fact that the outlying areas are predominantly white, while the central cities grow darker every year. The European immigrant of years gone by had little trouble taking on the manners and mores of the indigenous population, for the native was there for him to observe and emulate. With the white population fleeing the city, leaving the Negro and the Puerto Rican behind, there is small chance for the newcomer to absorb the culture patterns of the metropolis.

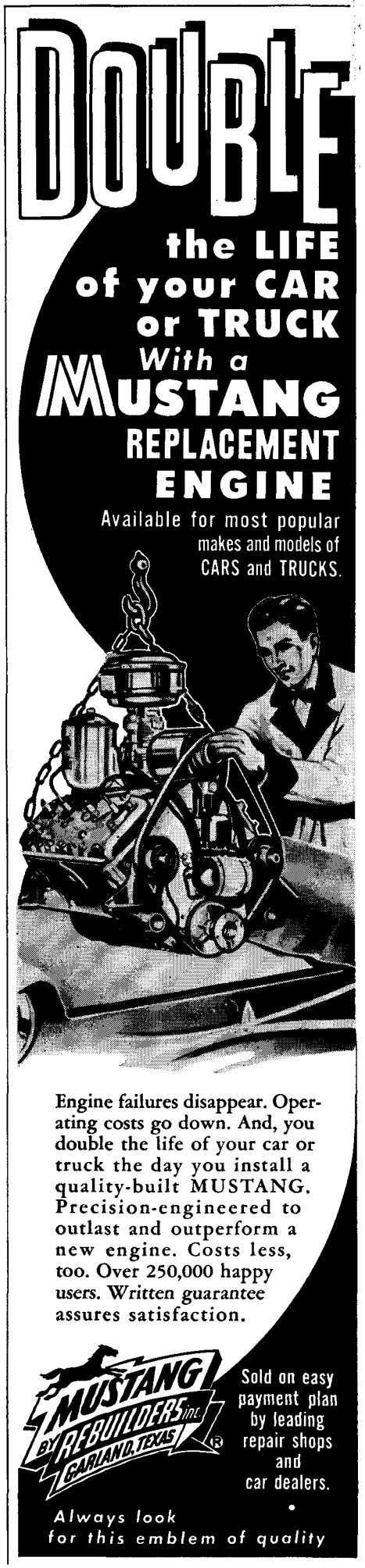
Political scientists ponder the effect this separation of people along racial and economic lines will have on the future of the two great political parties. Cities have been traditionally Democratic and will likely remain so as their lower-income citizens increase in numbers. In the two-party states, the old well-to-do suburbs and the rural areas have been traditionally Republican. Will the city Democrat cling to his old loyalties when he moves to the suburbs and becomes a property owner? Or will he shift his allegiance to the G.O.P.? The next national election should provide some answers.

Economists studying Megalopolis agree that the great migration has had a tremendously stimulating effect not only upon the building trades but upon the whole economy. The mover to the suburbs must have a car, and whenever he can afford it he owns two. His new status creates all sorts of new demands for goods and services associated with outdoor living—for garden tools and power mowers, grass seeds and fertilizers and lawn furniture and barbecue grills, and casual clothes of a different type from those he wore in the city. The result has been a great upsurge in retail sales in which the city, for all its efforts to lure the shopper back downtown, has had trouble getting its share. As a result the great downtown department stores have had to join the hegira, setting up branches in the hinterlands which, in effect, compete with the mother store.

All the above leads finally to the question which troubles all those who ponder the long-range effects of Megalopolis. With its tax values falling, with many of its best and brightest citizens leaving it, will the city survive? Will man's noblets artifact crumble slowly into decay, becoming at best an island of office buildings surrounded by a gray sea of slums? Or will it use its concentrated wealth and brains to fight the forces that would destroy it, and arise more vital, more magnetic and more magnificent than before?

Next week's article—Is DOWNTOWN DOOMED?—will try to provide some answers.

This is the first of three articles on what may be our major domestic problem, Megalopolis. —THE EDITORS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you'd think the musicians came with the car

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Best Cartoons from the Post

1932 to 1960

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Best Cartoons (CONTINUED)

1933

"Do we have to do whatever we want to again today?"

1933

"Sh-h-h! Quiet, darling, don't annoy daddy when he's playing with the Boston Symphony."

Only Yesterday, As Seen by Our Merry Cartoon Makers

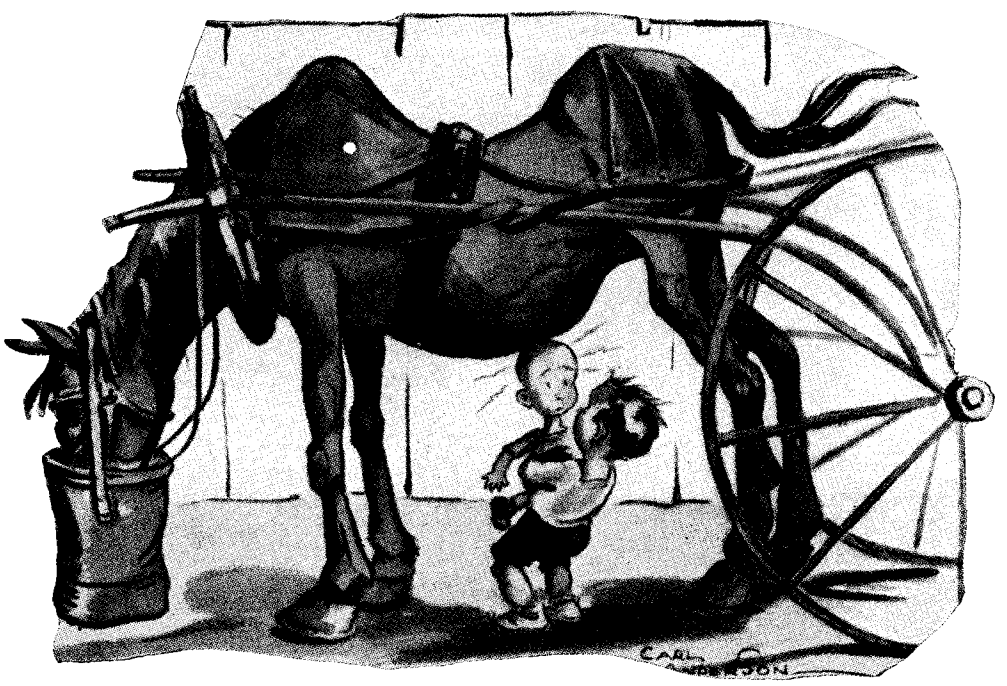
The Post published cartoons 'way back in post-World War I days, but the early cartoon was an editorial adjunct which quoted philosophical fishermen and John Q. Public. Mostly it stayed that way through the otherwise giddy '20's, but in the early 1930's the cartoon emerged in our pages as a gag, and thus it has remained, with rather elaborate variations which you will note in these twelve pages.

Herewith we present a selection from the 30,000 cartoons we have published in the last three decades. A lot of these aren't funny—at least, not by our 1960 standards—because our taste in humor changes almost as rapidly as our fashions in clothes. But nearly all of them *were* funny, or at least wryly significant, at the time. For the sake of distinction we have labeled each cartoon with its date.

On these two pages you see some of the things that made us laugh during the 1930's, when laughter didn't come easy. But even the Depression had its moments ("All you can eat for 75c"). In those days the cartoonists held that all Englishmen wore monocles and dizzy tweeds, auto makers put their most uninhibited designers to work on radiator caps—outside the hoods then—and hillbillies lacked vigor. Well, anyway, these things seemed frightfully funny at the time.

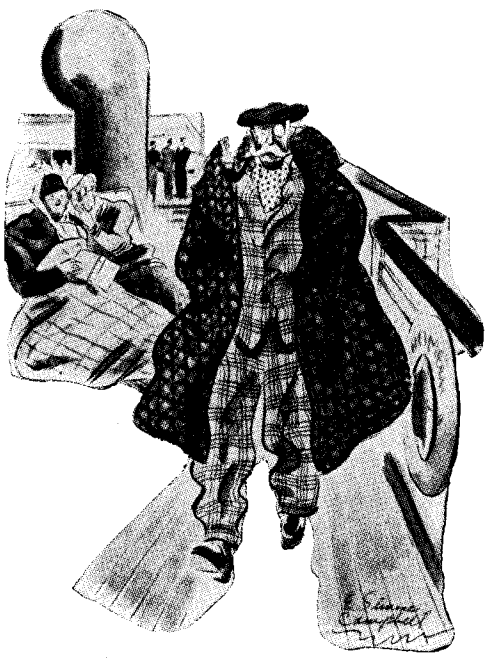
The blue-jean set should know that the cartoon at upper right has a meaning: Poet Walt Whitman doesn't deserve to be called the King of Jazz. The young lady was confusing Walt Whitman with band leader Paul Whiteman. End of joke.

1932



"Does your head feel warmer now, Henry?"

1933



"They say he's an Englishman."

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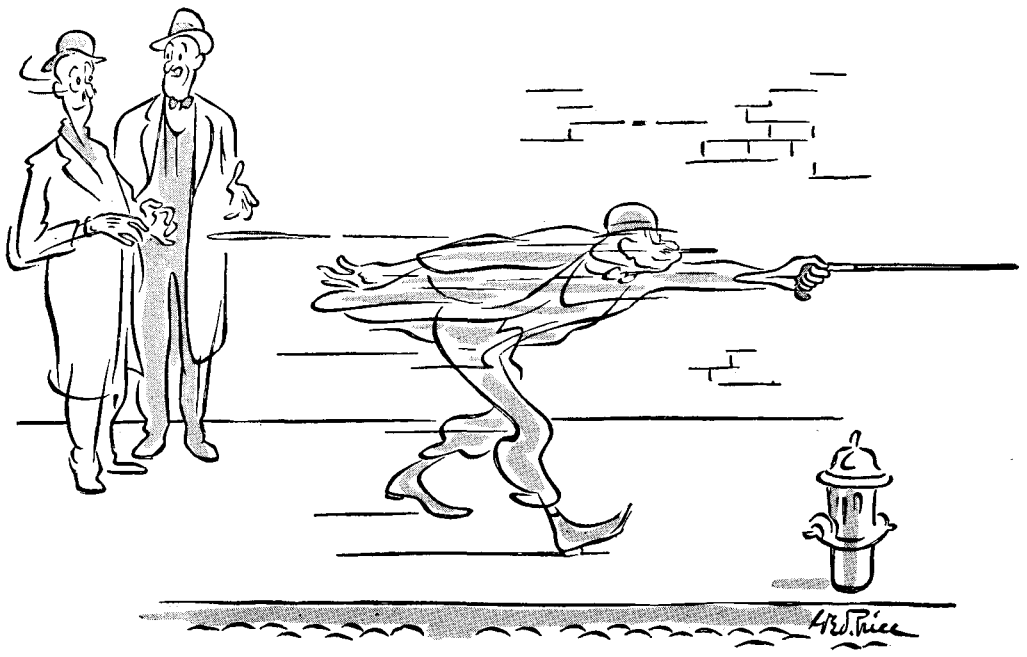
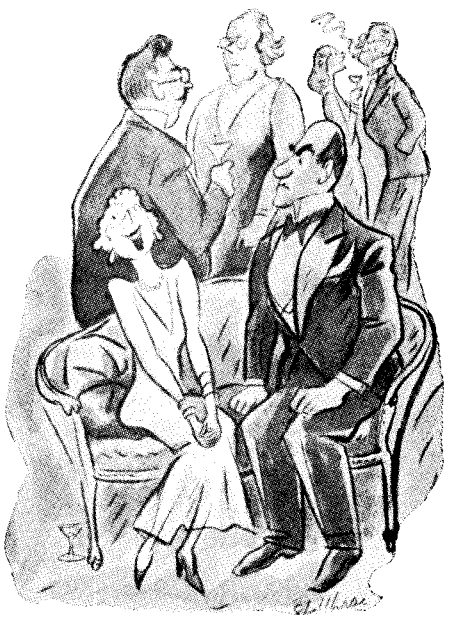
1938



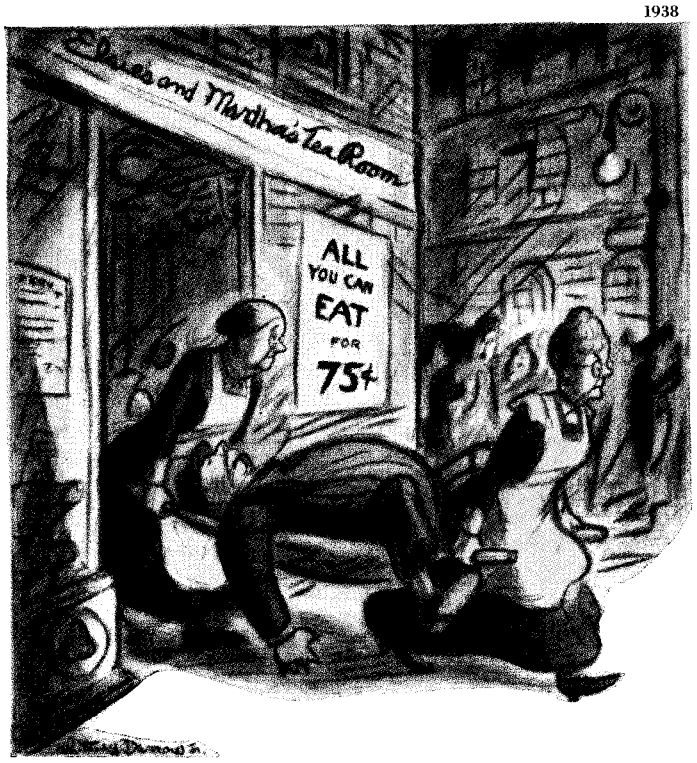
"He designs radiator caps."

1934

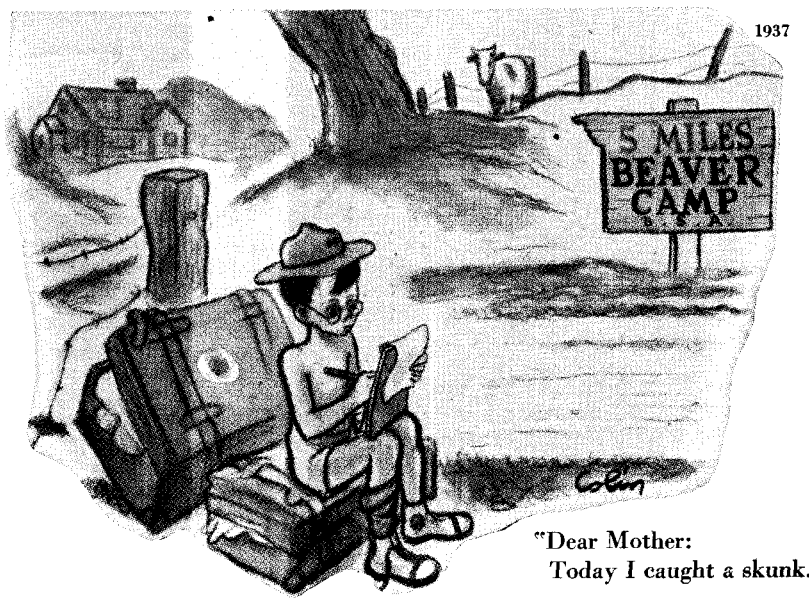


"Oh, yes, I adore Walt Whitman. He deserves to be called the King of Jazz."

1938



1937



"Dear Mother:
Today I caught a skunk."

1937

"A baby brother? Does mommy know?"

1934

"Shucks! Ma looks kinda all tuckered out, don't she?"

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1940

"I want two volunteers for a very dangerous mission."

1940

"Think of it as a day filled with little adventures ——"

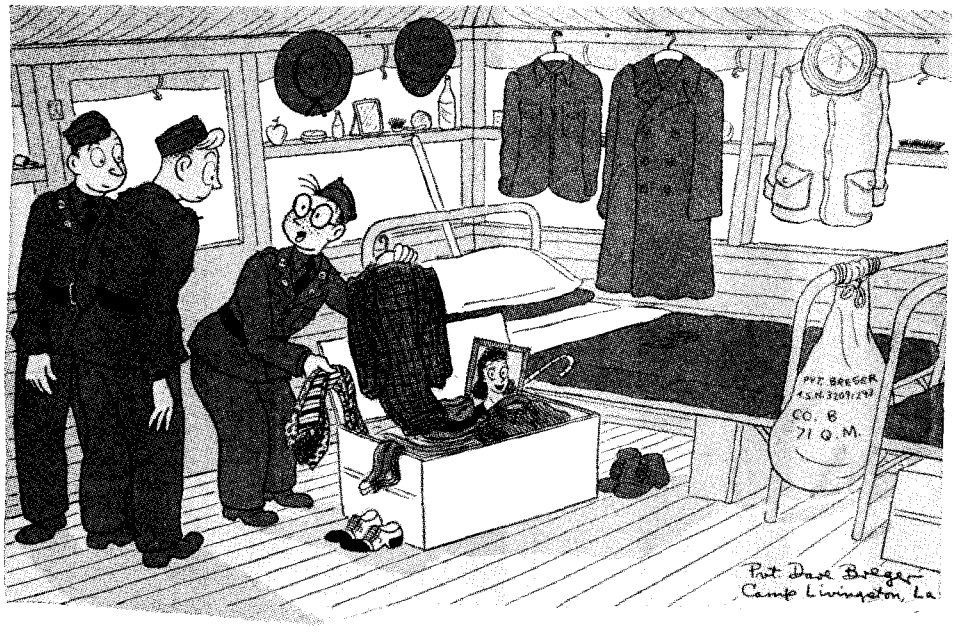
1941

"Aren't you taking Dorothy Thompson a trifle seriously?"

1940–1945

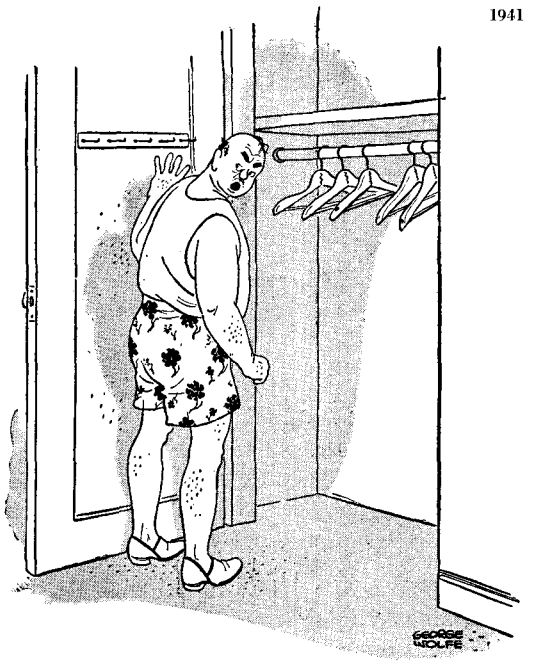
Does a French infantry officer at dawn stimulate the funnybone? *C'est la guerre*, and you might as well laugh as cry. In those dark days, some of us (left) succumbed to war nerves. Cartoonist Breger became Private Breger (below) with a sketch pad in his duffle bag; and by and by (*eyes right!*→) requirements were relaxed until almost any half-blind male could get accepted into Uncle Sam's club (membership 16,000,000). At home clothing was in short supply, even without Martha's help (below). Could that be Martha in the splotched gown? Well, perhaps the Army didn't have a corner on sad sacks.

1941



"My hope chest."

1941



"Martha, aren't you carrying this Bundles for Britain thing too far?"

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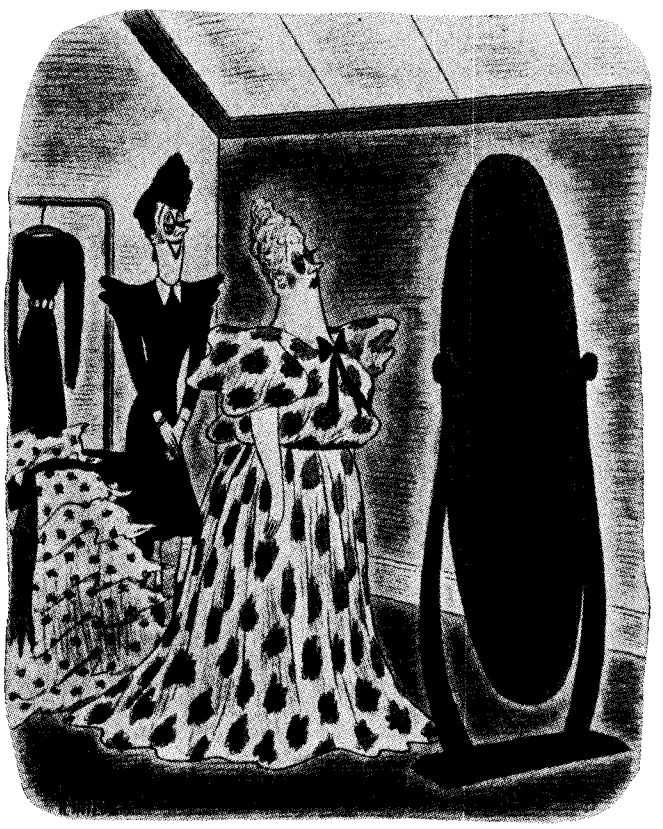
1942

"This is Mr. Thompson—*c'est la guerre!*"

1943

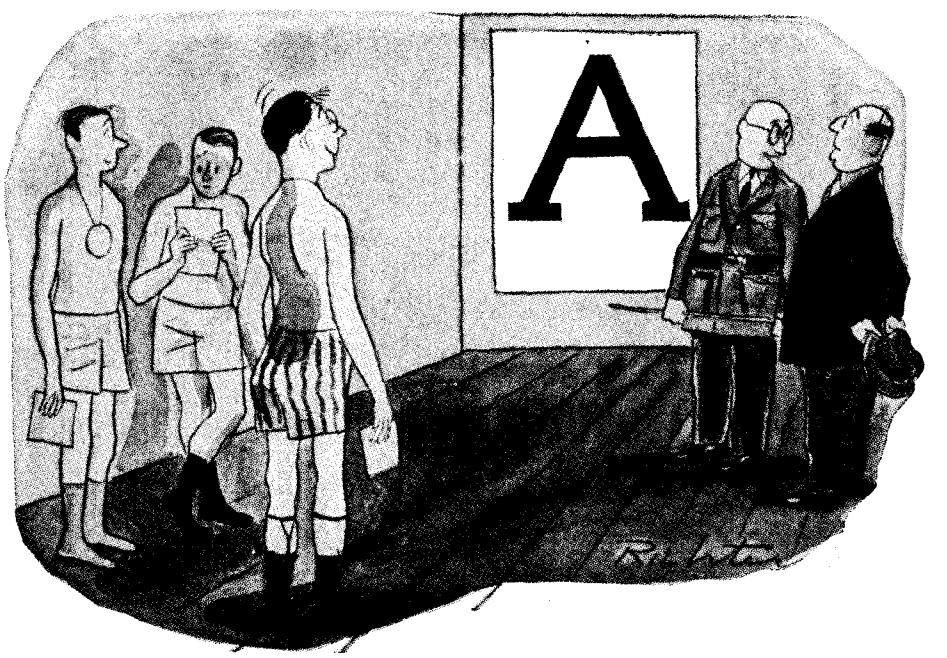
"Nothing, thanks, we're just browsing."

1941



"It doesn't give you that horrid poured-in look."

1942



"We've relaxed our requirements just a bit."

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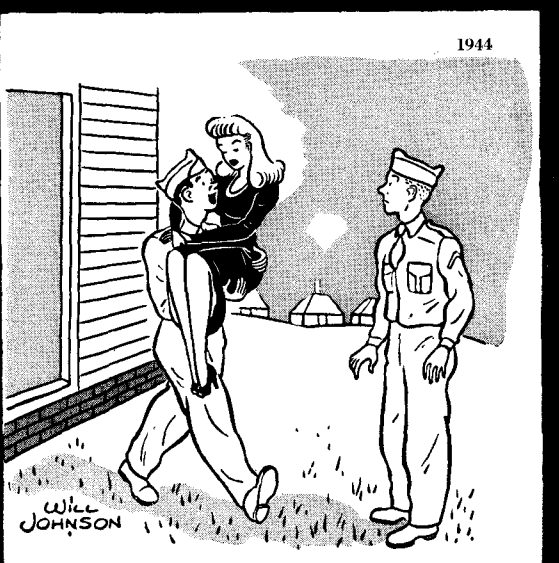
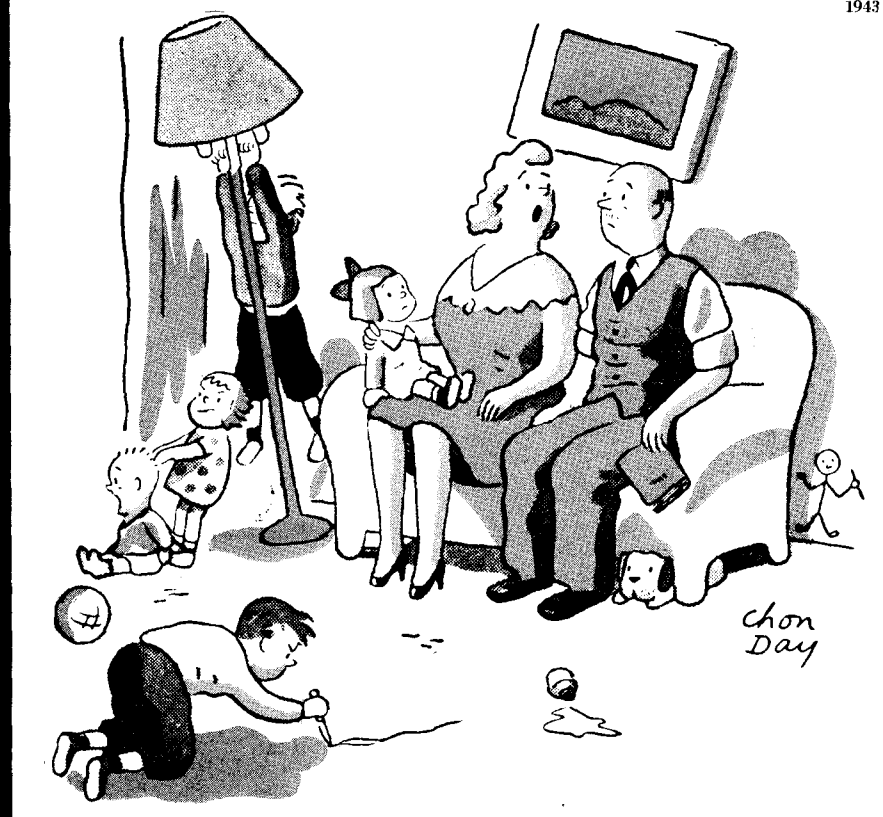
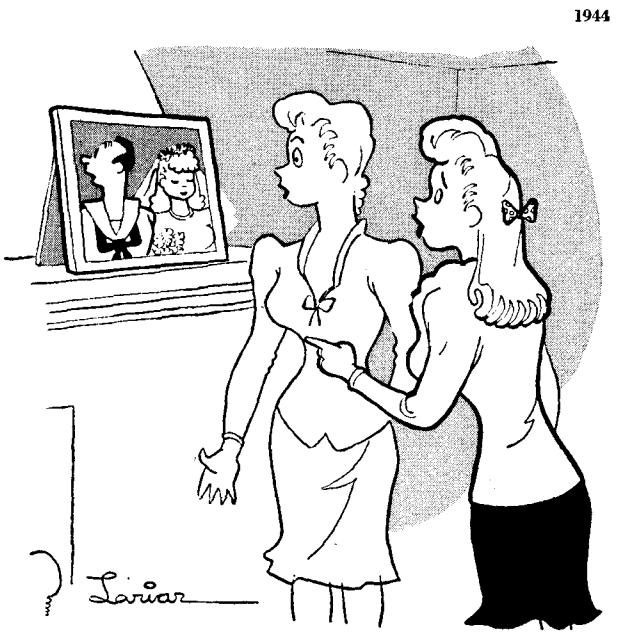
"Now, now, dear—in just a few minutes we'll see daddy."



"Best darned supply sergeant I ever saw."



"Remember how we used to talk about a girl for you and a boy for me?"



"He was recalled to duty just as the picture was taken!"

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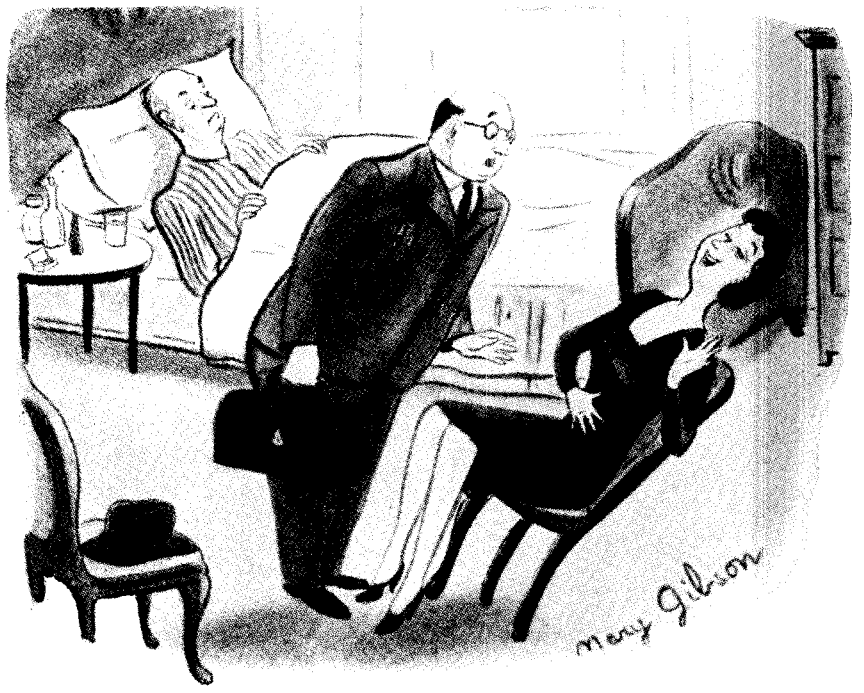
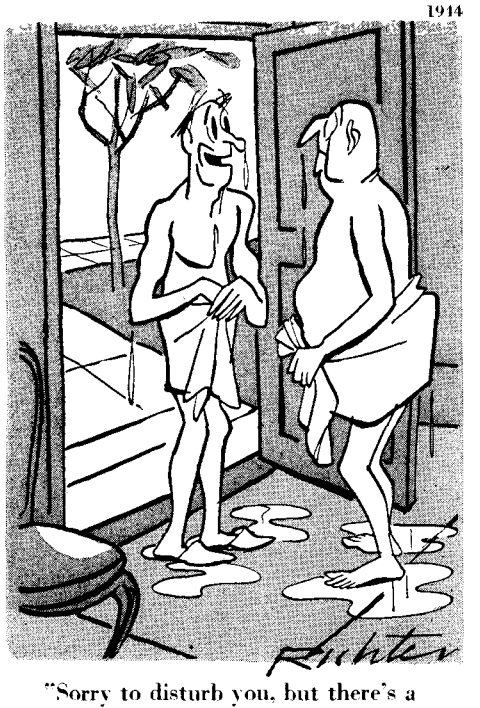
1944



"I wouldn't overdo it—just act cheerful!"

1944



"Sorry to disturb you, but there's a call for you on my phone."

1944

"No, I didn't see any other fellows while you were away!"

The hazards on the home front were many: Witness the embattled ladies (far left) who sought exotic foodstuffs for their families. Consider the psyche of the little girl who has been frightened by her sailor-father—has she suffered permanent damage? The rules of courtship underwent drastic revision; and when telephones became scarce, people who were able to get one achieved real popularity. On the other hand, ration books were regarded with feelings ranging from bewilderment (below, right) to bewailment. In many a jungle—a cartoonist's jungle, that is—G.I. Joe encountered hard times (below).

1943

"Dis is gonna be like taking candy from a baby, eh, boys?"

1945

"Let's suppose you want a large can of tomato juice. You don't just come piling in here and yell for it . . . but you bring what we call a ration book. . . ."

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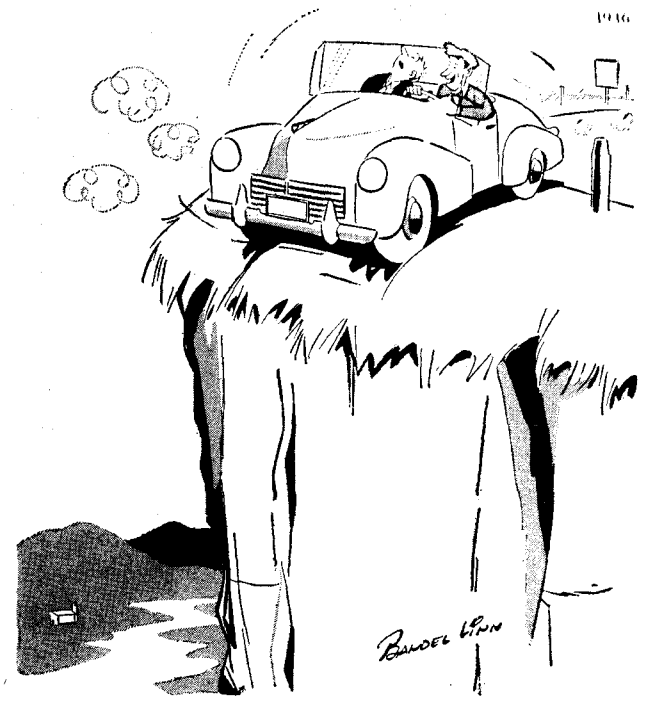
1946–1960

No sooner was gas restored than the motorist took off, and so did the cartoonist. Gags about ration books disappeared. Butchers had meat again, including tongue. The psychiatrist began to creep into the cartoonist's subconscious, and a couple of years ago the head shrinker almost displaced television in the funnyman's affection. The growth of basketball players was a postwar phenomenon quickly observed by the cartoonist. Hardly anything remained constant except Hazel, the indomitable domestic (who makes her 813th weekly appearance on page 96), and even Hazel sometimes went newfangled on us.

1946

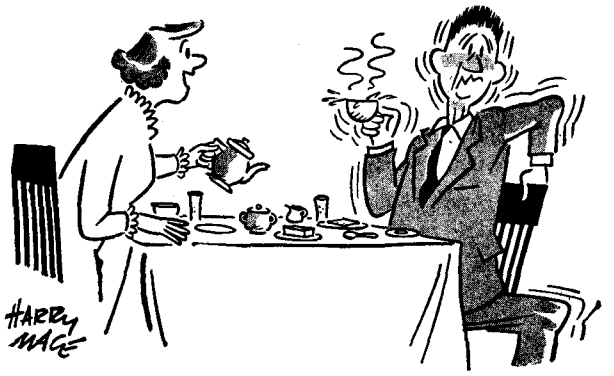


"That was to show you how the brakes work!
Now we'll take her out for the speed test."

1946

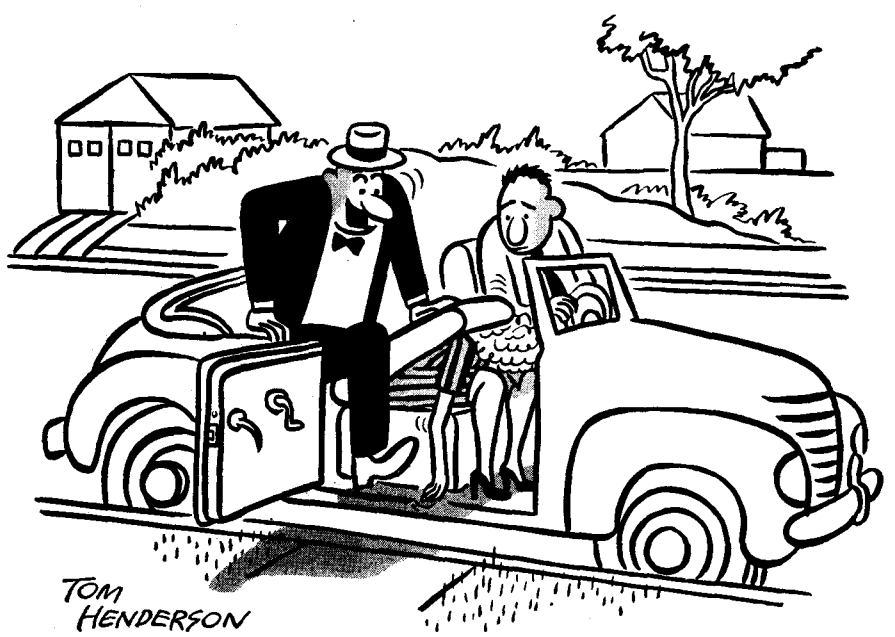
"Roger, please be more careful!"

1952



"Brushes away those old cobwebs, doesn't it?"

1946



"Don't bother getting up, Helen—I can make it O.K."

1947

"Jones dances out of his corner and Smith dances out to meet him. Smith is by far the better dancer."

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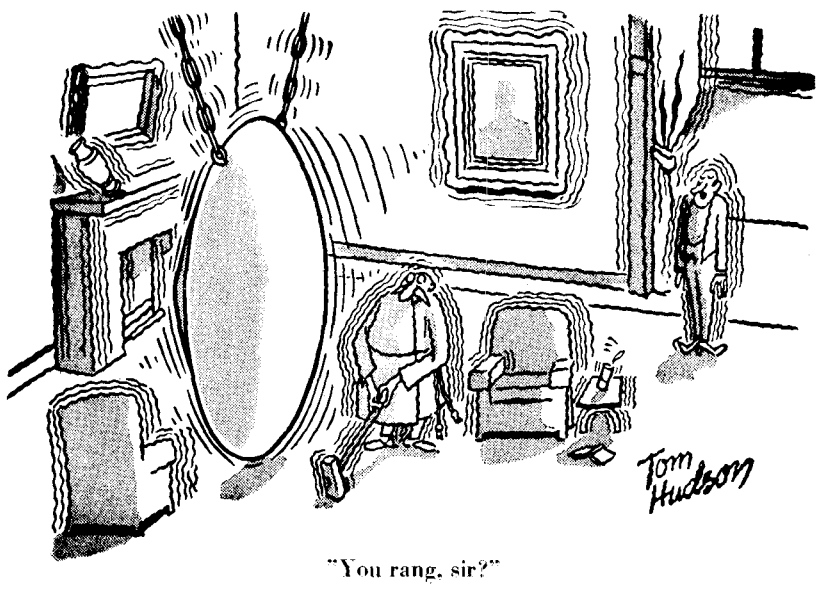
1947



"You rang, sir?"

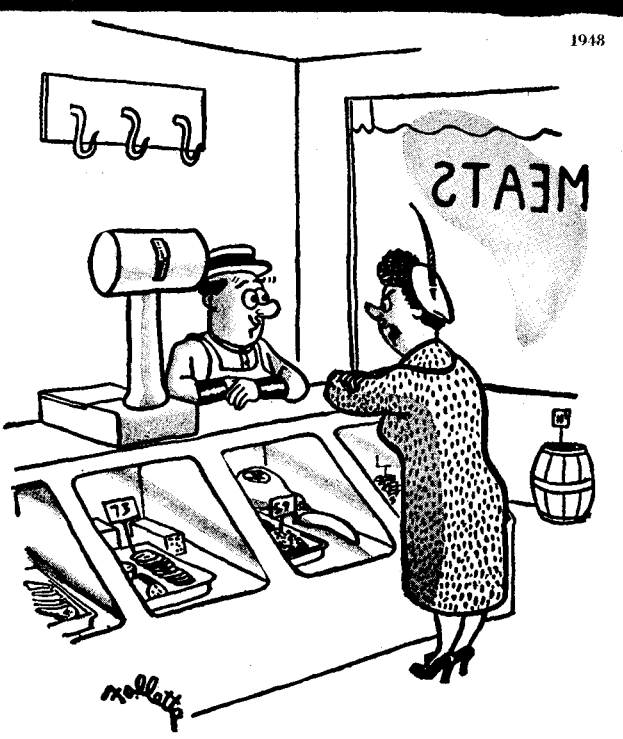
1949

"Nobody collected money?"

1947

"Oh, that's just dandy, dear. Now if you'll allow me to get my key outta the door."

1948



"Suppose we try it again and let's have no more foolishness! Now, then—LET ME SEE YOUR TONGUE!"

1948

"Gregory hasn't actually proposed in so many words, but he did give me an electric blanket with dual controls."

1949

"Don't be absurd, Grogan. Of course we've got to take them directly to the station."

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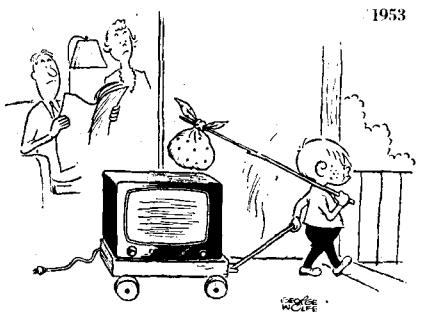
1953

"Oh, no! . . . Not another old Army buddy!"

1953



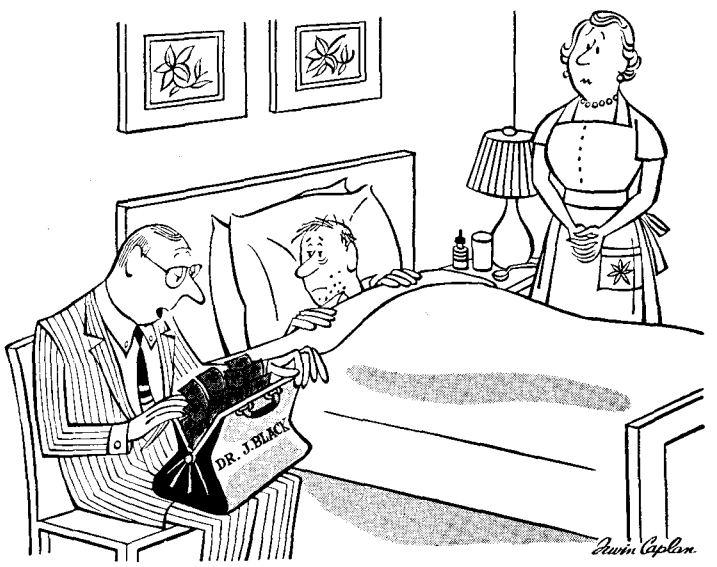
1953

"I said people don't seem to like me for some reason—
open your ears, fathead!"

1953

"Will you stop nagging the boy? He said he was sorry!"

1955



"I'm afraid I'll have to come back later . . .
I brought the wrong bag."

1954

"And how are your children doing at college?"

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1954

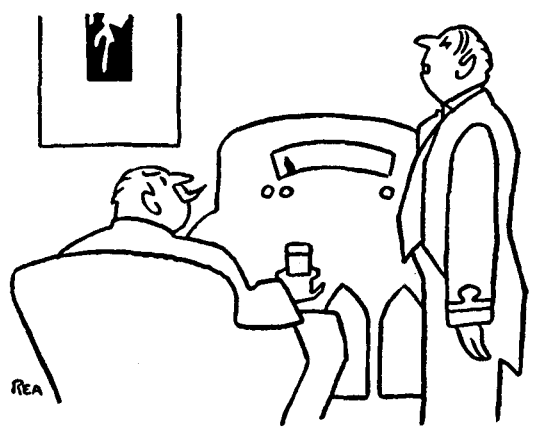
1953

"That's right . . . egg it on!"

1953

"Just what I thought. A bad case of nerves!"

1949



"May I have the evening off, sir, or will you be wanting me to listen to your comments on Mr. Truman's advice to the nation?"

1949

"I was so happy and excited when you gave me a whole nickel for my very own that I must have thought I was putting them in the closet."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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1956

"Hogan looks good on defense."

Nowhere in this album have you found the tired clichés of cartoonland: the Persian on the flying carpet, the castaways on an island, the Hindu on a bed of spikes, the missionary in a cannibal's pot. But that's no guaranty you won't find them in future issues of *The Post*, because the fun can lie in the caption (see Chon Day, below) as readily as in the no-caption sight gag—so if the cannibal or the castaway has something funny to say, we'll print it. That's our policy, and we expect to stick to it during the next thirty years.

1958

"We ought to do this again next year."

1955

"It's upside-down pineapple rum cake, thash what it is."

1959

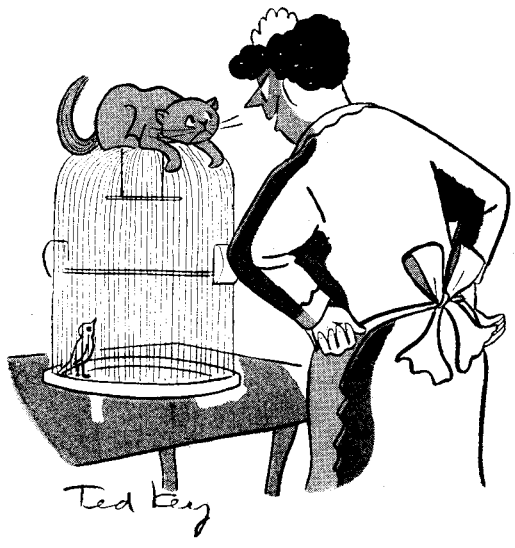
"I guess in this age of specialization it was bound to happen."

1956

"So, when she said that to me, I merely shrugged slightly, smiled in a condescending manner, said I was awfully sorry she felt that way about me, and hauled off and hit her with my handbag."

1955

HAZEL



"Comfy?"

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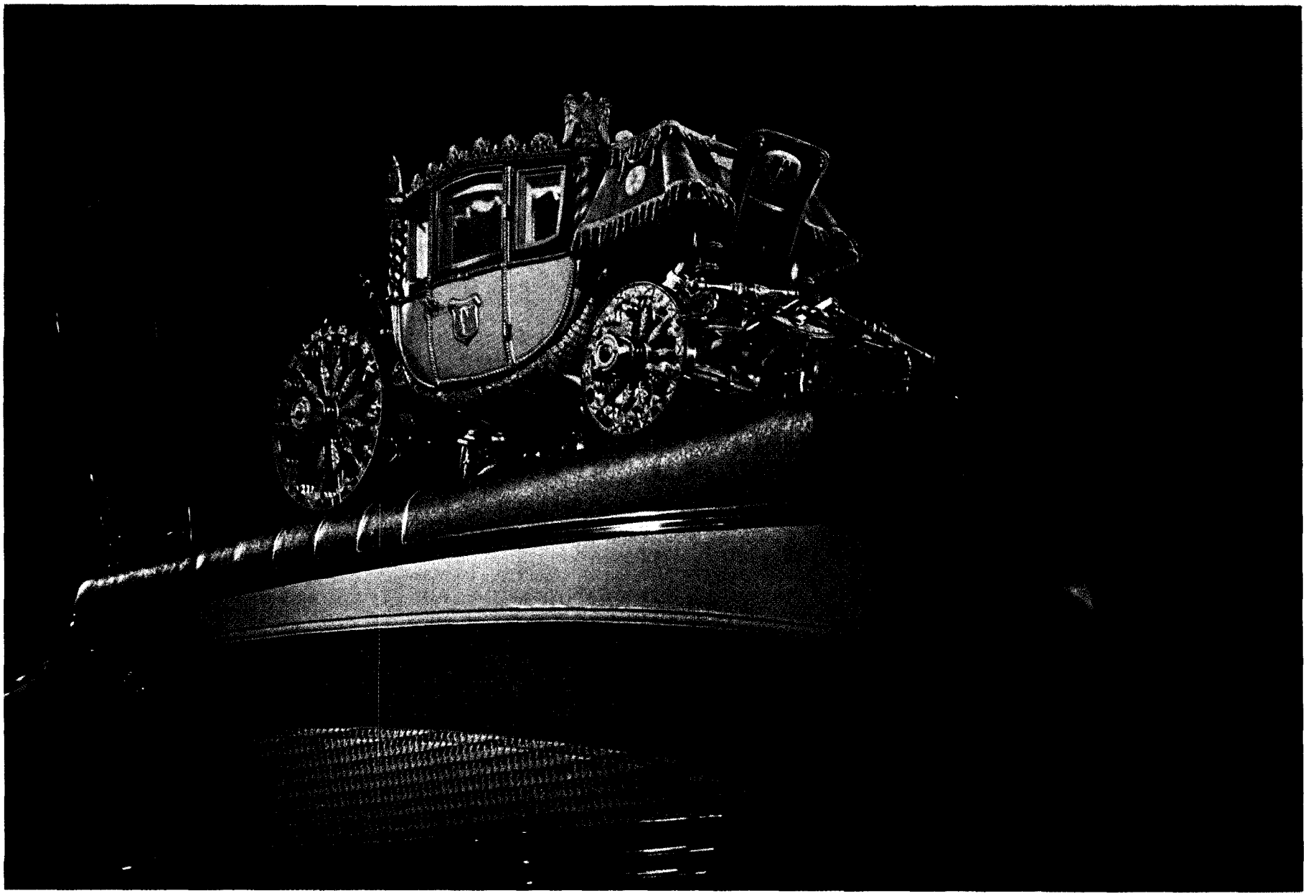

Open and shut case

BUILT-IN QUALITY OF BODY BY FISHER

Slam the door of a General Motors car and you'll hear the solid value in the Exclusive Extra of Body by Fisher. The Vault-Solid door closes with a firm "kerchunk"—has upholstery tailored right up to the window's edge. There's nothing like a new car and when you get your next one, be sure you get all the built-in quality extras of Body by Fisher: Magic-Mirror Finish • Sound Barrier Build Vista-Panoramic Windshield • Safety Plate Glass All Around • Vault-Solid Doors • Contour-Molded Carpets and Mats.

The Exclusive Extra
IN ALL GENERAL MOTORS CARS

Body by Fisher

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
BUICK
CADILLAC

The Exclusive Extra of Body by Fisher in the Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan

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Mysteries of the Cave Painters

(Continued from Page 31)

a sigh. "Look, look!" she insisted. He raised the lamp, smiling because of her childish imagination. For the first time in all the years he had worked here, he turned his eyes upward instead of to the floor, and he saw the bulls. "Bison," he murmured automatically, "long extinct in Spain. Wild boar, ponies, deer.... Maria, what have we found?"

The year was 1879. The man was Don Marcelino S. de Sautuola, a Spanish gentleman and amateur archaeologist. "Prehistoric cave paintings," we answer his question now; and after careful investigation Sautuola said just the same; but there is a difference. He was saying it for the first time. He was suggesting something that seemed to the learned men of his day to be a contradiction in terms. Only recently Darwin had suggested man's descent from primates, and his theories had been accepted. Cave men were still half ape. They wore perhaps a few skins, knew how to make fire and how to work flints to a sharp point, but otherwise they were animals. These beasts painted on the walls of the cave of Altamira, in northern Spain, in the province of La Montana—now called Santander—were works of art, almost of genius. The artist had actually used the contours of the rock to give his work a three-dimensional effect. The economy and sureness of line, with which he had portrayed death, effort, repose and violence, were masterly. If this had been done by cave men of 20,000 or 30,000 years earlier, great art must have existed long before civilization. But it was an axiom that they went together. The scientific mind reeled at the implications.

Too many theories, too many reputations were at stake. The learned men, particularly of France, hurried to the attack. They discovered that the kindly Sautuola had been giving hospitality to an unfortunate French artist. Ah, then the artist had certainly painted the pictures, at Sautuola's instigation. Motive? Cheap notoriety. Sautuola was a forger, they claimed, little better than a crook.

The battle raged on. Sautuola died in 1888, and it was not until ten years later that impartial investigation vindicated him, when further layers of earth that had never been moved were dug into, and similar paintings found behind them. By the turn of the century Altamira was accepted for what it is. One of the men who took the lead in establishing its position was a young French priest and archaeologist, the *Abbé* Breuil. Soon afterward, Altamira received its nickname, the Sistine Chapel of the Stone Age.

This name is the clue to the universal importance of cave art, as opposed to its special value to archaeologists. Scientific theory about the origins of man generally agrees that he developed from lower forms of life. The process of evolution was long and slow, and the vital question is—at what point does this developing organism become man? In other words, what are the qualities that distinguish man from anything that is not man? There are several answers to that question, but two points are common to all of them—that he must be aware of forces which cannot be detected by any of his senses; and that he must be capable of communicating abstract notions. The first point is religion; the second, art, though in the very earliest phases the two are likely to be inextricably mixed up, the one with the other.

The existence of cave-dwelling mammals of the human family had been known for a long time before the discovery of Altamira. A great deal of archaeological work was being done by gentlemen of leisure, assisted by scholars under their patronage—country squires in England, a king in Denmark, lawyers and bankers in France, the remarkable Schliemann who discovered Troy. All over the world, but particularly in western Europe, men were digging and probing and sifting. The foundations of scientific method were being laid, and the searchers were not now so keen on the individual "find"—a Rosetta stone, a king's tomb, a prehistoric necklace—as in the classification of strata. Some of the caves they found, especially in southwestern France, had been occupied for thousands of years, and the successive generations of inhabitants had left layer upon layer of debris as a record of their lives. The scientists dug carefully into this debris, leaving a vertical back wall on which the layering was visible to the naked eye. Carefully they classified what they found in each layer. They found that man's technical skills—the shaping of flints, for instance—went back a very long way. They found that the same caves had been inhabited by men who looked like cave men and by others who looked much the same as we do. The bones of rhinoceros and mammoth traced for them the advance and recession of the ice ages. They found traces of ritual burial and said, "Here, at last, is something which shows the beginnings of man as a civilized animal—but he has a long way to travel."

It was an enthralling and wonderful period, for these earnest seekers of the mid-nineteenth century were inventing and perfecting a new art. They were doing something, like painting or sculpture, which had no practical purpose. They were, in fact, exercising one of the basic qualities of humanity as we have defined it. It is all the more surprising that they recoiled with such shock, almost outrage, when they came across the cave art of the Stone Age. We can understand their attitude better if we appreciate the Victorian era's sense of finality. The world was thus and so, and one could make a mechanical model of it. The steam engine had been invented, electricity discovered, and man had all the tools he needed for a total uncovering of the universe. It would take time, of course, but it would be a logical, mechanical progression—as there had been from ape to cave man to Michelangelo. We, who have been confronted with the shadowy vastness of Einstein's special theory of relativity, with the quantum theory, with a universe that can only be explained in terms of mathematical symbols, and those dependent on a nonexistent quantity, the square root of minus 1, are as sure of nothing as the Victorians were of everything.

Altamira was genuine, then, but it was inexplicable, like a waterfall that flowed upward. The experts had their theories, but they did not take the general public into their confidence. The public, as a matter of fact, had hardly heard of Altamira, and was not very interested. Another and greater shock was needed.

It came on September 12, 1940, when four youths set out from the village of Montignac, in the Black Périgord district of southwestern France, for a walk on the wooded hill which dominates the little town and the River Vézère from the south. Two were natives of Montignac, and two were evacuees from German-occupied Paris. One of the locals, Marcel Ravidat, took his small dog, Robot, along. Most of the hill was owned by the *comte* de la Rouchefoucauld-Montbel, and over the centuries nearly every part of it had been given a name. In the area known as Lascaux, the dog, hunting for rabbits, disappeared down a small hole. The young men, determined not to lose their pet, followed him down with some difficulty, for the hole was narrow and soon turned into a steep slope. They slid down it and found the whimpering dog. The faint light shining down the hole by which they had entered showed them that they were in a large hall.

They were excited. The valleys of the Vézère and the Dordogne had long been the scene of important archaeological research. Villages in the district had given their names to whole epochs of man, whose traces had been found nearby—Cro-Magnon, Les Eyzies, Le Moustier, La Madeleine, Périgueux.

This had to be investigated further. The cave might contain bones, a skull—"Lascaux Man," and they would have discovered him! They scrambled out through the narrow hole, took an oath of secrecy and returned next day with a lamp.

Like the girl Maria de Sautuola sixty-one years before, when they raised the lamp in the great hall they saw the visions of their own imaginations spring to life upon the walls. There were stags with magnificently antlered heads, horses, bison, human figures and again bulls, this time so colossal that the eye could hardly take them in at a single glance—one of them was more than sixteen feet long. The young men, with private regret, realized that this was too important to keep secret. On their return to Montignac they told the village schoolteacher, who set a guard on the cave mouth and wired at once to the greatest living expert in the country, and the world—the *Abbé* Breuil.

This time there could be no doubt about the authenticity of the paintings, for some of them were partly covered by a layer of calcite, which must have taken thousands of years to form. The rest of the paintings were done on top of earlier calcite deposits. The paintings were technically as good as those of Altamira, if not better; there were more of them, and in better preservation; the cave was in inquisitive, artistic France; and some sixty years had passed, bringing the idea of tourism, a widening of education and easier means of travel.

The roof fell in—not the roof of the great cave of Lascaux, but the roof of the archaeologists' private world. Altamira and Font-de-Gaume and the rest were hardly known outside the circle of experts. Lascaux became as famous as the Louvre, and the only reason why it did not receive as many visitors was that the Historical Monuments Commission quickly took steps to preserve the climatic conditions of the cave by installing triple air-lock doors and limiting the number of visitors allowed inside each day.

The questions that had been bruited ever since the discovery of Altamira could no longer be evaded. Lascaux, besides its wealth of art, presented the twentieth century with mysteries. Here the prehistoric artists had invented animals—for nowhere in reality has any trace been found of an extraordinary beast, on one wall, that might have been a unicorn except that it had two horns, long and straight and close together. Also there were devices set among the animals—grilles, and squares, and hieroglyphs, some blocked in with color masses that gave the whole a strong resemblance to cubist art. And man was there, lying apparently dead or dying in front of a bison, the bison transfixed by a long spear and its entrails hanging out; and by the man's right hand was a device of a white bird on a long stick.

The Vézère and the Dordogne in this area flow through a rolling, rocky landscape covered with chestnut, oak and pine trees. They have worn their channels deep, and frequently they pass under tall cliffs, curved in and out with the marks of flood eras that took place 1,000,000 years ago. Everywhere, beside the main rivers, beside the small streams that flow into them, there are shallow caves and overhangs; in hundreds of them traces of prehistoric man have been found. He lived under these overhangs—on the sheltered south side during the hot interglacial periods, on the north when the cold winds marched down across Europe. Here and there a limestone wall has had a figure scratched into it; bones have been found carved into the shape of steatopygous women or phallic men; but the evidence is unmistakable that these were the places where the people lived, not where they painted.

Now why, if you live in a cave and have discovered how to make paint by mixing certain earths with animal fats, should you do your serious painting in the darkest corners of the most inaccessible places, miles from where you live? All the Altamira art is difficult to get at and, though some of the Lascaux work is on the wall of a large hall, the rest of it is in culs-de-sac where literally only one man at a time can go. Under the overhangs there was

"How come you never have insomnia on the nights the baby is crying?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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natural light; here everything had to be done by artificial light—the soot from the blubber lamps is there on the ceiling—often by men who must have been lying on their backs and able to see no more than a square foot of their working surface at a time. We marvel at what they accomplished under these conditions, but revert to the vital question—why?

It cannot be pure artistic passion that drove these men, because no pure art is meant to be concealed. We ask ourselves, "What is performed in enclosed places, privately, among small groups only?" Always rites are thus performed, whether religious or orgiastic or sexual. These amazing paintings must, then, be the very early beginnings of man's attempts to communicate with God.

The representation of an animal being killed is a very old magical method of insuring its actual death—Lascaux shows just how old, and we remember that the cave men's lives depended on the hunt. The portrayal of pregnant beasts again was believed to work a magic toward fertility among them, and so toward more meat for the hunters. The white bird on a stick beside the dying man—can it have been his soul that the artist was showing? Then the running cow, the deer swimming the river, their antlered heads at exactly the correct angle—could the artists have understood that if God brought death, He was also responsible for life? Could they believe that this mysterious power to communicate was also His gift, to be used for the wonder of it? If so, Altamira and Lascaux were more than chapels; they were the very labor rooms of humanity.

Marcel Ravidat closed the last of the airtight doors carefully behind us as we came out, my wife, myself, then Ravidat. He is the guide to the cave now; his dog, Robot, is long since dead. It is nineteen years since he and Jacques Marsal and the two from Paris slid down that narrow hole where now the steps and the triple doors are; but all the time he showed us around, his manner had been full of wonder—as though it had happened that morning. And the wonder was not at what had befallen him but at the works of man there on the walls of that secret place. Marcel Ravidat had long since realized the true miracle of Lascaux, which is not in the genius of its art, but in the nature of man.

We were standing, silent, at the edge of the wood, beside the sandy track among the chestnut trees. The Vézère wound away to the west through the Black Périgord, the land of truffles, *foie gras*, good wine, and walnut-oil dressing. I thought, *My ancestors became "man" here, in these hills, a thousand generations ago.*

The woods seemed to grow denser and, in the valley, the villages faded and disappeared. The river remained, and so did the contours of the land. A trampling among the dead leaves did not make me turn my head; it was a bison, but it was far away, and I was unarmed. The men coming up the slope carried animal bladders, full of oil, over their bare shoulders. Their hair was long, and they wore no clothes at all, for it was a warm day. There were six or seven of them. They also had earthenware pots and lumps of color in their hands. They stopped, looked around cautiously and listened. Then two of them who carried long spears moved aside and sat under a tree, on guard. The others, one by one, slid down the narrow hole into the earth. The last man stayed a moment, half in and half out of the hole, staring full at me. I was not looking at cave man or Cro-Magnon man or prehistoric man, but at Man, the discoverer and molder of what we have become and will become, the eyes of a man groping to find a link with infinity through a mysterious power to show color, shape and movement. This was all he had now, but he knew already that one day, if he worked and thought, he would understand.

Marcel Ravidat said softly, "I am so lucky. Every time I feel despair, I go into the cave. I wish that everyone in the world could do the same. Even to see Lascaux once. . . ." He did not finish the sentence, but I could do it for him. We are citizens of no mean city.

Then we went down the hill.

I Rode the Killer Sub (Continued from Page 27)

thirty-seven-year-old commanding officer, Cmdr. William W. Behrens Jr., pointed out. "This is because we are submerged even on the surface. But you haven't seen anything yet. Wait till we get out where we have some room to operate."

At noon Commander Behrens passed the word to man diving stations. As the lights on the control console—or the "Christmas tree"—indicated that the sub was all buttoned up and ready to go down, the officer of the deck called out, "Dive! Dive!" The deck tilted sharply as the sub nosed down. A short time later the *Skipjack* was prowling the depths. Behrens leveled off 150 feet below the surface, then began to put his ship through her paces.

"Right twenty-five degrees rudder!" Behrens ordered. The *Skipjack* heeled over sharply as it spun around, banking into the turn like an airplane. I tried to take notes, but soon gave up because it took both hands to hold on. Behrens reversed the helm and called for a ten-degree dive. The numbers on the depth indicator clicked off rapidly as we spiraled down. But the best was yet to come.

"Thirty degrees up! . . . Thirty degrees down!"

We roller-coastered up and down several times at the rate of over 1000 feet per minute. By way of contrast, a World War II submarine crash-dives at the rate of about sixty feet per minute.

At the bottom of one dive which carried us to the maximum and still-secret depth to which we descended during the trip, a thin trickle of sea water appeared in the control room where I was standing. I looked around at the crew, but no one seemed particularly concerned.

"It's that test equipment again," one of the officers said. "Every time we come into New London the engineers come around and want to bore holes in our sides to hang something on. The trouble is, these gadgets usually get torn off when we maneuver. They're designed to fail safe, but even so, a little water seeps in now and then when we operate at these depths."

Soon after this, Commander Behrens brought the *Skipjack* up nearer the surface. With the sea pressure reduced, the small leak stopped. He then turned the controls over to me so I could feel how the ship behaved.

The controls of the *Skipjack*, like those on other nuclear subs, are similar to those of a multi-engined airplane. Wheels on top of each of the two control columns turn the ship. Fore and aft movement of the yoke manipulates the diving planes. In front of each helmsman a panel of instruments indicates depth, heading, rate of dive and rudder angle. To complete the aircraft analogy, each helmsman's seat has a safety belt to hold him in place during the more violent maneuvers.

When I took my trick at the wheel, I felt right at home—as though I were back in the cockpit of an S2F. I strapped myself in and began a gentle turn to port. The controls were more sensitive than I had anticipated. The ship heeled over. Unconsciously I pressed on the deck where the rudder pedals should have been. No rudder pedals. I could feel the momentum of the ship building up more rapidly than I could handle it.

In a short time vertigo, the aviator's special kind of panic, began to creep up on me. I scanned the instrument panel in vain, looking for my old friends from the S2F cockpit. They were there, but unrecognizable in their guise as submarine instruments. Vertigo had taken hold of my senses now, and for a few seconds I couldn't tell whether I was upside down, still turning or on an even keel.

"Rudder amidships," said the diving officer over my shoulder.

I relaxed my grip on the wheel. The ship stopped turning, and my vertigo disappeared. "Where am I going?" I asked.

"Your course is north," said the diving officer.

I had drifted off course many degrees by this time. I gingerly returned the ship to its proper heading, then turned the controls over to someone else. I retired to the rear of the control room to light up a cigarette and think things over.

In case of war the sub-killing *Skipjack* would have all the business she could handle. Until recently the Russians have been building submarines hand over fist. The current strength of the Soviet submarine fleet is estimated to be about 400 boats. About half of these are long-range types capable of operating in American waters for extended periods of time. The others are smaller coastal-patrol and mine-laying subs. By comparison, the United States now has an active submarine force of slightly more than 100.

The United States, with its big Navy and long supply lines, is particularly vulnerable to a submarine threat, as World Wars I and II have proved. Germany started World War II with fifty-seven submarines. Today Russia could go to war with at least seven times that many. Not long ago intelligence from the Soviet Union reported the interesting fact that Russia had suddenly suspended its massive conventional-submarine construction program. As the chief of naval operations, Adm. Arleigh Burke, has testified, this meant only one thing to the Navy—the Russians were shifting over to nuclear-powered submarines.

The Navy, of course, has elaborate conventional measures for dealing with the Russian submarine threat, including aircraft carriers, secret sonar devices and patrol planes. "But the antisubmarine weapon I fear the most," says the *Skipjack's* boss, Cmdr. Bill Behrens, "is an enemy nuclear sub. I think most sub skippers would say the same thing." Articulate and slightly graying, Behrens has been a submariner ever since he was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1943. His experience ranges from patrols against the Japanese in World War II to director of the Navy's first Nuclear Power School in New London.

"A nuclear killer sub like the *Skipjack* can maintain at all times the best sonar-listening depth because it never has to snorkel," Commander Behrens says. "I can pick up another sub at the longest possible range. In other words, I can hear him before he hears me." Backing up the *Skipjack's* hunting prowess are six torpedo tubes in her nose and special attack sonar that enables the *Skipjack* to strike at any target, surfaced or submerged, without ever raising her periscope. The only shortcoming of *Skipjack*, submariners say, is that we don't have enough subs like her.

No small problem in the underseas revolution in weaponry is the pressing matter of crews and "habitability," as the Navy calls it. It takes more than an ordinary swab jockey to man a sub killer like *Skipjack*; and it will take men of exceptional ability—and stability—to man the upcoming ballistic-missile subs which must remain on remote stations beneath the seas for months on end. And the quarters for these men must be designed thoughtfully and carefully.

The crews of atomic subs must still get plenty of fresh air and nourishment. They must be protected from reactor radiation and, above all, they must be able to get along with one another and carry out complex technical jobs despite being shut up many fathoms below the surface of the ocean for weeks or even months.

When I first came aboard the *Skipjack* I was given a "pocket dosimeter," a pencil-like instrument that measures the total amount of radiation accumulated during a given period of time. "There's little problem about stray radiation," the ship's doctor, Lt. Clint (Dan) McGrew said. "But we give one of these to every visitor so you can see for yourself."

A qualified submariner, twenty-eight-year-old Doctor McGrew holds a master's degree from the University of Rochester in radiation biology in addition to his M.D. As head of the medical department on the *Skipjack*, he is responsible for monitoring radiation levels aboard ship. "People on a sub receive less radiation than people ashore," he said. "Sea water shields cosmic radiation. Thus you can get more background radiation taking a sun bath than we ever get aboard the *Skipjack*. So many safeguards were built into the nuclear-sub designs that radiation is no problem."

Each member of the *Skipjack's* crew wears a film badge at all times aboard ship even while asleep. Once a month Doctor McGrew and his staff of medical corpsmen develop the X-raylike film from the badges and record any radiation in a permanent record for each man. "No one aboard the *Skipjack* has received more than the allowed weekly dosage since the ship was commissioned," says Doctor McGrew. "This includes members of the engineering and medical departments who periodically work in the reactor compartment. Most of our crew have not picked up any at all."

In my twelve hours aboard the *Skipjack* my pocket dosimeter showed that I had picked up no radiation. Somehow, in the shuffle of going ashore that night after we returned to New London, I forgot to turn in my dosimeter. Out of curiosity I wore it twelve hours the day after I got home. Sure enough, I picked up some background radiation—far too little to be of any consequence, but much more than if I had remained aboard the *Skipjack*.

In addition to keeping close check on stray radiation inside the submarine, Doctor McGrew is also responsible for preventing reactor radiation from contaminating areas outside the ship. In the process of starting up the reactor, excess

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radioactive water accumulates. This must be pumped over the side. First, however, Doctor McGrew and his staff analyze it and dilute it if necessary. By the time this carefully checked water is dumped overboard, it is harmless according to the latest National Bureau of Standards tolerances for drinking water. Thus any traces of radiation in the sea water around a sub in port are infinitesimal and incapable of injuring anyone.

The designers of the *Skipjack* tackled the problem of providing her crew of seventy-five enlisted men and nine officers with fresh air with the same thoroughness with which they worked on the problem of stray radiation. But prolonged enclosure in the tiny world of a submarine has unearthed problems no one could have foreseen.

The *Skipjack* contains a 240-ton air-conditioning unit which freshens and recirculates the air throughout the ship every two minutes. Oxygen consumed in breathing is replenished from air banks which carry about a thirty-day supply. Carbon dioxide given off by breathing is removed from the atmosphere by CO_2 scrubbers, converted into a solution and pumped over the side. Hydrogen fumes from the ship's batteries and traces of Freon from the refrigerating system were foreseen as possible contaminants of the atmosphere. Equipment was installed to eliminate these gases. Theoretically, then, the air should be fresh at all times. But when a nuclear sub puts out to sea, the smoking lamp is lighted, and the crew begins to puff away. Tile flooring must be kept waxed and, since this is a taut Navy ship, brass must be polished, and shoes shined. And these activities produce smoke and fumes that are not only irritating but also dangerous if allowed to accumulate over a long period.

"We obviously can't outlaw shoe polish," says Doctor McGrew. "And we'd lose too many good men if we didn't allow smoking. We have been able to get rid of some offenders, such as paints that have a smell. Others can be controlled by limiting their usage. We have electrostatic precipitators that remove a great many of the particles suspended in the air. But still we have cases of coughs and inflamed eyes caused by some substance we haven't been able to locate yet."

It was dark by the time we entered the mouth of the Thames River on our return to New London. The thick fog which had surrounded us in the morning was gone. Up ahead, the glow from the lights of General Dynamics' Electric Boat Division illuminated the sky. Electric Boat Division was the birthplace of the nuclear submarine. Here the *Nautilus* was launched six years ago; here also the *Skipjack* was built. As we drew abreast of the shipyard, we could see the most awesome products in the revolution in undersea weapons, the *George Washington* and the *Patrick Henry*. These two Polaris-missile submarines were launched in 1959.

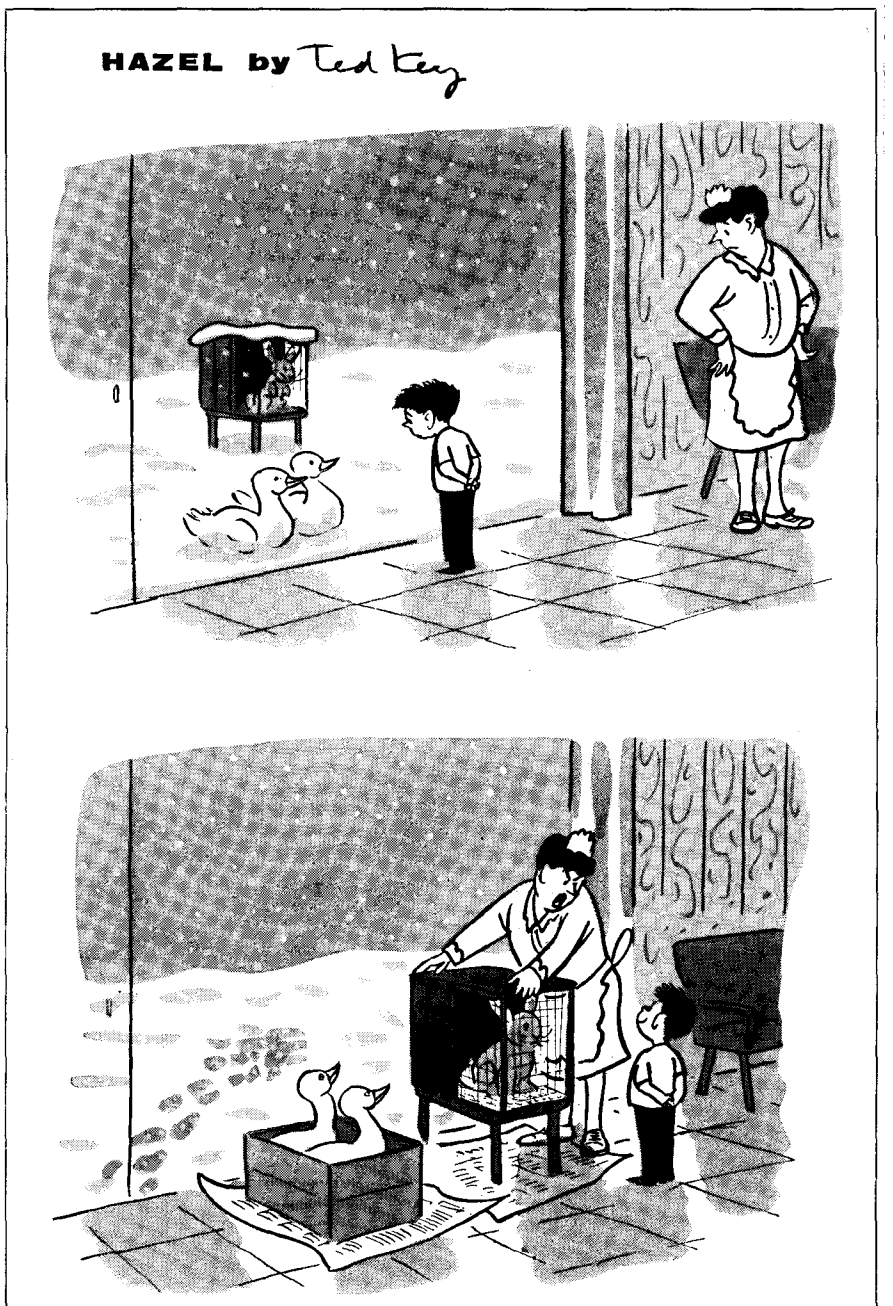
The *Patrick Henry* is now receiving her finishing touches at a slip in the Electric Boat Division yard. The *George Washington* is to be commissioned this week and will be ready to begin her grim sentry duty when she receives her first load of missiles.

Heretofore the fighting punch of a submarine has been packed in torpedo tubes in the bow. Polaris subs will have these conventional tubes to give them added versatility, but their most lethal load will be contained in sixteen vertical tubes aft of the sail. When a Polaris sub puts out to sea, each vertical tube will contain a solid-fueled Polaris ballistic missile armed with a nuclear warhead. The solid fuel makes for safer shipboard handling and stowage and eliminates the time-consuming and nerve-racking countdown needed to fire off liquid-fueled rockets such as the Atlas. Like torpedoes aimed for the surface, the missiles will be shot from their tubes with a charge of compressed air. As the missile pops up above the surface, its rocket engines will fire off, and a sophisticated, self-contained guidance system will direct it to its target.

Not since the advent of the aircraft carrier has a new naval weapon system been so widely ballyhooed or stirred up so much controversy. Air Force generals, for example, heavily committed to their own solid-propellant Minuteman ICBM, have advanced arguments against Polaris which closely resemble their old harangues against the aircraft carrier. They argue that Polaris is too expensive—each sub costs $100,000,000, and each missile $1,200,000 at present—and say that the relatively small missile can't deliver enough blast on the target with sufficient accuracy. Yet, at the same time, the Air Force has made a formal, serious proposal to place Polaris subs under the control of the Strategic Air Command.

The Navy itself is in a dilemma. On one hand, admirals are popeyed when discussing the potential of Polaris. On the other, carrier admirals who have been struggling for more than a decade to win funds for a naval air arm against concerted Air Force efforts to sink it, see the Polaris as a money-gulping program that might put them out of business. Some skeptics even say that the Polaris missile itself is no good.

One fact is indisputable: The submarines which will launch the missile are being built at breakneck speed. Electric Boat Division now works three shifts a day, seven days a week to get the *George Washington* and the *Patrick Henry* out on their deterrent patrols by fall of 1960. The pace is reminiscent of World War II days, say the old-timers in New London and Groton. In one part of the shipyard one crew started laying the keel of a third missile sub before a construction gang finished enlarging the ways enough to accommodate the new ship.



"But when it stops snowing! . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

From all indications, progress on the missile itself is satisfactory, despite recent highly publicized failures. Compared with Air Force Atlas ICBM flight tests, the Polaris—as new in its own way as the Atlas was at that time—has made a good record. In a period of three years the Air Force has fired thirty-eight Atlases, with twenty-three successful flights, in which 95 per cent of the test objectives were met, nine partial successes and six total failures. In about the same period forty-three Polarises have been fired, including a dozen-odd early "test vehicles" which were little more than hunks of solid propellant in a very basic airframe. The results: twenty-nine successful shots, twelve partial successes and two total failures.

On August eleventh, a successful shot was made from the "cocktail shaker" at Cape Canaveral, a hydraulic tilting pad that simulates a ship's motion so realistically that it can cause seasickness to someone standing on top of it. Two weeks later a successful shot was fired from a vertical launching tube aboard the *U.S.S. Observation Island*, a cargo ship modified to test Polaris launching equipment under actual sea conditions. The transition from surface to subsurface is not expected to be difficult. Dummy Polaris missiles have already been successfully ejected from an underwater launching tube at San Clemente Island, California.

Some critics of Polaris maintain that its range has drastically been downgraded to 750 nautical miles to meet the tight schedules of the crash program. "I wish I could find out who started this story," says Rear Adm. William F. Raborn, the Polaris program's hard-driving head man. "I'd nominate him for oblivion, because there's no essence of truth in it. The range objective for the 1960-model missile is still in excess of twelve hundred miles."

The Navy has not yet announced the range results of any Polaris test shots, but informed sources report that a recent test vehicle, fired on December seventh, traveled over 900 miles down the Cape Canaveral range. A 1200-mile missile would make almost all of Russia vulnerable except for a small area in central Russia. Improved versions of Polaris now under development will have 1500- and, ultimately, 2000-nautical-mile ranges. No area in Russia will then be safe from undersea atomic bombardment.

But can this missile ever be as accurate as a land-based missile which proceeds from one known geographical point to another? The Navy is hard at work on the solution to this problem too. The *U.S.S. Compass Island*, a sister ship to the *Observation Island*, has logged 90,000 miles since 1956 checking an automatic inertial-navigating system accurate enough to position a sub for an effective missile launching. Using the inertial system alone, the *Compass Island* navigates within a standard tolerance of four tenths of a nautical mile—or 810 yards—of its desired latitude and longitude. When the kill radius of a nuclear warhead is measured in miles, the accuracy achieved by the *Compass Island* seems quite sufficient to do the job.

A final criticism of the Polaris program is that communications with submerged submarines are not reliable enough for a war in which the first few minutes can determine the outcome. The completion of a 1000-kilowatt radio station in Cutler, Maine, will soon give the Navy the final link in a reliable communications system that spans the world. Twenty times stronger than the most powerful commercial AM station, this new installation will contain very-low-frequency transmitters, which have been used successfully for a number of years to keep in touch with our submarine forces, and which will undoubtedly be able to give our Polaris subs the word if the time ever comes to launch their deadly cargo.

Three years ago the Polaris program was a dream. Any day now the *George Washington* will go to sea to begin missile-launching tests. The first full-scale underwater Polaris firing from a submarine is expected to take place this spring, three years ahead of schedule, and apparently years ahead of Russian efforts.

If war should ever come again, the most crucial battles may be fought in the silent, murky depths of the sea, as submarine grapples with submarine, with the lives of two nations at stake. These epic struggles may rival the wildest flights of Jules Verne's imagination, yet all the world may ever see of them will be bubbles on the surface. THE END

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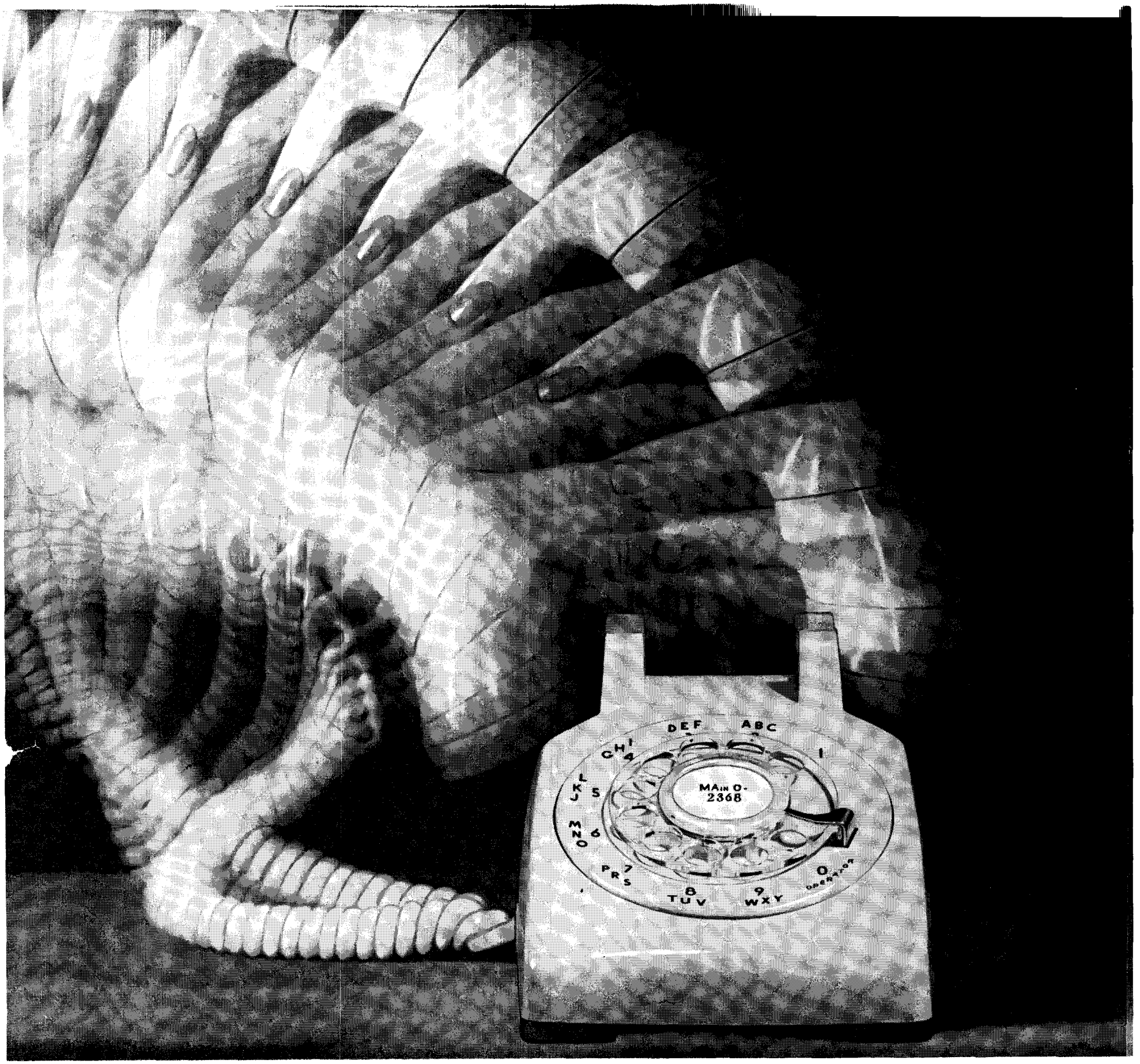

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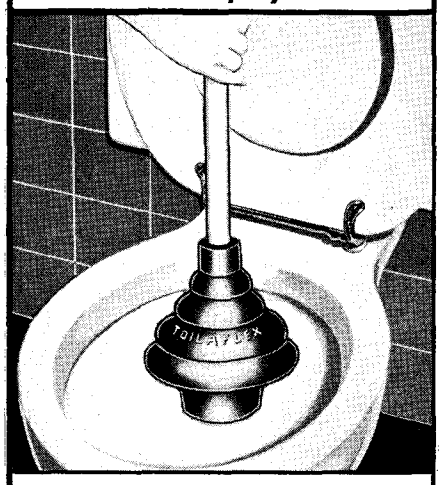

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Keeping Posted

Man of Action

John Masters' fascinating article about prehistoric paintings in Spain and France (page 30) finds him on one of his occasional excursions into nonfiction. Of course, the high distinction of this Englishman—now a naturalized American—rests upon his many historical novels about the British in India. These novels, all best sellers, include *Nightrunners of Bengal*, *The Lotus and the Wind* and *Bhowani Junction*. Masters' literary interest in India stems from his representing the fifth generation of his family in that country. He was born in Calcutta in 1914 and educated in England at Sandhurst (the British West Point); he saw violent action with the Indian Army before and during World War II, became a divisional chief of staff, and got the D.S.O. and the O.B.E. Nowadays, New City, New York, is his home, but he loves to travel far and often. Concerning Spain he says, "Its combination of wonderfully individual people, low prices, high mountains, hot sun and good wine is one that I don't try very hard to resist."

John Masters of Calcutta and New York.

Tales of the Authors

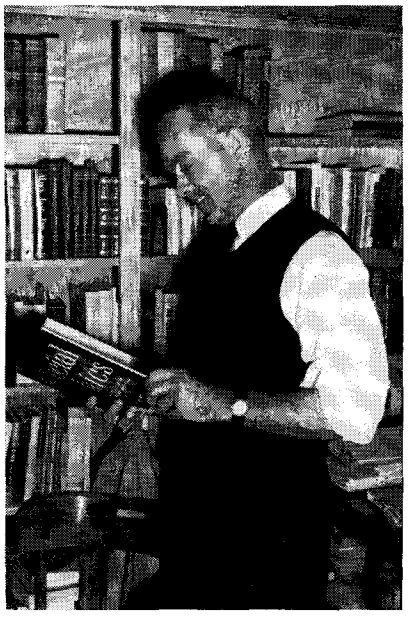
Our award for the Most Unseemly Story of the Week goes to **Norman Reilly Raine,** who tells of his appearance at a testimonial dinner for a retiring homicide officer of the Los Angeles Police Department. When Raine was introduced, a gentleman in the audience, noticing our man's unpolicemanlike bearing, inquired, "What does *he* do?"—meaning, was he a stoolie or a trusty or what? "Do?" the master of ceremonies roared. "Why Raine doesn't do a thing. He's being kept by an old woman!" Lest readers get the wrong impression, their attention is directed to page 17, where they will find a likeness of the lady in question.

Pad, pencil and Harold Martin.

The solid old roll-top desk supporting the elbow of contributing editor **Harold H. Martin** (at right) belonged for fifty years to Martin's dad, the late Gabriel Pierce Martin, a small-town Georgia lawyer and judge. Harold, who lives in Atlanta, also inherited his dad's typewriter, but he finds that he puts words together more effectively with pencil and yellow pad. The material he gathered for his three-parter beginning on page 13 filled a man-sized suitcase, and he boiled this down to thirteen pads' worth of notes. Martin would have us know that he is only pretending to work in this picture. He had just returned from church when the photographer arrived, and of course he couldn't do any serious writing all decked out in that Sunday-go-to-meetin' outfit.

N. J. Crisp of Southampton, England, reports that he has plunged into that unsalaried endeavor known as free-lancing. He made his move when Mrs. Crisp was visiting relatives in New Zealand. Crisp's recent products include two lengthy TV plays commissioned by B.B.C. His story on page 24 was inspired by the atmosphere of a euphonious bit of Southwest England, where the Crisps used to spend summer vacations—Mermaid Cottage, Virgin Street, St. Ives.

The Truth About Writing Fiction



Man with an electronic brain.

Patrick Crumhorn, who feeds problems to an electronic digital computer—electronic brain—at the New Orleans Army Terminal, vows that the following is nothing but the truth. One day, when he was giving his brain—the electronic one—a rest and feeling the need of some extra money, he thought, *Guess I'll try writing a story; I'll sit down and just write whatever comes into my head.* The only things he had written before were letters and some advertising copy during a period of work as ad salesman for various newspapers. "In the ads I made no attempt to write more fiction than was necessary to sell the product." Presently what came into Crumhorn's head floated over the transom in *The Post*'s be-on-the-lookout-for-new-writers department, where it caught the keen eye of editorial assistant Katharine Britton Mishler. The story was bought (see page 28), and the author went into orbit and wired Mrs. Mishler a formidable array of Happiness roses, which dressed up our editorial rooms for quite a while. Crumhorn was born in New Orleans in 1917. In World War II he enlisted as a naval-aviation cadet and flew transport planes in the South Pacific. He enjoys reading, looking, listening and arguing. "Sometimes I just sit on the levee and watch the Mississippi roll by."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"American Disgrace:
COLLEGE CHEATING"

Academic fraud is becoming standard procedure on our campuses—and the faculty often looks the other way. A professor reports.

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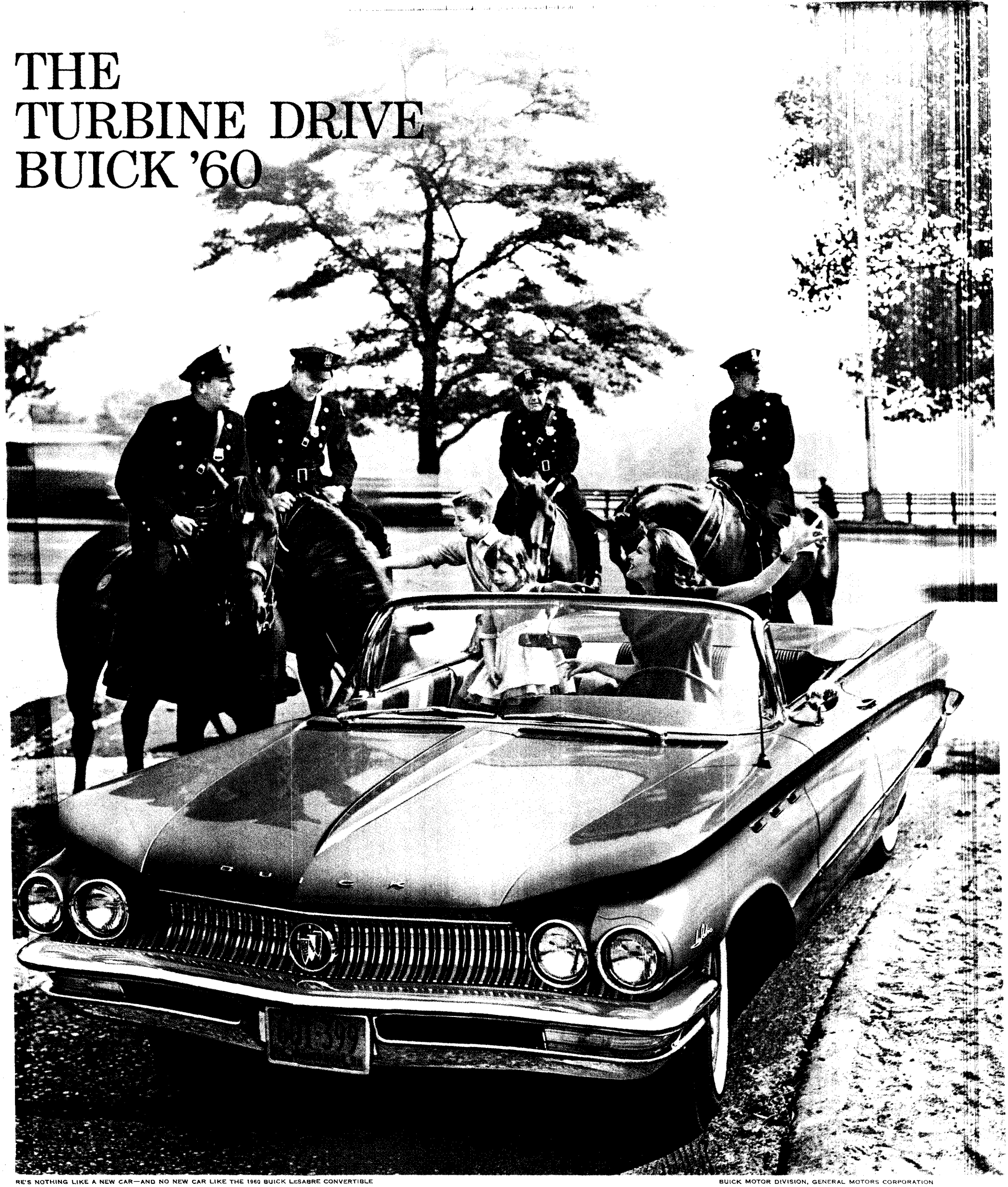
THE TURBINE DRIVE BUICK '60



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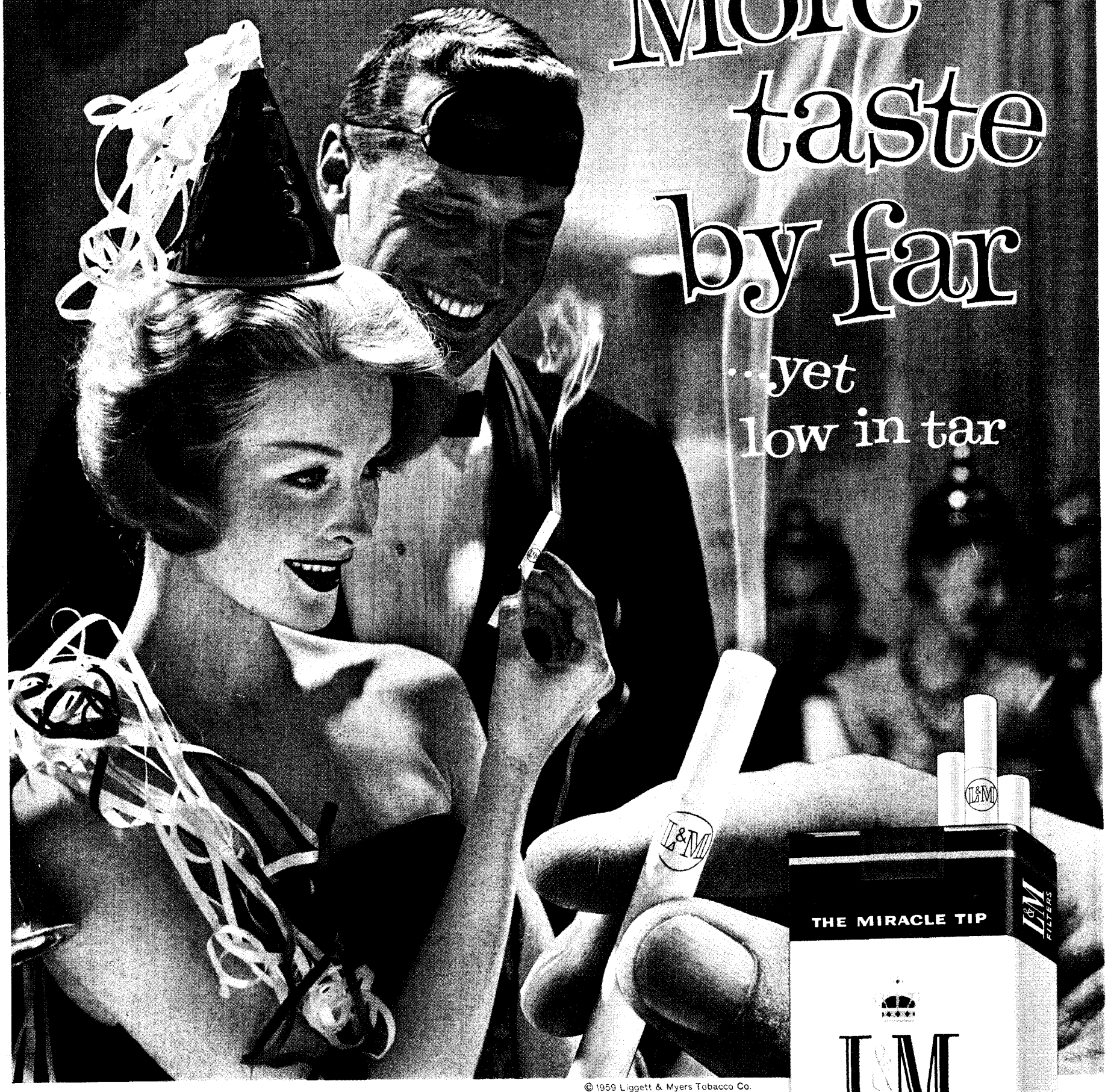

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